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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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LADY CAN DO

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"Our New Secretary, Jonas. Miss—Miss Penny." "Miss Penn," Said Elsie, With an Uncomfortable Sensation of Being Afloat on a Strange and Very Wide Sea

ELSIE'S first surprise was the chauffeur. He proved to be a Chinaman. The limousine was one of those incredibly costly and luxurious imported vehicles. She had never seen or felt such upholstery. The wide seat fairly enveloped her. The interior had fascinating little gadgets—cut-glass domes for the lights, and more cut glass holding fresh flowers—orchids, actually. A cardcase and ash trays and a mirror and what not. She nearly laughed out loud as she settled back. The Chinaman was so gravely polite. And she just Elsie Penn, with the rather battered suitcase and typewriter that she'd lugged through the vast areas of the Grand Central Station. It was fascinating, being met with all this grandeur. And it was funny.

Rolling smoothly out of the village into a pleasant, dusky countryside, she fell to putting together in her mind what Miss Virtue had said. Miss Virtue conducted the college agency, and had seemed to interest herself in Elsie. "You will find the Cuppys really delightful people, Miss Penn, in spite of their vast wealth. Mr. Cuppy, you understand, is a great Orientalist. N. Jonas Cuppy, you know. He inherited enormous oil fields in California. I am told that his collection, outside of the Freer Gallery and the Metropolitan and South Kensington museums, is probably the finest in the world. And Mrs. Cuppy is said to be a fascinating personality. They do not go about much in society. Mrs. Cuppy appears to prefer to gather interesting people about her—artists and such. She really maintains a salon. She is said to resemble Madame Récamier. Your work, Miss Penn, will be, I believe, to serve as a companion and social secretary to Mrs. Cuppy, and also to take care of her husband's correspondence. You may find it necessary to use a little tact and skill in dealing with Mr. Cuppy. His wealth, I have gathered, leads him into a certain measure of self-indulgence—these things are rather inevitable, I fear—but I am assured that he is kindly, that he is really generous in the extreme. When Miss Hinson was there she—er——"

"Why did Miss Hinson leave?"

"Oh, she married. In any event, Miss Penn, I feel certain that you will find little difficulty in meeting the situation. A girl of your intelligence and training, and your native dignity. You are the mental type, distinctly." Elsie had on, at the time, the sort of straight little frock one wore to business. "I wouldn't think of recommending

an inexperienced little thing of the sensory type for this position. Living right there in the house and all, you will be treated virtually as one of the family."

Elsie giggled, then caught herself. That Chinaman couldn't hear through the front glass, but he could see. He had one of those tituppy little mirrors over the windshield.

They turned in through a Chinesy arch of carved wood, red and blue and green, into a curving driveway—a long driveway—and stopped under a porte-cochère. It was rather disappointing to find that the house wasn't Chinese in architecture. It was just a Long Island mansion. But before the dim doorway swallowed her, her quick eyes glimpsed through the twilight a Japanese rock garden with stone lantern posts and arching wooden bridges. Within, a middle-aged woman met her, saying, "I am Miss Briggs, the housekeeper," and led her off up a broad flight of stairs. But those eyes of hers, windows of a sensitive imagination, caught vivid confused impressions—cabinets set in the walls, with glass shelves and cunningly hidden lights, full of exquisite carved objects in ivory and crystal and jade; junks and animals and vases and quaint little people. A stately Chinese servant in a long blue gaberdine, but with a cropped head—"He ought to have a pigtail," thought Elsie—moved through the hall with a tray of cocktails. She heard voices far away, chatting and laughing.

Miss Briggs conducted her to a pleasant room on the third floor. Another Oriental, also in a blue gaberdine, brought in her suitcase and typewriter. Elsie, her eyes sparkling with a curious sense of excitement in the air, looked about, exclaiming softly, "How awfully nice!"

"Mrs. Cuppy is having a house party," said Miss Briggs. "Here is the costume she wishes you to wear."

Elsie stifled a girlish squeal. For laid out on the bed were Chinese garments in green satin, with embroidered patterns in artfully contrasted colors and swirls of gold thread and pictorial borders on the wide sleeves depicting houses and gardens and people. It simply couldn't be real.

"I will help you dress and make up," remarked Miss Briggs dispassionately, and swiftly, deftly did so.

Elsie found herself in long coat and flapping trousers and embroidered slippers and green gilt cap, with a roguish red-and-white face smiling at her out of the mirror. Her honest, pleasant mouth was now a vermilion bud. She felt like pirouetting.

"You had better go right down, I think," said Miss Briggs, and led her to a spacious room on the ground floor that was like an apartment in a museum—softly lighted, with carved cabinets made of some dark wood, and full of priceless objects. In a corner, between two stands of Japanese armor, and partly hidden by a huge bulging blue-and-white vase that was at least six feet high, she saw a table in that same dark wood and two Chinese chairs with bent arms.

"This will be your desk," said Miss Briggs, and left her.

A rather high-pitched, rippling voice called, "Has she come, Miss Briggs?" Then: "Oh, here you are, my dear! I am Mrs. Cuppy."

A small person, quite as small as Elsie herself; slightly plump, but pretty. The eyes were large and round, pale blue in color and tending to bulge. She seemed young or youngish. You couldn't tell. Forty, perhaps, or less. Anywhere in the thirties. That rippling voice was the sort that might easily coo and even gush. She, too, was in embroidered coat and trousers. A great deal of color and design on a base of blue satin that matched her eyes. Tiny feet and hands. Considerable grace of movement. A light, quick person. Probably, back of the cooing voice, a determined person. All this Elsie took in, and then focused her attention on the lady's cap. It was an amazing structure of openwork silver gilt, completely covering the head, and so built up with flowers and butterflies and interwoven symbolic objects that it looked almost like a floral mound. Innumerable pearls were strewn about in the complicated design, the largest and most oddly shaped that Elsie had ever seen; while from each side hung five loops of matched round pearls, clear to the shoulders.

"You are looking at my cap, my dear. Isn't it wonderful? My husband bought it for me only the other day." She turned to a mirror that was set in a carved frame of red lacquer. "It belonged to the old empress dowager. Looted from the Summer Palace in 1900, during the Boxer trouble." Elsie didn't know what the Boxer trouble was, so she kept discreetly silent. The cooing voice rippled on: "All these beautiful Chinese things are brought to my husband eventually. The Chinese merchants positively live off him. What a history this old cap could relate. Do you know, my dear, it didn't come to us through the usual channels. Two strange Chinamen drove out here one evening in a flivver. Imagine! They had the cap wrapped up in a newspaper. And my husband tells me he bought it for a song. He is still chuckling over it. Some strange dark story there. Most fascinating! Don't you love the romance that clusters about these beautiful old things?" She smiled complacently into the mirror and ran her little fingers in among the looping strings of pearls. "It would bring not far from a quarter of a million at auction. And I'm sure my husband didn't pay twenty-five thousand. Isn't it amazing! Now, my dear, stand out here in the light and let me look you over. Why, you're charming! A jade image come to life!" She clapped her hands. "You're perfectly charming! You must come and meet my guests. Such fascinating people! I want you to feel quite at home, quite as if you were one of us. We are very democratic, you know. Ah, here is my husband!"

Elsie found herself before a large, stout mandarin. She saw a graying mustache and puffy, tired eyes. Rather a stupid face, she thought. Merely having money didn't make people interesting, of course. He had been drinking. She could smell it.

"Our new secretary, Jonas. Miss—Miss Penny."

"Miss Penn," said Elsie, with an uncomfortable sensation of being afloat on a strange and very wide sea.

Mr. Cuppy's big, soft hand closed about hers and held it a little longer than necessary. His wife caught his arm, with a "Come, dear. We must go back to the other room. I want to show Miss Penn the adorable portrait Mr. Dane has made of me."

"I Must Buy That Cap. I Will Pay Much. All I Have in the World, if Necessary"

She moved briskly, lightly away. Elsie looked down at herself. The green costume was exquisite. The padded slippers peeped out from the bottoms of her satin trousers. Queer, all this. She'd have to feel her way. Perhaps she wouldn't stay. It certainly wasn't what you'd term a businesslike atmosphere. Not easy to be properly impersonal here.

That blue gaberdine appeared with the tray. She saw Mr. Cuppy pause and take a glass. He poured it down his capacious throat at a gulp, and then rolled his tongue back and smacked his lips, with a "Thank you, Sin," to the tall figure in the blue gaberdine. She didn't drink herself. And she wouldn't. She'd have to keep her head. As it was, she felt drunk with beauty. She lingered to look at the single lantern on the desk. It was a six-sided vase of eggshell porcelain, brilliantly decorated in floral designs, with greens predominating.

She felt an arm about her shoulders and started; then stood as if frozen. Mr. Cuppy's voice, at her ear, murmured, "Nice bit of porcelain, that lantern. K'ang Hsi period. Late seventeenth century. I paid six thousand for it." The arm gave her shoulders a squeeze. They were hidden from the door by that huge vase.

"This is what Miss Virtue meant," thought Elsie, shivering slightly and moving away. "I'll certainly have to watch my step. Mrs. Cuppy has had her troubles with this man. He's just a boob."

"Come along, you two!" called that lady from the door.

Elsie hurried to join her. Funny way for her to put it—"you two." A distinct touch of self-consciousness in her tone. Elsie hoped her high color wouldn't show through the paint. She'd probably better not stay. Too bad. It had sounded like an unusually promising job.

N. Jonas Cuppy—a name to which the newspapers always paid the profoundest deference. Money did that. She wondered what the "N" stood for. Something comic, surely, or he'd never lean so pompously on the "Jonas." Nehemiah, perhaps.

He Stared at Her. Then, Deliberately, Gently in a Way, Gathered Her Into His Arms

II

THE spacious living room glittered with color and—to Elsie's aloof ears—cackled with sound. Perhaps a dozen folk, all in Chinese costume. The cocktails had loosened their tongues. She found herself being casually introduced, and as casually, if firmly, placed: "My new secretary, Miss Penn. Isn't she a dear!" It was no use trying to keep the individuals straight—these painted, exquisite ladies and the mandarins.

"You've heard of Emily Eames, my dear." Heard of Emily Eames? My word! There was no more famous young actress in the English-speaking world. A languidly smiling, slender young creature who gave her a noncommittal hand. "This is Mr. Ettlethwaite, the novelist. You've read Burnt Fingers. Isn't it the most adorable book? Mr. Stromberg, Miss Penn. My new secretary. But I tell her she is to feel herself quite one of us. Mr. Stromberg does the most delightfully adventurous things, my dear. Climbed the second highest mountain in the Himalayas. He's leaving soon for darkest Tibet. The Stromberg-Cuppy Ethnographical Expedition. Isn't it fascinating to have all these wonderful people about one! Just a little group of friends! Oh, yes, you must know Mr. Delos. The music critic, you know. Mr. Delos, Miss Penn. And Mr. Dane. John Dane, you know. Come right over here and see his portrait of me. You never in your life saw anything so fascinating. But, oh, so flattering!"

Elsie found herself looking up into a pair of keen, inscrutable gray eyes. A tall young man, John Dane, with the faintest hint of an amused smile playing over a lean, handsome face. Then the three of them stood before the picture—a pastel drawing of Mrs. Cuppy in her Chinese dress, set in a lacquered frame. It was charmingly done. And it did flatter the lady. What fascinated Elsie was not so much the portrait as the expression on John Dane's face. What could he be thinking? Probably you'd never know. Compared with the rest he seemed sober. That capacious tray appeared just then at his elbow. He said quietly—she liked his voice; it was rather deep and quietly controlled—"No more, Sin, thanks. Reached my limit."

"You'll have a cocktail, Miss Penn?" Mrs. Cuppy's purring voice.

"No, thank you. I never drink."

"Never drink? How quaint! But perhaps it's just as well. Wait, Sin! I'll have another."

Elsie, a few moments later, found herself on a sofa with Mr. Delos. He had reached the argumentative stage and seized on her for an audience. Music, he said, was in imminent danger of passing, along with painting, into sheer degeneracy. Eastern Europe was the seat of the trouble. Those Eastern Europeans. They burrowed, sapped and mined, attacked our culture, fought insistently, clamorously, to destroy a standard of art they could not understand. Every few moments, as he talked, he was interrupted by an extraordinary human gargoyle in a yellow robe who strode about the room with a violin, playing themes from orchestral compositions. This person would rush upon them, wind up a theme with a bold flourish of his bow, fix madly glittering eyes on the impressive Mr. Delos and cry nasally, "What's that? What's that, eh? What's that one?" Delos, turning each time with a mounting impatience, would reply, "That—er—why that's César Franck." Or: "Don't be absurd! It's—er—third movement of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony." Or: "Boris Godounoff, of course. From the coronation scene."

A little later, just as dinner had been announced, Elsie, escaped at last from the harassed lecturer, saw John Dane catch the yellow-clad gargoyle's arm and ask, with a note of dry humor in his voice, "What on earth have you been doing to that poor critic?"

The gargoyle chuckled. His eyes did look mad. The nasal voice cackled, "He got two right. Two!"

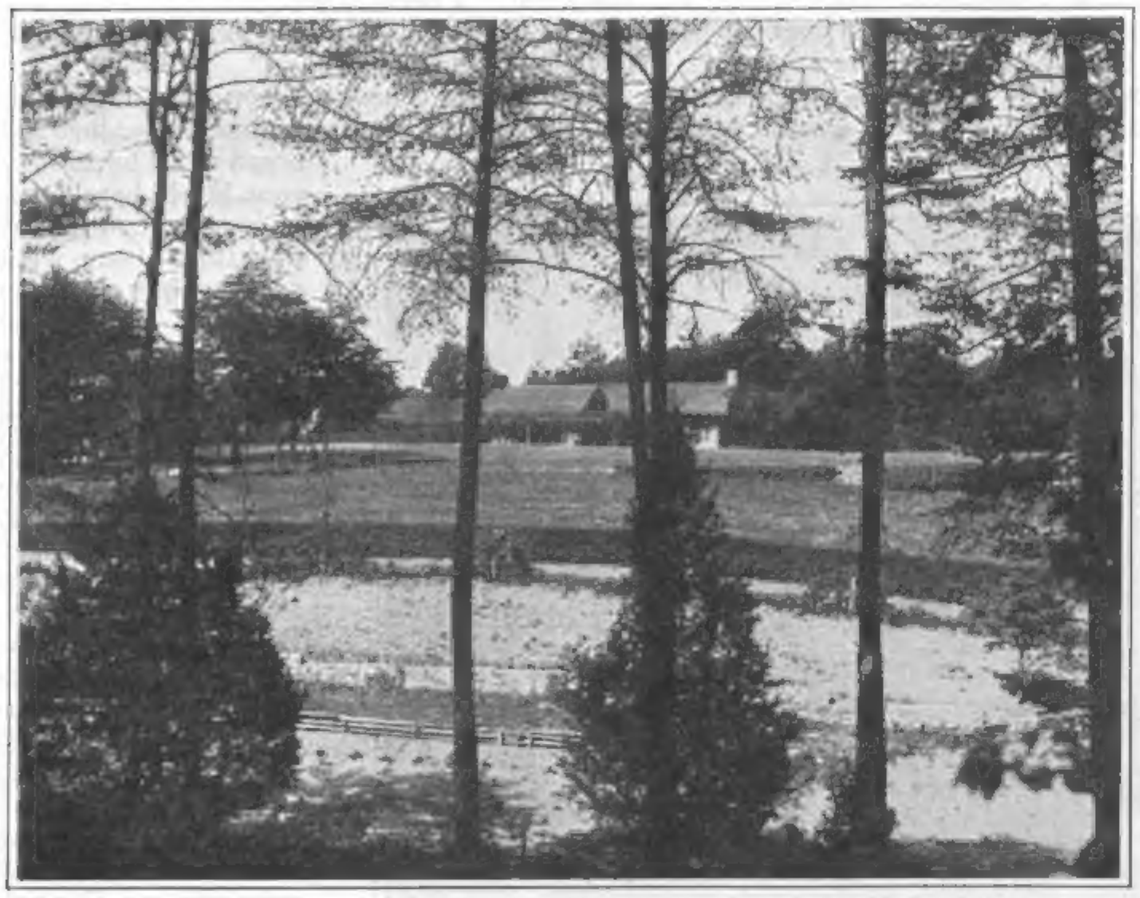
And John Dane laughed right out.

He walked down the hall with Elsie. She asked in a low voice who the gargoyle might be—"that funny little man with the bald head and the queer eyes."

"Oh, the perfect nut? He's either a great composer or a lunatic. God alone knows which. He's been fifteen years on a symphony. Tells everybody—tells the world—that he's going to revolutionize music utterly. But he never seems to get anything done. The Cuppys staked him for years, but got sick of it and cut him off. He simply lived off 'em. He'll tell you. Tells everybody. Hasn't the slightest self-respect that I can see. I didn't think he'd ever come here again. He didn't for a year or so. But here he is! He may really be a genius. I don't know. He's very comic on the subject of critics. Loathes them. Thinks they should all be killed."

(Continued on Page 89)

OBSOLETE WOMANHOOD



A View of Mrs. Harris' House From the Top of Cathedral Hill

The Entrance to Spring Road, Leading up the Mountain to Her Cabin

By CORRA HARRIS

CYNICISM is the offspring of an impotent mind, the bitter smoke screen some men make instinctively to conceal their lack of valor in living and doing. It also accounts for the critical spirit in many old people. We find fault because we are weak and can no longer achieve our own wills. It is their pathetic effort to keep up the illusion of superiority.

I am old, but I am not a cynic. It has been a long time since I have said anything about what is going on; which is something a cynic cannot do—keep silent. He must go on disfiguring other people with his sneer. But lately a number of elder men and women have received a dispensation allowing them the privilege of saying a few kind words about themselves and of expressing their opinions about matters in general. The value of an opinion, however, whether critical or praiseful, depends upon the source from which it comes. Therefore, in view of the indictments I shall bring presently against the manners, morals and conditions of these times, it seems only fair, as well as pardonably boastful, to offer a reasonably veracious impression of the person about to make these criticisms, as an artist rubs in the background for the picture he paints.

Exposed But Not Affected

I HAVE become an obsolete verb in living. The world I helped to make has passed away, leaving me like a sort of heavy classic in human nature, not interesting but voluminous, explicit and worthy—some kind of book on living no clever person would read now. I was married a long time ago, before women ever thought of divorcing their husbands, had children, kept my own house for forty years, and I could write a book under pressure, but I could never lead a movement or get stirred up about public affairs. Let the public manage its own affairs, was my motto. I still despise to vote, but do it indignantly for conscience's sake. No pigment of the modern world in me, faded now like the script of ancient hymns nobody sings.

Although exposed to strong cultural influences all my life, I have been able to retain with a sort of grim fortitude my native powers of ignorance almost unimpaired. Too much elegance and sensibility may conceal decadence. Culture cannot be one of the best ideals, or the most effective men and women among us would have more of it. My feeling is that it must be some kind of affectation, or a prize fighter would not abandon the sawdust ring to get it. But he will win no more fights. That is my point—culture is not the stuff out of which victors are made. They are grimy people of noble quality. And though I would not go so far as to compare my career with that of a prize fighter who surrendered the belt he won for a closer walk with Browning, I have met a few of the "beasts at Ephesus," and still retain my girdle. There are dissipated elements in the elegances of the present period that I do not care to have, any more than a sensible person would retouch an old portrait and destroy the tone of time that enhances it. Time at least is honorable and can be distinguishing. Therefore I go on living according to the innocent error of my ways, without experiencing the distraction of changing my course every time science proves me wrong. I am accustomed to living body and soul according to my own mistakes.

With Her Young Handmaidens, Bettie and Trannie

Too many people have lost their faith, convictions and stability of character trying to follow the vagrant lights of science and culture. I am not opposed to wisdom, but, as I see it, the getting of understanding is a much longer process and may play havoc with what we thought was wisdom.

I am still by way of being a Christian, without much benefit of the clergy, being no great hand for religious dogmas and doctrines, and teetotally opposed to being stitched up in the spiritual straitjacket of a creed. I literally do believe that Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life, but I am mindful not to practice some of his Beatitudes in the open, having observed that people who do, frequently come home without their cloak and their coat also—on account of having met somebody in a trade who left his Beatitudes at home. My conviction is that these particular scriptures were designed for strictly private spiritual exercises. The point is that I continue to flatter myself by feeling like a child of God in an age when a great many people have dropped off and no longer enjoy such privileges.

The Continuous Stream

THERE are two kinds of rationalists, I find—the profane and those other orphan sons of God. The former worships himself and is very keen about it. To me he resembles a heathen short on culture, with a comical bald-headed handcobbled deity. I do not mind being conceited, but give me a noble conceit! I could never bear worshiping the thought secretions of my own brain. But there is another better-bred rationalist toward whom I am more genially inclined, because I have discovered that he is no great shakes at being a rationalist. His is a sedentary soul, without the spiritual valor to swing out and trust the Lord, whom none of us have ever seen with the naked eye; a modest man who thinks himself gracefully back to the dust, but no further. I agree with that one who writes so mildly and without affectation: "Life is a continuous stream. The individual existence is a part of the ongoing power that for a longer or shorter time takes the form of a special ego," and so on and so forth, which I do not quote because it gives him the advantage and is not to the purpose of my own happier contention.

What I want to know is why he shuts off the stream in that momentary change which we call death; though he goes on to admit that "when for any reason the structure—which used to be somebody's ego—no longer functions, the life stream passes into other forms and entities." Christians believe the same thing, only we prefer to be raised a spiritual body, leaving no more than the dust of us to become weeds or some stouter growth. The ongoing stream he mentions is too wonderful and everlasting to be no more than the vain repetition of Nature. It is life everlasting:

I feel so spiritually personal to my entity that I prefer the immortal explanation of it. But I suppose this is merely a matter of feeling and taste. My taste leads me by faith to risk my approaching apparition in the same life stream of

At Her Place "In the Valley," June, 1917

immortality. Why cut off the flow, when in death we must change our scenes and may take a turn for the better? The idea is no more fantastic than whirling in and out of the dust, first a man, then a cabbage; besides, it is a mixed metaphor. Nothing fluid about dust—no stream. It is solid when not used by an intellectual process to obscure the vision of credulous people. Besides, it does not change entities. If a grain of corn is planted in it, the grain rots, but the life of it grows into another manifestation of corn. If a man is buried in it, his flesh also rots and the life of him takes another shape, immortal and incredible to the mortal mind. The trouble is we only see the dust processes here. We come up somewhere else beyond the ken of fools or rationalists.

My objection to this rather dear rationalist is his regrettable sentimentality and the effect of it upon social conduct already too lax. When he is not justified in any kind of softness, his attributes should be coldly self-protective, like those of other animals. If we are no more than water bugs floating in the life stream, the rational thing to do is to clear out criminals like other poisonous insects and purify the stream for those not poisonous. But here is a great rationalist encouraging crime by opposing its effective punishment by hanging the murderers, who have no such squeamishness about taking the lives even of innocent men.

A civilization founded upon sentiment by sentimentalists is as nervous, excitable and uncertain as the splendid but volatile experiences Christians formerly enjoyed in a religious revival. We could not hold our note. We frequently backslid.

Our Quicksilver Patriots

AS I INTIMATED a while ago, I am like a stranger in a foreign land now. I do not recognize these people or their mental processes. What they call a civilization looks to me like an adventure, no background in American history to justify it. They seem to have substituted the power of wealth for basic integrity, sentimentality for ideals, culture for courage. I cannot help thinking we have too many noble but impotent souls among us. There never were so many pacifists, and never before so many criminals. There never were so many brilliant and influential radical thinkers with tongues and pens like swords crashing hard upon the bright walls of a city not made with hands. A revolution without bloodshed, carried on by materialists with moribund minds. They are against war; Peace the great ideal. It is. But we shall get it on decent terms only after death has shriven us of the greeds and desires of the flesh. So long as a man walks on his hind legs and does not learn to creep past his enemy, we shall not get peace in this world for more than a few moments or a few years at a time.

They may not know it, but my suspicion is that many pacifists are for saving their gains and their skins at too much cost to dignity and honor. Making a virtue of cowardice, clothing it with the eloquence of piety—being themselves without legitimate piety—but destroying the spiritual properties of mankind, earned for us by the faith, labors and sacrifices of our forefathers, illumined still by the blood of martyrs, stained with the sweat of pioneers who presented their bodies as a living sacrifice upon altars raised to immortal hopes, that this nation might live and its spirit ascend. This is the ineffable estate these quicksilver patriots of all flesh and no spirit are destroying.

It seems to me that we are influenced these days too much by the imported intelligentzia of other countries, and controlled too much by immigrant perversities

PHOTO. BY ARCHIBALD WALLACE, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

A View of the Stone Wall, With the Study in the Distance. In Oval—Corra Harris in 1910

PHOTO. BY THOS., NASHVILLE, TENN.

in the working walks of life. When I was young there was no virus of foreign populations among us. Our very iniquities were native. Now it would be difficult to estimate how much of the evil in us is of recent importation. Not so much in the way of crime as in the way of criminal culture. A few things every nation should produce for itself—its own morals, manners, arts and vices, however crude. Virtue belongs to mankind, is the same everywhere, and cannot be imported. It is derived. But there is something reducing in borrowing either manners, morals or statuary from foreign countries, not to mention vices. They never become us or interpret us, and their vices are abnormal, abhorrent; especially when they take the form of decadent culture.

The crime wave is our own, but where did it start? From many sources, to be sure, but this is one of them. It is appalling to see how many foreign names appear in the criminal news of every day.

Traced to its original sources, foreign ideas derived from immigrant intellectuals furnish most of the inspiration for this bloodless revolution the radicals and other elements of our own intelligentzia are waging so successfully these days with every means at their hands, from their book clubs to their feline lectures on culture, art, liberty and literature.

This country is older now, speaking in the measures of years, but the present civilization is not nearly so old as the one that produced the men and women of my period; notwithstanding all the flurries imported into it by the Civil War.

This civilization is crass, loud, garish in comparison. The life we lived was strangely settled, determined by the weather and the seasons. No great rush of news from the outside, no daily papers, no motor cars, not much speed. More leisure to live, read, think and digest what we learned. Years of the sunlit days; but looking back across the windy years I have passed through since then, it seems to me that the spiritual element in our lives belonged to a narrow, candle-lit circle, glowing dimly against so much wider quiet darkness—nothing to fear.

Our Noble Past

POVERTY was our endowment. So we sat beside the candle of our own minds and believed great things—true or false, mind you, we believed great things. We had noble visions; a circumstance exalting to the consciousness of the very young. We had bedtime prayers and kept company with saints and heroes. We were not good, but we believed in a kind of goodness that seems now to have passed from the earth. Even sinners longed for a closer walk with God, and the best of us tried to step it; not that we actually wanted to make the stride but because we thought we were born to keep that kind of high company and humbly entreated the Lord to search us and guide us.

Now all is changed. We seem to be living in a world glaring with light, not of the sun but of the awful minds of men. It is not God who searches us but these clever fellows, informed with a malicious omniscience of our lower natures which we put down and denied. Not nearly so much difference now between the worst and the best, according to their calculations. I should consider it a breach of good manners to tell what everyone knows is going on now. I do not get down to cases, but merely indicate with veiled politeness the cause and effects of such conduct upon character; lest I should do some violence to my own sensibilities as a well-bred person.

But here is our noble past, already censored by death, published in a thousand magazines and papers; the very grave dust of it raked up and sifted to find the sins and faults we strove so heroically to live down. I feel about this sacrilege as any other patriot would feel. I wish to defend the Past, which is the name, now, of my own country. But I am too tired. I seem to have reached the sing-song period either of old age or of philosophy in its high treble note. The din and bustle and horse laughter of this new world put me out of countenance. Maybe I have forgotten some of the evil we wrought back there. If so, all I have to say in reply is that when the men and women of this generation are as old as I am, they will have a sight more of the same kind of copy to forget. And I cannot help wishing some one of these patriotic women's organizations which are interested in erecting autographed monuments—their own autographs, mind you!—to commemorate great men and events would raise a meek and modest little monument in a remote and forgotten place to the women of yesterday, before these enterprising news dealers tear away all their

(Continued on Page 98)

CAPTAIN WHETSTONE

"Stand Easy, Sir!" Cried Mr. Whistle. "I Know You Now!" And Just Then Mr. Whistle Withdrew His Hand From Beneath His Coat

I'd a Bible in my hand, when I sail'd, when I sail'd,
I'd a Bible in my hand when I sail'd;
I'd a Bible in my hand, by my father's great command,
But I sunk it in the sand, when I sail'd.
—From the venerable ballad of Captain Robert Kidd.

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

FROM the start of the first settlement there have been Swales and Scarlets in our town, and there are odd things told about old families anywhere, if you will stop to listen. Though you might not think it to see the ones who are alive today, their names crop up in every list left in the archives, from landed proprietors and parishioners, from militia muster rolls of all the wars, from shipowners' rosters and prize crews, down to the stockholders' list at the gas plant and the cotton mill, and thence to the local telephone directory—"Swale, Dennis Jr. 101–2; Scarlet, John, shoe mfr., 17"—you would never guess that piracy or intrigue once stalked among the Scarlets or the Swales.

When the automobiles go down our main street in the cool dusk of a summer evening, and when the crowd stands before the shoe-shine parlor listening to the radio, the past is hard to reach; nevertheless, there is a suspicion of silence sometimes, and you still can hear them say: "Good evening, Mr. Swale," when a Swale walks by, and still it is only "Ah there, John," when a Scarlet's on the street.

You have to go back to scraps of recorded fact to get the gist of the whole story, and then piece the facts together with hearsay legends of the sort which have not wholly died along the New England coast. But once impaled in type, the pathos and the tragedy of our town have gone dry as faded flowers, blighted by the plague of meticulous accuracy, which has always been the small historian's curse.

Take the History of the Swale Family, for example—unfortunately, one has to take it in order to begin. It is one of those corpulent volumes such as lie on the S shelf of any good genealogical library. It was a work prepared by Dennis Swale back in 1894; undoubtedly one of the most pompous bores who ever preserved antiquity. On Page 165 the passage stands as a footnote, like an island in a flood of births and deaths. The passage runs:

It is said that the Micah Swale, above mentioned, whose birth is inscribed in the records of the First Parish Church as son of Thomas Swale, Esq., and Elizabeth Parlin, from whom the writer is himself descended, [See pp. 159–68] engaged himself in a gallant affair, if one may use the term in its broadest sense, with one Submit Scarlet, a town girl somewhat below his station. It is even alleged that the young man proposed marriage. Upon hearing of this, his grandfather, Colonel Swale, the founder of our family [See pp. 49, 50, 67, and so on] it seems, forcibly constrained the youth to join the Phipps expedition to Quebec, August, 1690. In the autumn of this same year his ship was reported lost with all hands. Though every investigation confirms this loss, the present writer has come across the rumor that Micah Swale survived, and even visited his birthplace under shadowy circumstances, and there is also talk that a child of his was born. There is no truth in this. Such gossip, one discovers, circles about all families distinguished for their position and their service, going even to allegations of bribery and cowardice. [See Chaps. Swales in Privateering, Swales in Civil War, and so on.] In alluding to this matter the writer hastens to add that he wishes in no way to cast an aspersion on any of the Scarlet descendants, who have always held a most reputable and useful position in our local history. [See odd note on the whipping of Goodman Scarlet, pp. 47, 49.]

This is the stuff the past is made of now. Dennis Swale was not the one to guess how close he was to a tale as grotesque as any you might tell about our town.

You have to go back to 1707, and even then there is the barest rattle of a skeleton within the family closet. You must make a long jump from the History of the Swale Family to the last minutes in the life of a certain Captain Whetstone, as he stood at the foot of a gallows, built for his benefit in Boston Harbor, to pay the price of piracy on the high seas. For some reason modern histories of Colonial piracy seldom mention this man's name. It may be that the great trial of John Quelch and others of his crew in Boston has eclipsed the feats of Whetstone. [See Dow and Edmonds Pirates of the New England Coast 1630–1730.]

Yet when Whetstone's fourteen-gun sloop was wrecked on Cape Cod near Wellfleet Bar in August, 1707, it caused more than a passing sensation. Whetstone was widely known to crews sailing to the Indies. Though his activities centered chiefly around Spanish and Portuguese shipping, he had captured enough other vessels to throw the sugar trade into a panic, and at the time he was wrecked there was a price on his head, duly paid by the English crown. In a southeast gale, according to a survivor's account, "With very Fearsome thunder and lightening Bolts" Whetstone and his crew, like more honest men, found themselves among the breakers before they knew they were off the course. Only five survivors, including Captain Whetstone and Nicholas Doane, a forced man from a local fishing boat, reached the beach alive. Doane, who was afterward cleared by the court, gave information against Whetstone which caused his arrest near Barnstable, and he was promptly brought to trial.

The details of the proceedings are still extant in a pamphlet printed at "Boston in New England by B. Green at the Brick Shop near the Old Meeting House, 1708." In our town, until lately, there was a copy of it left. It used to be in the parlor of old Miss Hannah Whistle, between the family Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, and a stranger place for it you could not think, when the cat was purring on the window ledge and the wet-wash man was whistling at the gate.

"Dear me," Miss Hannah said, "it's one of the family things. Don't ask me why it's been kept. Goodness, here's the wet wash coming!"

Perhaps it was just as well that Miss Hannah never knew, but her lack of knowledge made the text the more uncanny among the whatnots and the sunshine. Even the words of the title were like a muffled bell: "The Arraignment Trial, Condemnation and Death being a True Account of the Behavior and last Moments of one Captain

Whetstone who died unrepentant for Sundry Piracies herein set forth."

In the town house of Boston, Captain Whetstone stood, a brazen man with "a long face badly marked by the small Pox and a Blue Scar above his left Eye." The governor and lieutenant governor, who sat on the court of admiralty, asked him various questions. Knowing the justice meted to pirates in Massachusetts Bay, he must have known his time was short, for he made no defense and answered tersely with no respect. Only a scrap or two of the interrogation is worth recording now.

"Do you then confess?"

"Ay, I've been on the account, if that's where you're heading."

"Did you stop the ship of Captain Mellow in the Vineyard Sound?"

"Ay, but she wasn't worth the scuttling."

"The witness hath deposed that before you were wrecked you entered into a creek or inlet farther up the coast, close by the town of Haven's End, and went ashore alone. Is that the truth?"

"It is so."

"Did you go ashore to bury gold?"

"No, I have told you. Your Excellencies have Quelch's gold. Fish for mine off Wellfleet Bar."

"Then why did you land alone?"

"On an affair, Your Excellency."

"What affair?"

"An affair of mine that has no bearing in this court."

"Is Whetstone your true and honest name?"

"No."

"Then what is it?"

"Your Excellency, Whetstone will do well enough to hang by."

"The Ministers of the Town," says the pamphlet, "used more than ordinary endeavors to Instruct the Prisoner and bring him to Repentance. There were Sermons preached in his hearing Every Day. And he was Cathecized and he had many occasional Exhortations."

On a Friday of September, 1707, Captain Whetstone, guarded by twenty musketeers, walked to the Long Wharf with constables, the provost marshal and other officers, who afterward spent three pounds in refreshments at the colony's expense. On either side of the prisoner there walked two ministers, taking the greatest pains to prepare him for the "Last Article of his life." With the "silver oar," used in those days as a symbol of a mariner's execution, carried in the bow of a longboat, he went by water to the place of execution. On a small island where the gibbet was erected he walked to gallows foot, "very brazen," and removed his coat, "much torn with much gold lace upon it."

The ministers then stood beside him and spoke as follows: "We have told you often—yea, we have told you, weeping, that you have by sin undone yourself; that you were born a sinner, and that you have lived a sinner, and that the sins for which you are to die are of no common aggravation."

"Ay," said Captain Whetstone, "if it eases you I'll say you've done all that."

"And now," said one of the ministers, speaking as follows: "Ah, unhappy man, soften your heart. As you stand on the threshold of eternal life or death, put aside your willfulness. Look on yonder gallows, where your body will hang in chains."

"Ay," said Captain Whetstone, "it will do to hold me."

"Then tell us your true name, as you fear the eternal fire."

And then Captain Whetstone spoke as follows, namely: "A pox on your curiosity. Whetstone I've been telling you—a sound, sharp name. And if you'll not believe it, why, a pox on that and let's yarn on another tack. The tide is flowing in, gentlemen, and only see the crowd in boats. Sure, there'll be all the water I need when I heave up the hook."

After which "he seemed little, if at all concerned, and said nothing more."

That is all the records say, and Boston is many miles from where our town still stands upon the river mouth. He died without telling his name or of his past. He confessed to landing farther up the coast, and, except for that, the record of Captain Whetstone stands blank and white. None the less, his ghost still walks upon our streets as ghosts of greater men are raised by idle tales. The story is that a Scarlet could tell his name, and a Whistle, too, but they kept their lips as tight as his. Yet, in a strange perversity, the shadow of Captain Whetstone is hovering about the Swale mansion with the other shadows you can picture on its lawn when the sun is going down. No Swale has been able to lay him, and, as Dennis Swale has written, such odd gossip circles about all families distinguished for their position and their service.

This was the way Hannah Scarlet always told of it, until it became a goodwife's tale. Young Tom Indian, her grandfather's slave, was blowing on his conch horn. Out by the river bank the axes had stopped, where they were laying the keel for a pink. Goodmen and goodwives and indentured men and maids were walking toward the tavern door. The post from Boston was coming in. Old Ezra Finch, who rode the post, was jerking at the straps of his saddlebags, and everywhere there was a smell of drying fish and new pine shavings and molasses.

The shuttle of the great loom where her mother wove moved back and forth, back and forth. Her mother's eyes were on the threads. There was no one like her mother for fine weaving.

"Child," her mother said, "why do you stop the wheel?"

"Please," said Hannah Scarlet, "the post is coming in."

Then she remembered that her mother sighed.

"Go down then," her mother said, "if it's your mind to hear the news."

Downstairs the great room of the tavern was crowded full. There were laboring men with rolled-up sleeves and leather breeches, and Mr. Whistle and Mr. Parlin and the Reverend Mr. White in his black tight-buttoned coat—gentlemen from higher places.

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Only Five Survivors, Including Captain Whetstone and Nicholas Deane, a Forced Man From a Local Fishing Boat, Reached the Beach Alive

A PLATOON MISSING

The Fourth Man, Who Had Remained Standing, Beckoned to Bad Tobacco and the Lieutenant

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

IT WAS not far to the top of the hill where the officer came out upon a table-land. The road that he had followed crossed another here that went off to the east at right angles, a wide, ragged band of yellow mud, brown water and white chalk. A trench followed one side of it; other trenches wriggled their way across the fields, heading toward a pile of ruins that did not bear the slightest resemblance to anything.

Eastward, westward, southward, there was nothing but desolation and the flat plain, torn and mangled, spotted with parapets, sandbags, shell holes and untidy, straggling bands of barbed wire. Northward the officer could not see. The plateau dropped abruptly to a valley there, and what lay beyond was hidden by the morning mist.

That was the direction of the enemy. Looking that way, his eye fell upon a collection of signs, some stuck in the ground and others nailed to the remnants of a telegraph pole. They had arrows on them, and pointed in different directions.

POINTE D'EAU
P C 211 R I T
ATTENTION AU BALLON. DEFENSE À POSER DES FILS AERIENS.

There was a large one, black letters on a white background.

CHEMIN DES DAMES

it said, and the arrow pointed along the uneven track eastward. Under this had been hurriedly traced in red paint: "Palm Beach."

The officer grinned, and disdaining to get into the trench, walked down a path that had been beaten into the parapet. "Palm Beach" was the code name of the command post of his company, and was no more incongruous than that this waste of mud and clay, of shattered sandbag and rusty wire, this plateau of desolation and stench and horror should be called THE LADIES' ROAD.

It was an hour before the lieutenant arrived at his destination. He had discovered, a little while after he had left the crossroads, a sort of jelly bean that floated in the sky to the north. The rising sun had glittered on it a second, and the flash had drawn the lieutenant's eye. He had descended at once into the trench, for the jelly bean was a German observation balloon, and though the enemy might not shoot at a single man, yet again they might.

Once in that rabbit warren of trenches, he had wandered here and there, zigzagged back and forth, lost himself, retraced his steps, started again, always mid-leg deep in brown water, hearing no sound when he stopped to listen save the sullen splash of bits of trench wall dislodged by his passage, falling into the water.

He had no guide but a telephone wire, which, from the way it had been strung, he knew was American, and this finally led him to a sort of hollow, where, against the reverse slope of a hill, was a pile of ruins and a door that seemingly led into the hill. Over the door was a sign,

PALM BEACH

"Who's in command of that platoon?"

The words floated out the open door into the hillside. The lieutenant stopped, for the tone was not friendly.

"Lieutenant Maxwell."

"Did he go with them?"

"Well, no. He's gone down to Vailly to see if he couldn't get hold of a rolling kitchen somehow. Ours disappeared."

"So they've gone off without an officer! Thirty-two men gone to their death! Did you ever think, captain, that while you might not be held responsible for those men's lives here, you might have to answer for them some day before the Great Judgment?"

There was no audible reply.

"This man Maxwell," went on the harsh voice, "had no business going to Vailly. He ought to be tried! If you've lost your field cooker you can eat your rations raw! Now, when this Maxwell comes back, send him to me. I want to see him!"

The lieutenant, who stood without the door, swallowed hard once or twice, then, hitching his *musette* into place, he entered.

"Was somebody inquiring for me?" he asked.

Inside the door, carved into the hillside, was a vaulted room built of stone. It had probably been a vegetable cellar, and having been built under the hill, had survived long after the farm to which it belonged had been reduced to ruins. It was dimly lighted by two candles, and the lieutenant could make out a bunk, a table, a huge map, a field telephone, and two men. One he knew was his captain, and the other, wrapped in a long sheepskin coat, the lieutenant identified as a major, the chief of staff of the division.

"Ha!" snapped the major, turning. "Are you Lieutenant Maxwell?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean by letting your platoon go wandering off all over the sector without you?"

"Why, I was in Vailly, major, about ——"

"You had no business to be in Vailly! Your place is here! What do you mean you were in Vailly?"

"I sent him there, major," said the captain.

"And you sent the platoon out too. Four guns and thirty-two men! And where are they now?"

"There has been no sign of them since, major?" asked the lieutenant.

"None! None! Only heavy firing reported by the French O. P.'s!"

"Well, I don't see what can be done about it now," said Lieutenant Maxwell in a conciliating tone. "They'll probably turn up all right somewhere."

"Well, I'll tell you what can be done about it!" said the major with heat. "You can go out and find them!"

"Why, yes, sir, that will be easy enough. I had intended to do it anyway."

"Oh, you had? Well, now, Mr. Maxwell, let me show you where they were supposed to go!"

The major took Lieutenant Maxwell by the arm and led him to the table whereon the map was spread. He moved the two candles in their bottle candlesticks so that they lighted up a certain sector of the map about the size of a man's hand. There were two X's in pencil under the major's finger.

"That's where they went!" said he.

The lieutenant looked. The map was covered with thin blue lines like veins, but in the lower part of the map these lines were red. They showed the trenches, dumps, light-railway lines, or other military constructions, blue for the German, red for the French and American. The two X's were on the very edge of the last red line before the blue lines began.

"H'm!" said the lieutenant judiciously. "In the very front line!"

"Front line hell! That comblike effect means the limit of the zone of influence! Ye gods, haven't you officers had any instruction? There! That's a trench! That's the front-line trench! D'yuh see where that platoon has gone? Well, it's gone down into the valley by the canal, if it ever got there alive, and the boche have enfilading fire on it from both flanks!"

The lieutenant followed the road that led down into the valley with his finger nail. The platoon could go down that road until they came to a place where the narrow gauge crossed it. They would have to leave the road there – h'm!—yes, until they came to a town called Mauchamp. That, of course, would be just a pile of ruins, but they could distinguish the church, and in back of the church, on the slope of a hill, was a road, just the place to put machine guns to command the canal, the Aisne River bottoms, a network of narrow-gauge tracks, and Cheminées de Hautrive, which now would be but an immense heap of brick.

But that country was all flat. Mauchamp, the road, the canal, the hillside and the slope that led down to it from the heights above were all perfectly visible from the German lines, and were commanded, as one could see who could read contours, by the hills to the north, that swept around that corner of the map in a great horseshoe.

"Well, that's where your platoon is, lieutenant! Go down and get them out of there! And waste no time about starting!"

"Hey? But it's broad daylight!"

"You hear the order! . . . Captain, you heard me give it! Good day, gentlemen!"

The major went out, and they heard him splash away through the mud.

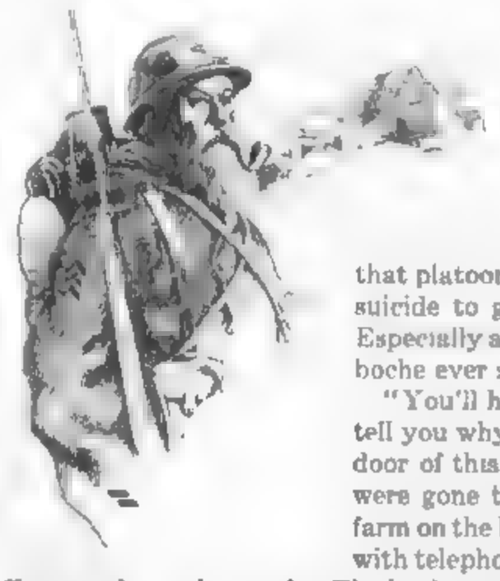
"What's all this?" asked the lieutenant, when they heard no more footsteps.

"The divisional machine-gun officer came in here last night and directed me to put a platoon there. He made the marks on the map himself I sent the platoon with Blanchette in charge. At daybreak old 'Majer Sick' comes in and wants to hang me for obeying orders. The machine-gun officer made a mistake. Those little things that look like combs mean 'limit of zone' and not 'front line.' The chief of staff said I should have questioned the order. Hot dog! If I questioned every crazy order I received ——" The captain waved his hand.

"Yeh, but why pick on me to go find them?"

"Well, it's your platoon."

"Yes, but wherever they are now, they won't move before dark!"



"Did you hear what the major said," went on the captain solemnly, "about my being called to answer for the lives of every one of my men some day before the Great Judgment? You know I'd never thought of that in that way before!"

"Huh! For the Shoe Workers? You wouldn't have any trouble explaining about that bunch of thieves and gool-knockers!" scoffed the lieutenant.

"There are some hearts of gold in that platoon!" said the captain, wagging his head sadly.

"Well, so you say, but that doesn't give me a whole lot of desire to get killed going after them!"

"You heard the order!"

"I heard the order!" cried Lieutenant Maxwell. "Yes! But who's going to know whether I go after that platoon now or wait until it's dark? Man, it's suicide to go down that road in broad daylight! Especially after the way we've been shooting up the boche ever since we took over the sector!"

"You'll have to go," said the captain, "and I'll tell you why. Because 'Majer Sick' can watch the door of this house with the naked eye. While you were gone the division P. C. moved into that big farm on the hill there. It was dry in there, and fitted with telephones and everything for staff work. Yeh, soft. The boche probably leave it alone because the French leave some farm on the boche side of the river alone. But they're only two hundred yards from here, and when the division machine-gun officer has a brain wave, he rushes over to me and sends out this platoon. Then the chief of staff has another and comes tearing over while his bacon and eggs are frying to give me hell for doing what I'm told to do.

"He'll be over after breakfast to see if you've gone. When you come back he'll want a report as soon as he sees

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The Lieutenant, Frozen With Horror, Leaned Back Against the Wall of the Arch With Some Vague Idea of Making Himself Invisible

WHY THE COUNTRY BANK?

By Craig B. Hazlewood

President, American Bankers Association

As Told to Samuel Crowther

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

ONE seems never to hear anything good about the country bank or the country banker. There is rather an impression that country banks come into being only to fail and lose people's money. A lot of them have failed in the last decade; somewhat more than 10 per cent. And more are going to fail. In the disgrace of failure every worthy thing that the bank may previously have done is forgotten. The banks that plug along from day to day doing their jobs as they best know how never get into the news. Neither do the country bankers get into the news unless they happen to make off with the contents of the safe.

I have read of only two kinds of country bankers. The one is the story-book product—a psalm-singing, hypocritical skinflint who is always foiled just as he reaches to take his pound of flesh. The second sort is a product of the school of banking criticism which has sprung up since the war. He is represented as a compound of fool and knave, and I gather that there ought to be a law allowing him at liberty only so long as he keeps one hundred yards away from any financial institution. I do not pretend to know all the country bankers in the country and there must be among them all sorts of skinflints, fools and knaves. I do know many thousands of men who manage small banks out among the farm lands. As a metropolitan banker, I have had business dealings with them for many years, and for more than a year I have made a special study of them. I have not met the skinflints or the fools. Instead, I have met a great group of keen, intelligent citizens who are mostly carrying on and trying to make ends meet under conditions that would quickly send city bankers into sanitariums.

A smart saying is to the effect that the trouble with the country-bank situation is that there are too many banks and too few bankers. That is quite true. But it applies to the cities as well as to the country, and probably there are also more factories than there are manufacturers. According to European banking standards, our country bankers are not bankers at all. That may be important—but not in the way that it is generally meant—for if we had held European standards, the western boundary of the country would now possibly be the Mississippi River, but more probably the Ohio. The banker was never far behind the covered wagon. The hopeful fellow who followed in on the postwar boom, made himself a shanty and hung out a shingle saying he was a bank, belonged to the same race of men that in the older days opened trading posts and gave credit in kind instead of in specie. The backbone of the farming development of this country has been the character loan of fifty or one hundred dollars either in goods or in money, so that the homesteader could keep going on his quarter section until the first crops came in.

Trying to Make Ends Meet Under Conditions That Would Quickly Send City Bankers Into Sanitariums

Where a Slight Error Is a Catastrophe

THE whole system has been disorderly according to every acknowledged banking precept. But the whole development of our country has been disorderly according to those who claim to know the definition of order. The waste in our development has been tremendous and so, naturally, have been the wastes in our banking. But the net result of all this waste, or whatever it may be called, has been the achievement of more progress in a hundred years than has ever been achieved by any other country in any length of time. And I, for one, would like to see somewhere erected a great monument to the country banker as one of the pioneering forces that made this country.

Small-town bankers may make more mistakes than the big-town bankers. That I doubt. It is simply that what would be a slight lapse of judgment in a big bank becomes a great catastrophe in a little bank. And it is to be remembered that in the tragedy of nearly every little bank failure the president goes down with his bank. There is a rule like that of the sea in country banking, and seldom is it violated. Not many months ago the president of an honestly failing bank found that if he closed the doors at once, his life insurance would enable every depositor to be paid in full. Straightway, with the aid of a revolver, he made his insurance due and payable, and every depositor was paid in full. That got into the newspapers only as one more bank president committing suicide!

The country banks have always had hard sledding. If the president became rich, it was seldom because of the bank, but because he went into business on the outside, or, as often happened, because he ceased being a country banker and got into the big-city affairs. Today the sledding is harder than ever. The country bank, because of changing conditions, is not in its present set-up ordinarily able to make enough money to get by. If the individual country bank passes out and is replaced by chain banks, we are threatened with the loss of one of our great national assets—that is, the little character loan to the man of big character.

There are about twenty-seven thousand banks in the United States, and of these at least two-thirds are in small communities of five thousand population or less, and have a capitalization of twenty-five thousand dollars or less. These are the country banks. They differ from the city banks not merely in size but in the character of their operations and in their customs. Every bank has two primary banking functions. The first is to preserve itself as a safe place in which to keep money. The second is that it should keep itself in such condition as to be a place where, under certain conditions, money may be borrowed. These two functions go together, for in the American system of deposit banking, as also in the British, a bank lends very little of its own funds and a great deal of its depositors'. Thus it is itself a borrower as well as a lender. When it is unable to pay back the money it borrows—its deposits—it is insolvent. Its ability to pay its own borrowings depends on its ability to collect the money it loans. In a straight banking business the only source of profit is the spread between what the bank receives for the money it loans and the amount that it has to pay for the money it borrows—that is, for deposits.

In a small bank a bad loan is a very serious matter, yet a bank which never takes a risk is a community liability and has no reason for existence. A city bank has not only the advantage of size, so that a loan going bad does not make a great deal of difference, but it can spread its loans in a great many different directions. The country banker cannot do that to any marked degree and still receive a sufficient volume of deposits from his community. He must first of all look to the needs of his own depositors. In addition to the farmer, he has the wholesale grocery, the retail grocery, the dry-goods dealer, the feed man and the other local merchants. The business success of every one of these men and probably of two-thirds of the depositors depends entirely upon the harvest and the prices at which it goes out. If the banker is in a dairy community, then the yield and the price of milk will absolutely dictate his condition. He may make every loan with the utmost care; using far more care and judgment than the city banker. But if a crop failure comes or prices go off, then, instead of having a small group of slow loans, as would be the case of a city banker, he has a whole portfolio of them, and unless he has been able to accumulate an ample reserve he will have no opportunity at all to work out his salvation or to justify his judgment.

A Financial Department Store

IN THE old days one or two banks were the mainstays of every community. They charged high interest for loans and paid no interest on deposits, and they did not have to do much competing for business. The automobile has changed all that. The small town is in competition with the large town, and the large town with the city. A farmer or a merchant can inquire over a considerable area for his money. The home-town bank has to serve or to lose business, and its grade of service must be on big city standards. Gradually it has become a kind of financial department store which sells a fair part of its goods for nothing. And further, it has educated the public to believe that the services which it performs for nothing are actually profitable. For instance, a Civil War veteran dropped in to see a cashier friend of mine, remarking as he sat down:

"I reckon I have a right to have a little visit with you, for you fellows must have made a good deal of money out of me over all these years."

"How is that?" asked the cashier. "How did we do it?"

"Well, you've been cashing my pension check now for more than forty years and that has run into a pile of money."

The old man thought that the bank had been using the proceeds of his checks, when in point of fact every check had probably cost the bank at least five cents for labor, and, in addition, it had lost the interest on the money it paid to him for the days between the deposit of each check and its collection. In addition to crediting checks as cash, the country banks have carried small accounts that did not pay their way, have drawn wills, deeds and mortgages free of charge, and performed no end of other services. In recent years the profit has practically vanished from commercial banking even in the big cities—which is one of the reasons why commercial banks are combining with trust companies and opening bond departments and finding other methods of earning profits. A recent survey of actual commercial operations in a large number of banks showed earnings on net invested capital of less than 5 per cent. The small country bank has only its commercial earnings, and these, less the inevitable losses, are not enough for salaries, free services and dividends, and, of course, not enough to accumulate a surplus. But in addition to all the services that the country bank has taken on and which cost money, it has lost a great deal of its older profit items. It used to make money out of placing mortgages, but the Government has taken over the most profitable farm-loan business. The big stores in town are today chains which quickly transfer their funds to the cities, while most of the larger transactions on which there were commissions have also passed on to the big city. This leaves to the country banker only the farmer and the smaller business men, and seldom can they furnish enough profitable business to support a single bank under present practices, much less

support the several banks which almost every community now has.

Conditions have changed and those banks which have refused to recognize the change are in a bad way. Others that have recognized the change are doing nicely. For there is no dearth of able management. For instance, in one of the worst areas of bank failures in this country, where eight out of every ten banks failed, one bank kept to an exceptionally sound management policy. It had built up its liquid assets in the years following the war. It was ready for deflation. This bank, along with all other banks, had to take real estate in part payment of loans, but its liquid assets took care of its deposits and it entered 1923 in a thoroughly sound condition. The other banks which had to take real estate, but had no liquid assets, failed. Then, beginning in 1923, the deposits of the sound bank began to increase. It wrote off 9½ per cent in losses, but its operating profits were large enough to cover them. Other banks, with the same losses, did not have sufficient operating profits to take care of them. Today this bank has surplus and undivided profits equal to almost three times its capital.

Take two banks operating in the same community and doing the same sort of business. In 1923, Bank A had total resources of nearly four millions and Bank B resources of somewhat more than four millions, so that their position was about the same. In 1928, Bank A had resources of less than three millions, while Bank B had gone to almost six millions. What was the reason? The cost of operating told the story. Bank A not only had operating expenses of 84 per cent as opposed to 69 per cent for Bank B but also it had net losses of 18 per cent as against 8 per cent. The first bank was not extravagant, nor did it have any heavy single losses, but it did not have the careful, close management of the second bank, and over the period the little things told, and while the first bank was on its way down, the second bank was on its way up.

No matter how good a bank's investments may be, they are not worth anything so far as solvency is concerned, unless they turn over into money with such regularity as to give ample funds to pay depositors as they draw on their accounts. A commercial banker must so invest his funds that there is a steady stream of maturities; an investment banker is in a very different position. He sells long or short term investments to customers who are not depositors but investors. The country bank, by long custom, has actually been an investment bank, but organized and trying to do business as a deposit bank. That is the root of a deal of the trouble. The country banks, by force of circumstances, pay more attention to what a man is worth than to what he can pay. The general policy was thus expressed by a successful banker: "The depositor is my customer and I am in the business of lending money. Therefore I shall keep on lending to him as long as I think he is good and as long as my correspondent bank will discount paper for me."

What a Borrower Should Know

A MAN may have a most excellent financial statement and be actually worth a good deal of money, but his ability to pay may be very slight, for his net worth may be in equities or fixed assets which are hard to convert into cash at anything like their real values. It was an excess of loans of this character which brought so many banks into trouble during the deflation period. These were the loans which turned into frozen assets. They were not, for the most part, wild loans. The majority of them were made in strict accord with the best principles of country banking. But too few of the small banks had sufficient liquid assets to carry on when the loans went dead.

It is difficult to educate both farmers and bankers around to the view that, although a commercial bank is a place from which money can be borrowed, it is also a place where loans should sometimes be repaid. A great many farmers have been very well taught that the big thing is to get the money from the bank and that repaying is an entirely different affair. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when a farmer borrowed, he began laying his plans at once for repayment, but that is not the case today. One of my friends told me of a very innocent young farmer who made application to him for a loan of several hundred dollars. The farmer had been fully coached on why he needed the money and on why he ought to have it, but apparently no one had told him anything about repayment; for when the banker asked him how he expected to pay off the note, he very frankly said that he did not know.

I do not know whether the farm agitators or the bankers themselves should be held responsible for this attitude. The agitators teach the farmers that they principally need the ability to borrow more and more money, while the bankers have been so anxious to get business that they have been afraid to insist on payment. And of course a certain number of bankers have been such boomers for their neighborhoods and so interested in land sales that they have staked farmers who had neither capital nor experience.

Putting the Bank Into Farming

"WE USED to think it necessary," said an older banker, "for a young man to work out as a farm hand until he got together enough money to establish himself as a tenant farmer. Then, after some years as a tenant, he would ordinarily, if skilled, have accumulated enough money to buy an equity in a farm and go entirely on his own. But during the late war period this was too slow a process and it is still too slow a process in some sections where there is a great deal of land to sell. Many a banker has, through a character loan, set up a young man who has eventually made good in a very big way. There are plenty of precedents for loans made without security and it would be bad banking to advocate that every loan had to be supported by tangible security. The function of the country bank is to take a reasonable chance, but that is very different from making a practice of lending not only to start up farming but often to make the initial payment on the farm. That simply puts the bank into farming, but in a manner in which it would go into no other business. For if the farm be operated at a profit, then it belongs to the borrower. But if there be a loss, then it is the bank's. It is not helping farmers to encourage them in the belief that they are entitled to experiment with other people's money."

The farmer is not to be blamed for thinking that he should get whatever money he needs at a low rate of interest and for as long as he wants it. Really only a few farmers have that notion, and they have it only because they have believed what they have been told by politicians, real-estate agents and the promoters of new banks.

Interest charges and commissions on bank loans used to run very high in the less-developed states, because money was scarce, the risks high and the loans small. It was generally imagined that banking was not only a highly respectable but also a highly profitable business. Every prosperous merchant or farmer had the idea in the back of his head that some day he was going into banking. And in the old days a knowledge of banking was really less important than a knowledge of the community. Nearly every town had its bank, but in a town of five thousand people or less there is seldom business enough to support more than one bank. This single bank always made enemies and in the course of time these enemies formed a rival bank and the two fought each other bitterly for an amount of business sufficient for only one bank.

Then came the craze for state laws guaranteeing bank deposits, and this allowed men who did not have the confidence of their communities to organize banks and solicit deposits with loose promises of credit. They did not have to represent their banks as safe places in which to keep money—the state did that for them. This introduced a new element of competition and, even before the war, had begun to unsettle all the banks. Take some examples. In one small city of Nebraska had grown up a First National bank

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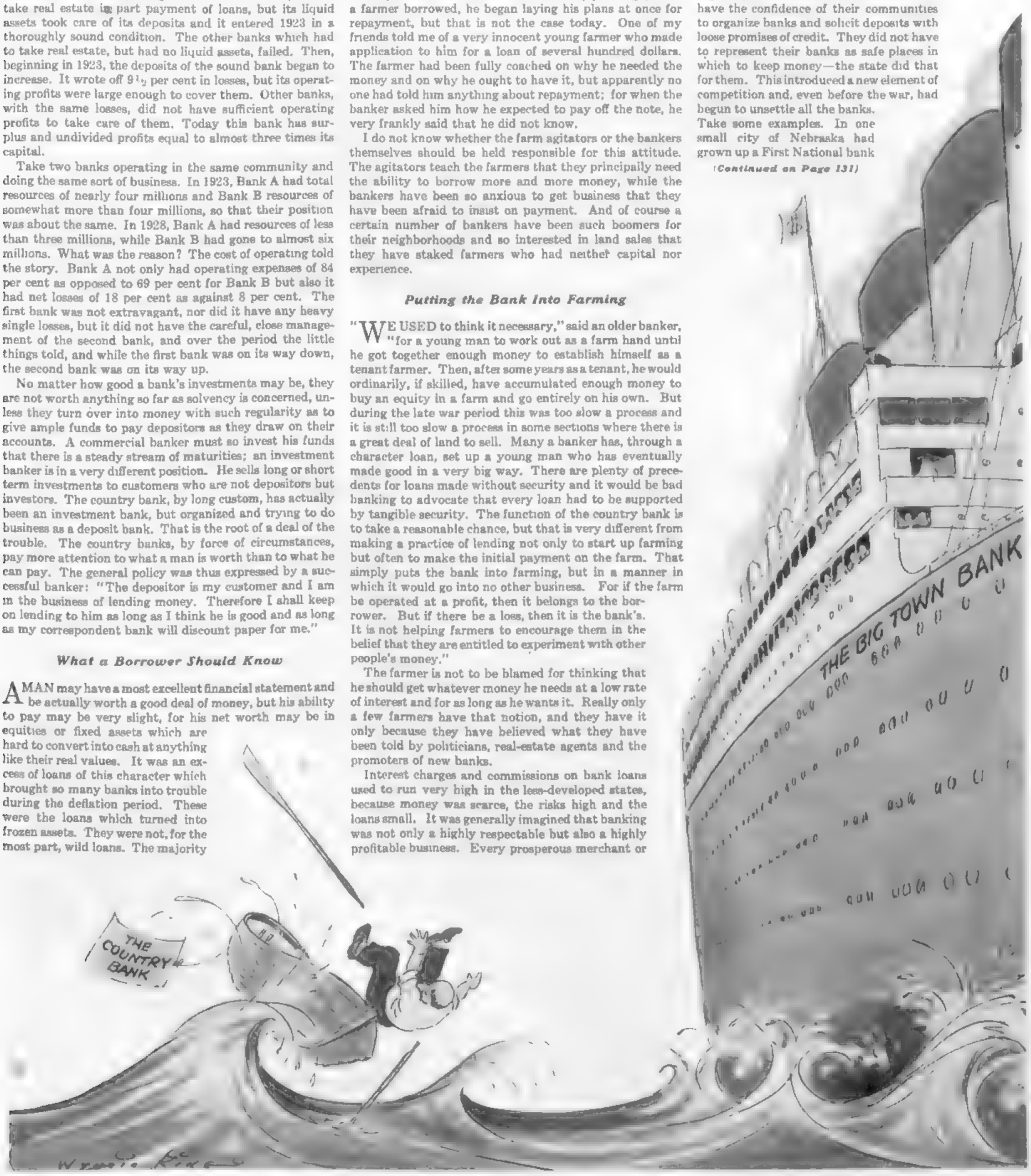

In a Small Bank a Bad Loan Is a Very Serious Matter

ALSO THE SPORT OF QUEENS

"Here He Comes! Here Comes Dixie! He's Coming Up on the Leader. He's Coming! . . . Oh, Run, Dixie"

By

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

SHE told herself that she was tired of horses and sick of horsy people. She hadn't told anyone else that. Not yet. But she was going to, pretty soon. It would sound like heresy for her to say it. But in a few minutes now she'd march downstairs and blow the lid off. "Horse racing is the bunk." Miss Hollis Clayton talking. Not for publication, of course. Just for the benefit of her family—that famous sporting family, the Claytons.

Her mother would say, "Now, Hollis, your nerves are on edge over the Derby." Her father would draw himself up like a Kentucky colonel—which he wasn't—and glance toward the portrait of Brigadier General Maxwell B. Hollis, hanging there on the wall. Hollis wished the general could be present to hear it. Oh, she'd tell them a thing or two; her dear maternal grandfather included. Sacrilegiously, she hoped her words would carry to that blue-grass paradise where, according to the speculations of her childhood, the general sat in the members' stand, clocking the shades of Derby winners.

Hollis blamed it all on the general, anyway. It was he who had founded the Hollis Hill Stable. It was he who had turned her mother and father and brother, Hal, into horsy people.

The general had endowed his stable, with only a small left-over as a trust fund for his daughter. The income from this fund was to continue only so long as Hollis' mother managed the stable and sent Hollis Hill entries to the post. With a horseman's irony the general had stipulated that Mrs. Clayton might have such profits as accrued from the operation of the racing establishment.

Tied to a string of race horses—that is how it had worked out. The Claytons had become a sporting family because it was their bread and butter—humble bread at times, and little butter. Hollis assured herself that she had stood it long enough. Tomorrow was Derby Day at Churchill Downs. Tomorrow her horse, Dixie, would run in the Kentucky Derby. Dixie and his stable mate, Iron Duke, were the Hollis Hill entries. It would be Dixie's last race, and her last race too.

Irritably, Hollis looked about her bedroom. Had she been in the mood to halt her sweeping glance at the mirror, she would have seen an exceedingly pretty girl in a pink dinner frock. There wasn't anything horsy about Hollis; she and Dixie had posed for the talkie news reel at the stable that morning, and the head of the truck crew wired his boss in New York: "Clayton subject turned out swell. A wow." But Hollis wasn't feeling like a check-up with the mirror.

Her gaze fell on a stack of form sheets and newspapers piled on a chest of drawers that had stopped Yankee bullets when used as a barricade long ago. There were copies of racing forms, the Louisville Courier-Journal and Lexington Leader. Stories saying: "Dixie, Miss Hollis Clayton's Derby candidate, breezed five furlongs this morning in good time." Racing dope. How she detested it! She swept up the pile in ruthless young arms and dumped everything into a wastebasket.

Riding togs and boots next aroused her ire. She flung open a door and kicked boots and clothes into the hallway. Slammed the door again.

This life had been all right for her mother. Mrs. Clayton knew no other existence. She liked traipsing around the country after a racing stable. Belmont Park and Saratoga in the fall; New Orleans and Tia Juana in the winter; Latonia, Empire and Churchill Downs in the spring. She enjoyed the social overplay of that strange democracy of the turf. Tomorrow, Mrs. Clayton would stand in a front box just to the right of the judges' stand, surrounded by such names as Vanderbilt, Whitney, Belmont, Widener, Cochran, Hildreth, Bradley and Breckinridge. But Hollis knew her mother would occupy that box by grace of the general's will, and would have a presentable sports ensemble only because she had put ten dollars on the nose of a long shot named Twinkletoes in the fifth at Jamaica last Saturday. And Hollis knew, also, that her mother would hold her head high and not seem to remember at all that the rope of pearls she had worn at last year's Derby was in pawn.

Horses had ruined her father's life. Hollis used the word "ruined" not without wincing. But it was the truth. He had wanted to renounce the general's will and take his bride to St. Louis, where he was starting a cotton-brokerage business. But Mrs. Clayton was a horseman's daughter; friends rallied around with high-flown speeches about "keeping your father's colors on the turf"; she prevailed upon her husband to help her manage Hollis Hill Stable. Clayton complained at first; then the game got him. By the time Hollis was old enough to think about what her father might have been, he had become a genial and lordly loafer. Temperamentally a sublime optimist, he covered periods of stocktaking with an alcoholic haze; responded to toasts at Jockey Club dinners with tributes to "our gallant friend, the horse"; and backed Hollis Hill entries sentimentally with his last dollar. Circumstance had obliged him to make a career out of a game which is to most men either a hobby or a passing interest. His daughter realized that he was pathetically intent on having the finest racing stable in the country and had set his heart on winning the Kentucky Derby.

Hollis sighed. To get away from the bitterness of regrets, she began to prepare for her appearance downstairs. It was nearly time for dinner. She tucked absently at her hair—Brother Hal called her a sorrel, but chestnut did her more justice—and wondered what was going to become of Hal. He was nineteen now and had started to live the sporting life. This consisted of losing his allowance three times over each month by asinine system betting on long shots, consorting with race-track hangers-on who had been cut cold in every clubhouse short of Havana, and ruining his stomach with the sort of liquor drunk on race specials and in race-town hotel suites. There didn't seem very much to be done with Hal, she decided. Not unless she could get her mother and father to chuck racing for good.

"They ought to chuck it," she said to herself fiercely. "They ought to chuck it." But she knew they wouldn't. Not even the happenings of this campaign now drawing to a close would convince them. It had been a disastrous campaign for the Hollis Hill colors. The folks had bet their shirts on Black Satin to win the Futurity. Rudy Furness let Black Satin get left flat-footed at the post, then shook him up too fast, and the colt never found the wind to overhaul the leaders. Nothing crooked that time; just bad riding. Two other tough breaks piled on top of Black Satin's defeat. The Invader trained short and took place money in the Coffroth Handicap, when he should have led that field home by two lengths. And Sally Lunn, the best filly Hollis Hill had in years, pulled a tendon training, and was out of the New Orleans Sweepstake.

But it was in the steady grind of claiming and selling platers, which the stables depended on for hay and oats money, that the worst breaks had come. The memory of certain events sickened Hollis. The sport of kings—oh, yes. Joey Hogan strong-armed Ladybird in a twenty-five-hundred-dollar race at Latonia. He hadn't been able to fool Hollis, who had the glasses on Ladybird when she broke stride at the three-quarter post. Hollis had been for reporting Joey to the Jockey Club, but her father argued that racing had a black eye already, and he didn't want to give the reformers any ammunition. Then there had been a grudge fight among head trainers at New Orleans. Result: Silver King got crowded out of a sixty-five-hundred-dollar stake and narrowly escaped being hamstrung. And the time she caught Solly Levin giving Canute a shot of

dope "over the bit." Her father scratched Canute, the gesture costing two thousand dollars at least.

Well, she'd had enough. Tomorrow, Dixie would run in the Derby. And Dixie would win. That would fix everything. She would be quitting as a winner. She would have the satisfaction of knowing that she had given Hollis Hill its first Derby victory. She'd retire Dixie and say good-by to racing forever.

Then she'd marry Phil Deming. He was coming after dinner, and she'd tell him so. Phil hadn't got up the courage to ask her, so far, but she knew why. He knew he couldn't support a wife who played the racing game. But when she told him she was sick and tired of horses, Phil would be the happiest man alive.

Phil didn't know one horse from another. He had been too busy in a Louisville law office. She'd had a terrible time keeping track of Phil as she chased about the country. For two months at Saratoga last fall she had feared losing him altogether.

Phil had been dismayed by the gulf between their lives. He almost gave up hoping. But something—maybe it was Hollis' adroitly desperate letters—had held Phil through it all. Now she was removing the barrier. She wouldn't be Hollis Clayton of the sporting Claytons any more.

Hollis applied a last dab of powder to her nose and squared her shoulders. She'd go down and break the news to mother and dad and Hal. Yet, when she reached the second turn of the staircase, her knees felt shaky. What if Dixie didn't win tomorrow? Could she quit then? How much money had Phil saved? Without her half of the Derby stake —— No, Dixie was going to win. Dixie was going to win.

The rest of the sporting Claytons were in the living room—an old colonial room, smelling faintly of wood smoke; antiques that hadn't been pilfered from back-country farmhouses, but had grown old with this room. Hollis had tried to keep it from being too horsy, but Mrs. Clayton was obdurate about the oil portraits of Cadet Girl and Chevalier, the general's spurs and crop, and the case of trophies.

Her father stood up as she entered. Brother Hal didn't.

"Well, Hollis. Good evening," said Mr. Clayton. "I thought you were staying in Louisville."

"Heaven forbid," said Hollis. "Louisville on Derby eve is like a grandmother cock-eyed."

"It's going to rain tomorrow," said Hal.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Clayton. "We'll have a good fast track."

Hollis grinned.

"It always rains Derby Day," she remarked a bit nervously.

Mrs. Clayton had been at a telephone in a corner.

"Steve says that Dixie didn't clean up his oats," she reported, "and he acts listless. Oh, I'm so afraid he's drawn too fine." She looked at her husband.

"That's rot, mother," Hollis said. "I was there when Steve was cooling him out this morning. Dixie never breathed better in his life."

She Loved Dixie

Mr. Clayton tugged at a corner of his mustache and exchanged another glance with Mrs. Clayton.

"What does Steve say about the Duke, Mary?"

Hollis saw her mother brighten.

"He's fit for the race of his career. Six furlongs in 1.12 yesterday, and going easily at the finish."

Her father hesitated, then said, "The Duke has a bit the edge on Dixie for condition, I'm afraid, Hollis."

What did this mean? Why this talk about condition? She glanced from her father, who was staring at the floor, to her mother, who was trying to flash him another look, and then to Hal. Her brother's handsome, reckless eyes twinkled.

"Don't you get the idea, sis?" he said. "They're trying to break it to you gently that Dixie is to do the early sprinting tomorrow."

Hollis stared.

"Dixie do the sprinting? Why, that's absurd! Dixie ——"

Mrs. Clayton broke in: "It isn't absurd at all, Hollis. We appreciate your ambition for Dixie, but we thought you had realized that he hadn't come to best form and ——"

Hal jumped up, laughed.

"In other words, sis," he said, "mother and dad have been so afraid of hurting your feelings they never told you the Duke was slated to make the big try."

Still, she couldn't believe it. She turned to her father.

"Why, dad"—she struggled—"you said Dixie could race free. When I entered him you said "

"I know I did, Hollis"—the mildness of her father's words stung worse than if they had been shouted at her—"but you know the uncertainties of the game. Dixie is a sprinter and ——"

"He's not a sprinter! He went the Derby route last week three seconds under Black Gold's time!"

"Who clocked him?" Hal asked.

"I did. So did Steve," Hollis retorted. "Call him up and ask him."

"Steve would say anything for you."

"Thanks, Hal."

Hal flushed. "I'm sorry, sis. I'm not doubting your word. But you are partial to Dixie."

(Continued on Page 116)

"I'm Giving the Orders, Tony," She Said Crisply. "You are to Take Dixie to the Rail as Fast as You Can Get Him There"

The Tabernacle of Judgment

"A Man Who Would Double-Cross Us as He Has Done Could Never be Trusted"

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE man and the woman, each carrying suitcases, almost the first of the passengers to descend from the train, pushed their way through the crowd toward the long line of waiting vehicles. The man's coat collar was turned up and his soft Homburg hat pulled down. The woman was wrapped from head to foot in a long fur coat, the deep collar of which completely encircled her head. Adequate lighting has never been a hobby of the Great Eastern Railway Company, and it seemed impossible that they should have been recognized either by friend or enemy as they crossed the narrow stretch of platform at Fenchurch Street Station between the train and the main exit. The unexpected happened, however. The dressing cases were safely deposited in the taxicab, the woman had already entered, when the man felt a heavy grip upon his shoulder and heard a booming voice in his ear:

"Almost missed you, Freddy, my boy! Welcome back to the old country! Train a bit late, eh?"

The man eyed his interlocutor in blank amazement, into which there crept swiftly a darkening blend of fear. He was absolutely, for the moment, incapable of speech. Chaplain Lane, bland, suave and rubicund, patted him on the shoulder.

"Gave you a start, old chap, didn't I?" he continued cheerily. "I forgot you wouldn't be expecting me. Get in, and I'll come a little way with you."

The newly arrived traveler dumbly obeyed. The chauffeur, leaning round from his seat, called through the window, "Where to, sir?"

"The Terminus Hotel, London Bridge," the former ordered.

Chaplain Lane laughed loudly.

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed. "Anyone who works for us and brings it off like you have, stays at no Terminus Hotel. We have rooms for you at the Milan. The Milan Hotel, instead of the Terminus, chauffeur," he added in a louder tone. "Of course we didn't know about the lady," he went on, removing his hat roguishly, "but that can be arranged. Freddy, my boy, find your tongue. Introduce me."

The man made an effort to pull himself together. He was not much to look at—a hard, sullen face, with the complexion of an indoor dweller, and a none too pleasant type of expression.

"This is my wife," he said shortly "I was married in New York the day before we sailed."

"Married, you dog!" the other repeated. "You might have sent us a cable. My congratulations to you both. We'll crack a bottle about it presently. Madam, I'm delighted to meet you. Put your little hand in mine and remember that in Chaplain Lane you've met one of your husband's best friends. Fine fellow—Freddy! There are one or two of us pretty well pleased with him just now, I can tell you."

The woman glanced across at him with a queer smile. She had rather fine eyes, although a trifle overbold, and hair which left one only a guess at its natural color but pronounced itself temporarily auburn.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Chaplain Lane," she murmured.

"Married, eh!" the latter remarked once more, sitting a little forward in his uncomfortable place with a hand on each knee. "Well, now I've seen your wife, I don't blame you. American, madam?"

"I'm Scotch really," the lady admitted. "I've lived most of my life in America, though."

"Look here, Chaplain," her husband intervened, "I don't think much of this staying at the Milan. We'd much sooner go to a quiet place. Besides, you know, after all," he went on, looking intently at the other, "it hasn't panned out nearly so well as we hoped. Peventon Bay, where we first tried to land, was a rotten business. We gave the man we thought was the boss a thousand dollars, and as soon as we had four lorries laden a police squad came up and pinched the lot. The only landing where we were really successful was fifty miles up the coast in New Jersey, and that was no child's play, I can tell you."

"That's all right, Freddy," Chaplain Lane assured him soothingly. "You've got back safe. That's the great thing. It wasn't the stuff I came down to inquire after We shan't quarrel about that. You did your best, I know. The major's aching to hear about it. He's just the sort that would like to take the job on himself. What about coming up and having a bite at the club with us tonight—you and madam, of course?"

"We're tired," was the somewhat ungracious reply. "We had rather a bad crossing. Besides, we haven't any clothes."

"I have an evening dress, and you have your dinner clothes there, Freddy," the lady volunteered. "I tell you, I'm dying to taste some good English food again after that muck we've been having on the steamer."

"And you shall, madam," her prospective host declared vigorously. "I'll order your dinner myself. We won't keep you late, Freddy."

The latter muttered something but was obviously ill at ease. Suddenly he burst out with a question. The woman by his side was gazing through the rain-splashed windows at the broadening streets.

"I say, Chaplain, how the devil did you know I was coming this way home? The only word I sent you was that I was sailing on the Olympic."

"I know, old chap," Lane murmured, "but you know the major. It isn't that he doesn't trust anybody, but he likes to have a double report when a job's on."

"So I've been shadowed, have I?" the man growled.

"Not you, my lad," the other assured him. "We just found out from the White Star office that you weren't on the Olympic, so we wirelessed the other two steamers that started about the same time."

"Pity you couldn't have left me alone. I had trouble enough getting off as it was, what with the Federal people and the police."

"Well, that doesn't matter, now that you're here," Lane declared cheerfully. "We've got you a nice little suite at the Milan for a week, a home-coming present from the boss. Tonight after dinner we'll just hear how the thing's cleaned up, and then—well, if I had a wife like yours," he added, with a gallant gesture toward the lady, "I should take a week's holiday and show her the sights of London—shops, theaters and that sort of thing. . . . Eh, Mrs. Bramfield?"

"That's what I'm looking forward to," the latter assented. "I can't make out what's the matter with Freddy the last few days," she went on. "He ——"

"Thing didn't clear up as well as I'd hoped," her husband interrupted irritably. "I'm afraid the major will be disappointed, Chaplain, and that's the truth."

"Well, you know him," the latter replied. "He's not one to cry over spilt milk. Besides, I don't suppose it's as bad as all that when you come to look into it. Here we are—Milan! I'll just take you along and register, and we'll have one little glass together to welcome Freddy home and wish you both happiness."

The program was duly carried out. They found a corner in the lounge, and the woman, in her dark scarlet traveling gown, and with the aid of the minor improvements effected by the use of a vanity case, displayed unexpected attractions. The man still seemed tired and worried. The bottle was half empty when he rose to his feet and strolled over toward the cigar stand. Chaplain Lane leaned a little farther back in his chair and gazed up toward the ceiling.

He addressed the woman without looking at her, "Did he bring the stuff along?"

"He surely did," she answered.

"This steamer," he went on "the Terminus Hotel—is it a double-cross?"

"I guess so," she admitted. "I got to see you, Chaplain, quick."

"I'll work it tonight," he promised. "Look out! He's a sly dog—Freddy. He's watching us"

"Your yarn about the wireless didn't go very well."

"How's that?" Chaplain Lane asked, busying himself with a cigarette case.

"The wireless on our little boat's been out of order since we started," she confided.

Chaplain Lane smiled his way into the upstairs bar at Flood's Club that evening at about a quarter-past eight. He was arrayed in unusual splendor, a long coat, white tie and waistcoat, and a white carnation in his buttonhole. He ordered a double Martini before he was halfway across the floor. Nick Conklin, who was seated at the counter, turned round to greet him.

"Why all this gorgeousness, Chaplain?" he demanded.

Lane looked round the room "I am going out," he confided

"The devil!" Conklin murmured. "You must have an odd sort of job on to tog yourself out like that. Want any help?"

The other shook his head.

"I don't think so," he answered. "It's a queer sort of affair, anyway. I'll tell you one thing about it, Nick, though. It may put me up top in your competition."

Nick of New York smiled.

"It makes me feel good to hear a man talk like that! Charlie, I'll buy the Chaplain another drink and I'll have one myself. Ah," he added, slipping off his stool as Martha Dring entered, "here comes Miss Dring. Perhaps she will join us."

"Why this unusual magnificence?" she inquired, glancing at the Chaplain.

"I am entertaining friends," he announced. "Afterward I am going out."

"You've really screwed your courage up to that!" she laughed. "You aren't dining with us, then, I suppose?"

"Indeed I am," was the prompt reply. "The lady and gentleman I am expecting are being entertained exceptionally by the major at our table. The man was once a junior member of our society. We still have connections."

"Since we are to meet him," Nick Conklin remarked, "might one inquire as to his name and his particular line of activity?"

"His name is Bramfield—Freddy Bramfield," the other confided. "He is a bootlegger's transport agent, if you know what that is. Sort of supercargo who takes the stuff out and then has to plan to get it into the hands of the bootleggers proper."

"What a fascinating occupation!" Martha exclaimed.

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"The Only Landing Where We Were Really Successful Was Fifty Miles Up the Coast in New Jersey"

UP TO NOW—An Autobiography

By ALFRED E. SMITH

Governor Smith Leaving for Albany With His Family

WHEN I was inaugurated president of the Board of Aldermen, on January 1, 1918, quite naturally there was a great celebration by the old neighbors. The City Hall was in my own old district and is only three minutes' walk from Oliver Street. I was deluged with flowers and congratulations. It happened that for the first time there were a number of Socialist members of the Board of Aldermen, and at the first meeting over which I presided I said:

"To the majority party, I desire to say that the people of this city in no uncertain terms placed upon us a grave responsibility. The glory that comes from what we do of benefit can be claimed by everybody. Those things which are neglected constitute our sins of omission.

"I have a keen understanding of the relationship to the body of the minority and the minor minority—meaning the Socialist members. The people rule negatively as well as affirmatively, and a good, healthy, vigorous minority is the necessary check on great power.

"The rules of the board are intended for the protection of the rights of the minorities as well as to expedite the business of the majority. In that spirit, I will interpret them with a desire to do equal and even-handed justice to all."

During that winter in the absence of the mayor I was acting mayor at the time of the coal shortage. The Hudson River was blocked with ice, and thousands of tons of coal were stored in the break-up yards in New Jersey, but we were unable to get it over to New York. It was then that the necessity for some development at the port of New York that would make such a thing impossible in the future impressed itself upon me. Later, when I was governor, it furnished the principal argument for me to accept the proposal to build a vehicular tunnel under the river between New York and New Jersey. Even at this time discussion was going on to unify the operations of freight in the port of New York, and led to a comprehensive plan for the development of the port and the creation of the Port of New York Authority.

Plunged Into Another Campaign

I HAD settled down to a four-year term as president of the Board of Aldermen. Upon assuming the presidency I led a movement to bring the rules and procedure of the Board of Aldermen up to date and to make its deliberations more understandable and more dignified. Had I remained for the full term I might have accomplished much, but I was scarcely well acquainted with the routine business of the city when I was plunged into another campaign—this time for the governorship of the state.

Charles F. Murphy, leader of the city democracy, was anxious that the upstate leaders should select a man whom they believed would be best equipped to win in the upstate sections. A committee was formed which met in Syracuse at the home of William F. Kelly, the leader of Onondaga County. It was apparent, after two or three sessions of the committee, that they could not agree on any candidate from the upper part of the state, and after further conference in New York it was agreed that a Tammany Hall man would be acceptable, provided upstate would declare in his favor first.

Some fifteen or twenty names appeared upon the list of possible candidates and by a process of elimination my name was the last one left on it. That information was conveyed to the leaders prior to a conference at Saratoga which occurred in the early part of August. Nominations for state officials were still made at that time by the direct-primary system and unofficial conventions of the party were called for the purpose of designating the candidates to run in the primary election. The Saratoga conference was to decide who was to be designated. It was in session for three days and at its close I was designated as the regular organization candidate.

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With His Sons

An Exhibit

IT WAS an exciting three days for me, and to add to all the other surprises I was seated in a room in the Grand Union Hotel when my second son, Arthur, then eleven years old, walked into the room. I inquired how he got there and he said that he came up with Tom Campbell to give me a surprise and congratulate me. Tom Campbell was a neighbor from Oliver Street and, naturally, interested in the outcome of the conference. Arthur had persuaded his mother to let him come by saying that he was sure that if he went he'd "bring home the bacon." As soon as he knew the result he went to a telephone and called up his mother to tell her he had kept his word.

I was not unopposed in the primary. A group of independent Democrats filed a petition for William Church Osborn to run against me. The decision in my favor was overwhelming and on the night of primary day at twelve o'clock I started on the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad for Binghamton, where, the next day, at a place called Whitney Point, I made the opening speech of my campaign at the Broome County Fair.

Notwithstanding my long service in the assembly and my record in the Constitutional Convention, I encountered considerable antagonism in the rural sections of the state. At one county fair I was introduced to a farmer who had just won a blue ribbon for his dairy herd, as the "Democratic candidate for governor." He was arrayed in a brand-new suit of overalls and he stepped back about six feet, looked me over from head to foot, and said, "Well, you look pretty good, but you can't get any comfort from me." At the various county fairs interest was centered on me, and many of the visitors were more anxious to get a look at the Tammany candidate for governor than at the prize-winning exhibits

During the 1918 campaign the war was on. The lists of American casualties in the daily papers were growing every day, and throughout the countryside the flags with stars hanging in the windows indicated that the minds of the occupants were on something other than politics. They were eagerly scanning newspapers looking for something they were hoping they would not find. It was difficult to keep their attention on the campaign.

In addition, we were in the midst of the influenza epidemic. In a great many upstate cities public gatherings were prohibited by action of the local Board of Health and some of the speeches reported in the papers and supposed to have been made by me to large audiences were made in the dining rooms of hotels with the newspaper reporters who accompanied me as the only audience. Buffalo, Albany and Ithaca were the only cities in which I had an opportunity to speak to large gatherings in places of public assemblage. I made a great many speeches in the open air.

For three solid weeks I campaigned in the upper part of the state, devoting the fourth and last week to the counties of Greater New York and Long Island

It will be remembered that 1918 was the first year that women voted in the state of New York, and my Republican opponents attempted to spread the story that the women of the state would be opposed to me on my "record of votes on bills affecting the liquor traffic." Having studied the charges and found them not to be the fact, the women displayed more intelligence than the Republican leaders were willing to give them credit for. They looked at the whole record and were impressed by what the women themselves called my interest in the human side of the government.

In addition to the regular political organization, a citizens' committee was organized in New York City made up of Democrats not directly affiliated with the regular organization, some Republicans anxious for a change in Albany conditions, and a large number of independent voters and former members of the Progressive Party. Its headquarters was at the Hotel Biltmore. The chairman was Abram I. Elkus, counsel for the Factory Investigation Commission, United States Ambassador to Turkey, and afterward judge of the State Court of Appeals.

My loyal and devoted friend John F. Gilchrist acted as liaison officer between the citizens' committee and Tammany Hall. He also was responsible for all the financial transactions of the committee and the accounting of funds as required by law in the observance of the Corrupt Practices Act. Among the advisers who would sit in with the committee was William F. McCombs, who had directed Wilson's campaign.

My mother, by the way, was violently opposed to women's suffrage and hoped, in the fall of 1917, when the question was submitted to the people, that it would be defeated. When she found that the men of the state voted the suffrage to the women, she openly declared that she would never vote. When she said that, though, she had no idea that I would be the candidate of the Democratic Party for governor of the state the following November.

Until the Last Vote Is Counted

IMMEDIATELY after the convention she inquired of my sister when and where she was to register. If my recollection serves me right, she was among the first five who registered at the polling place of her election district. After election she realized that she had the distinction of being the first woman in the state to vote for her son for governor.

Election Day of 1918 was probably the longest day of my life up to that time. I was anxious from early morning for night to come to see the count of the ballots. All day long I thought of what a wonderful thing it would be for me to be able to bring my wife and children and my mother to the Executive Mansion.

Beginning at eight o'clock at night the citizens' committee assembled in the Hotel Biltmore. The first returns naturally were from the big cities and from sections of Greater New York, and they indicated a tidal wave of Democratic victory, but toward midnight the enthusiasm was materially dampened by the returns, meager in themselves, but overwhelmingly the other way, coming from the rural sections and from some of the upstate cities. I took a hand myself in stemming the enthusiasm of the gathering. Some of my intimate and personal friends began calling me "Governor" at twelve o'clock and shaking hands with me and congratulating me, but I said, "Wait now. All

Mrs. Smith Casting Her First Vote, for Her Son as Governor. In Circle—Alfred E. Smith, President of the Board of Aldermen

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON

the places so far heard from are favorable. Give the other fellow his day in court and we will see what the result will be. Wait till we hear from some of the small cities and villages upstate. They're probably voting yet."

That night was a great lesson in what strong friendship means. The hotel was packed all night long, and so great was the anxiety of my mother that she remained until after three o'clock in the morning, when I insisted that my sister take her home. My wife and several of the older children remained with me to the finish, as did thousands of my friends.

About two o'clock in the morning the ticker tape indicated an overwhelming majority for my opponent in the city of Jamestown. An old school-time chum of mine identified with one of the newspapers was in a café in Park Row that had remained open all night. When he read the returns from Jamestown he jumped into an automobile and, in company with three or four of his friends, came uptown to the Biltmore and insisted upon getting into the inside room where I was checking up on the missing counties. The immediate friends around me knew him well and allowed him in. He appeared heartbroken and simply wanted to know where Jamestown was. I never asked him his intention, but I had an idea that he wanted to go there at once. When I explained to him that it would take him about two days to get to Jamestown by automobile, he went back to Park Row

The New Governor of New York

AS TIME wore on to six o'clock in the morning the returns were so slow from the central part of the state and the southern tier of counties that my friends were apprehensive that everything was not going right, that the returns were being held back. Messages from leaders in the central and northern part of the state spoke of possible fraud in the handling of the late returns

A hurried conference was held and Alfred J. Johnson, then City Chamberlain, Senator Wagner, Judge Foley, George Van Namee, Senator—now Mayor—Walker and myself left on the Empire State Express at 8:30 in the morning for Syracuse, the upstate headquarters of the Democratic State Committee. From there we could get direct communication with the parts of the state where the returns were missing. We all remained in Syracuse until Thursday, and I communicated by telephone with the various county headquarters in the northern, central and western parts of the state and the counties bordering on the Pennsylvania line

I found the Democratic county leaders on the job, enthusiastic and fighting for their rights. One Democratic commissioner of elections to whom I spoke at his home while he was eating his dinner told me that while he was having dinner his wife was over in the county clerk's office sitting on the ballot boxes.

By Thursday night reports indicated my election by a majority of about seventy-five hundred. I returned to New York and was greeted at the Biltmore by my mother, my wife and family, and an army of friends who crowded the campaign rooms to the door. They were anxiously awaiting the word from me that everything was all right. Before I spoke to anyone I had a whispered word with my wife, and her greeting indicated that everything was safe. It was one of the few occasions on which I had been separated from Mrs. Smith on November sixth, her birthday. She had had an anxious day, but her spirits were

Part of a Group Which Congratulated Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt Upon Her Arrival at the Pennsylvania Station. In the Foreground are Mrs. J. Blair, Gov. Alfred Smith and Mrs. Catt

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AT THE SIGN OF THE MOURNING THRUSH

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Would He Never See it, Never Weigh it, Covet it, and Then Begin That Crafty Measuring for a Copy Which She Had Already Seen in Two Sets of Dazzled Eyes?

COLONEL RIVERS had returned from Cannes to Paris in a rather nasty mood. It was not that his magic money wand had gone back on him completely—for it had not—but it had failed to burgeon and bloom as it should have done in such rich and comparatively fallow soil. As women are to some men, and drink or dope to others, so was baccarat to the colonel. On this particular visit, what he won in a carefully staged and highly lucrative private card game, he had subsequently dropped through his propensity for calling "Banco!" once too often, and with Mr. Colonel Rivers, an even break was no break at all.

Baccarat is a game of chance, pure and simple, yet here was a strange thing: The colonel would rather have won at it moderately than execute one of his master strokes against the embattled citadel of a canny millionaire's fat wallet. The reason is not far to seek, and disappointingly simple when found. Baccarat stood for his diversion, his passion, his peculiar hobby, while the rifling of a stranger's bank account was merely in the day's work and as prosaic as sawing wood.

He had passed a restless night in Room No. 3, located in the bowels of the quaintly named Thrush in Mourning, the Hôtellerie de la Grive en Deuil, and was now preparing to go out at an hour which normally would have found him still fast asleep. Having dressed, he packed his two bags, strapped and locked them. Anybody watching this performance would naturally have supposed he was about to change his lodgings, but as a matter of fact, the colonel was merely following an invariable routine. So accustomed had he become to leaving his baggage ready for instant travel that he thought no more of packing than of brushing his teeth.

How he managed always to look so dapper was a mystery to all but his intimates, and a marvel even to them, except as they conceded it merely as one more quality of greatness. That the colonel really possessed certain qualities of greatness cannot be denied. He owned nothing he could not use, and looked upon a man with two hairbrushes or more than two suits of day clothes or pairs of shoes as an incipient fool already on the way to be worth robbing. As for himself, having worn one suit today, there could be no doubt as to which he would wear tomorrow, and it took no forethought to have it pressed.

When he was in the company of prospects he could both eat and drink, or appear to eat without eating and drink without drinking, but when he was alone or with his familiars he dispensed with the airs of a *bon vivcur* and limited himself to two meals—a light breakfast at about noon, followed by dinner at eight. In spite of this abstemiousness, the colonel's sleek appearance continued to suggest a butter ball, radiating content, suavity and kindliness—save at those rare unveiled moments when it relaxed into the viciousness of a kicking mule.

By the rule of every cock to his own walk he had a right to be domineering, for he was hailed as a chief by his associates and admired throughout the entire fraternity of which he was the most illustrious living exponent. The Comte de la Proie, backed by the transcendent beauty of Izade Ferault, had been a greater crook, but the pseudo count and his strangely entranced mistress were both dead, while Colonel Rivers, although backed only by the shock-headed Senator Meacham and the dancing stool pigeon Bertrand, was still very much alive.

On this morning, as he sat at his own particular table in a corner of the main room of the Grive en Deuil toying with a single two-minute egg, a toasted *petit pain* and a huge cup of coffee, he felt a surge of disgust at the thought of his absent minions. Where were they? How dared they ignore the fundamental rule that they must be on instant call when he wanted them? The truth was he was getting tired of the senator's letch for a spree after every killing, and as for that addle-pated peacock, Bertrand, he hoped he'd tripped on his self-conceit and broken his pretty neck.

As soon as he had finished eating, the colonel ordered additional lights turned on and opened the Paris editions of three English-language journals at the pages which detailed the arrival, movements and social activities of Americans and Britishers. They were the people in temporary possession of large amounts of ready cash, and let those who cherish the illusion that the Anglo-Saxon is the shrewdest, most reserved of God's creatures, make a study of him once he escapes the restraints of home and his neighbor's eye!

The season was scarcely well under way, but after painstaking perusal, Colonel Rivers found it necessary to fill an entire page of his small notebook with minute writing. When he had done so he tore out the leaf, crumpled it up and set fire to it in the ash tray. Materially speaking, it was destroyed, burned to a cinder, but actually it remained photographed so distinctly on a tablet in the recesses of his brain that he could take it out at any time during the next ten days and read it word for word.

He arose, pinned a cabalistic message on the bulletin board, settled his hat back just far enough to hide the tonsurelike bald spot on his head, and made his exit through the long passage at the rear of the establishment. He was not in a hurry, and as he sauntered along through the Rue des Réservoirs he was attracted by a large open portal, often before seen but always ignored, and entered to find himself in the ancient cemetery which all unnoticed by the passers-by below overhangs the huge square of the Trocadéro.

Colonel Rivers was himself surprised, and when surprised he became doubly observant. What a hidden, restful spot, and yet how near both to the Grive en Deuil and

the hurrying world! As he wandered along the narrow paths, crowded almost out of existence by the encroaching tombs, he noticed that the large majority of these were in the shape of tiny chapels, barely big enough to contain a shrine and a chair or two. So people actually sat in them—perhaps behind closed iron doors!

It was at this point that his imagination began to run riot. Half of the Comte de la Proie's fame could be traced to his amazingly beautiful companion, but the other half had been largely due to his faculty for going to earth and coming out in unexpected places. Some of these tombs were bought in perpetuity, he noticed, but not all. Supposing he leased a plot for a term of years and bought outright the unoccupied lot he could see beyond the cemetery's western wall in a direct line with the Grive en Deuil—would it be fantastical to hope that he might build a chapel of his own and eventually tunnel both ways from the middle until he had a unique get-away?

There were drawbacks, of course, but he was possessed of an inventive mind. All the digging in the lot, for instance, could be done by laborers who would think they were sinking a foundation trench. As for the rest of the tedious, manual labor, why not use Bertrand and Meacham, and subsequently arrange to have them sent up for a long stretch in jail while appearing to do everything in his power to befriend them? He was tired of them anyway, tired of their sordid little ring of crime and its inadequate returns. If only he had —

The train of Colonel Rivers' thoughts broke off so suddenly as to give him an actual physical shock. He stopped, or rather he recoiled, and only after a moment collected himself sufficiently to turn and leave the cemetery. Having descended the steps into the Place du Trocadéro he was immediately accosted by a taxi driver, but he refused, preferring to walk diagonally through devious little streets all the way to the Champs Élysées.

What had happened was that while he was in the act of wishing for an Izade Ferault of his own he had suddenly visualized Miss Gordon Hammill, expertly dealing cards for bridge at a quarter of a cent a point. It would have seemed surprising that he had not thought of her before had it not been that women had little place, if any, in his cosmography. They seldom carried real money, and when they did it was a sure sign they were far more apt at bleeding than at being bled. But now it became his major purpose in life to locate Miss Hammill, and he would have been astounded could he have known that at that identical moment Miss Hammill's one aspiration was to locate him. He had no illusions as to his personal equipment. He knew he was the kind of small round man who looks like a bouncing ball on a dance floor, but on the other hand, he had enough sense to keep off all dance floors.

Two items gave him a sense of power with women, however seldom used. One was his peculiarly persuasive voice, the other an almost hypnotic eye. The so-called Comte de la Proie, whose real name had been something ending in "ski," had had little more to go on in the way of physical attributes, and for years it had been an open secret that his dominion over the fair Izade had been founded on an ingenious use of soporifics.

Colonel Rivers hankered after no such gross methods, nor had he any intention of rushing toward his goal. What was necessary was that he should renew with Miss Hammill relations which had been good-naturedly friendly on both sides, and then cautiously feel his way. If she turned out to be poor, money might be allowed to talk. If she were rich, it was in his regular line of business to impoverish the wealthy. Once she was in actual need, he flattered himself he could paint such a picture of opulence combined with personal freedom as would haunt her day and night until she fell for its sticky paint.

Being somewhat of a philosopher in his own right, the colonel was convinced that all humanity is cut basically from the same cloth, that when it came down to rock-bottom essentials, all isms and all morality fell prostrate before the little phrase "food and shelter." If to the fear of nonsupport every other fear surrenders in the long run, he could not logically go wrong in assuming that penury would affect Miss Hammill exactly as it would any other hungry mortal.

It is possible that he was impelled to this conclusion, at least in part, by her attitude toward Meacham after the Leffingwell killing. Now that he began to ponder her behavior in earnest he confessed to himself that she presented a puzzling problem, which was only another way of saying that as a woman she ran true to form.

One of three things -all encouraging—was inevitably true. She was either completely fooled as to the nature of the Leffingwell incident, or she had an inner hankering to capitalize her unusual deftness at cards, or she had simply fallen for the senator, with or without his spurious money bags. All of which served as a reminder that Meacham would know where to lay his finger on the lady, and that Meacham had apparently evaporated into thin air.

While thus ruminating, the colonel was seated in an outside chair under the awning of the Select, across the street from Berry's. Fully fifty yards separated him from that popular rendezvous of the transient world, but when he wished to discover who were its habitués of the moment, it was his invariable custom to keep the entire length of the Select between him and it. His eyesight being excellent, he was then in a position to surprise rather than be surprised, or to avoid rather than be accosted.

He was about to arise and go on a pilgrimage through all the haunts normally frequented by Meacham and Bertrand when he suddenly shrank into himself, for he had caught sight of Miss Hammill coming down his side of the avenue from the direction of the Étoile. Luck seemed to have turned his way with a vengeance, but out of long habit he swept his eyes around to make sure of a clear field, and immediately settled still farther back in his chair to await imminent developments.

He kept his gaze fastened not only on the saucer before him but on the exact spot where it said "6 fr." in bold black lettering. Not until he was sure Miss Hammill had passed did he flash a glance after her, only to feel the blood rush up through his cheeks to the roots of his black hair. But she did not appear to have caught him out intentionally. She was looking over her shoulder and tossed him a nod and a smile too casual to be taken for an invitation, yet unquestionably friendly.

(Continued on Page 63)

"Your Pearls!" Gasped Leffingwell. "You Mean She Took Them—Stole Them?"

BERSERK

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

AND how," demanded Uncle Elbert, "did I get where I am today?"

He beamed upon Thurlow Dill with an effulgence which seemed to answer the purely rhetorical question. Uncle Elbert wore a permanent beam, Thurlow informed himself; usage had succeeded in fitting his features to a smile which must, in the beginning, have been considerably oversize. The mouth certainly couldn't have attained that remarkable width except by patient stretchings. One of these days, Thurlow unworthily meditated, it would go all the way round. On the hand uplifted in amiable admonition he seemed to observe the developing influence of innumerable and ardent claspings.

"How," pursued Uncle Elbert, "did I build up this business from nothing at all, Thurlow? How did I come to be renting agent for"—solemnity showed through the shining look and the voice became, below its gladness, reverent—"for a man like J. Clifford Osterbeck himself?"

Habit prompted Thurlow Dill's answering expression, a look of heedful and expectant inquiry. A dim alarm troubled him; he knew the sinister significance of the dark, rebellious mutterings in the black shadows of his mind.

"Goodwill, Thurlow!" Uncle Elbert used the word in the tone of a discoverer. "Goodwill."

Thurlow Dill nodded with due respect. Assent, in the early stages of these morning exhortations, sometimes shortened them, and this was Saturday, with a day's work to be crowded into a forenoon.

"And how did I manage to build up goodwill?" said Uncle Elbert. "It isn't a thing to be gained in a minute or a day or a year. It has to grow, Thurlow, bit by bit, out of trifles that most people don't even consider. Take Mr. Osterbeck, for instance. The reason I'm handling his renting business isn't because I'm smarter than Jake Stieffel or Jim Galloway or any of the other real-estate men who were here before I was—it's because I found out how to get J. Clifford Osterbeck's goodwill."

"I know," said Thurlow. In spite of his endeavors his voice rasped a little. He uncrossed his legs as if to rise. Uncle Elbert's gesture detained him.

"Wait," he commanded. "This is important, Thurlow. I heard you talking over the telephone just now. It was Edna, wasn't it?"

Thurlow Dill resisted a sudden hostile impulse to say that this was none of Uncle Elbert's business. He nodded.

"I couldn't help hearing you," said Uncle Elbert. "You were talking to her for a good five minutes, and you never once mentioned J. Clifford Osterbeck." He slanted his head in sorrowful, affectionate reproof. Thurlow Dill contained undutiful speech.

"You lost a golden opportunity," said Uncle Elbert. "You couldn't have asked for a better chance to say something pleasant about J. C. Osterbeck to somebody who'd be perfectly sure to pass it on to him."

"She just wanted me to shoot some tennis this afternoon," said Thurlow. The effort necessary to avoid a scowl involved an ache in facial muscles. Uncle Elbert clicked a regretful tongue.

"She's J. C. Osterbeck's niece," he said. "If you'd really wanted to, you could have found a dozen easy ways of steering the talk around to him. That's why I'm interrupting my work on a busy Saturday morning to talk to you, Thurlow. You haven't learned yet. This isn't the only time I've noticed it lately. When you were talking to Walter Jung, yesterday, and he mentioned Clifford Osterbeck of his own accord, you went right on telling him about that taxpayer of his on River Street. And he's Mr. Osterbeck's cousin, and they're both on the executive committee of the Commerrotary Club!"

He leaned forward, his elbows on the glass-covered map of Bigger Binchester which topped his desk.

"I should think," he said, "that you'd have realized by this time that I'm right about this thing. You've tried both ways, Thurlow. You ought to know which pays best. When you came in here, two years ago, to touch me for a loan ——"

Thurlow lifted his hand. He remembered that incident considerably better than Uncle Elbert. He seemed almost to feel the soreness of the purple swelling under his right eye where McSweeney's decisive smash had landed; glancing at the crease of his trouser leg he was reminded of the three-cornered tear upon which, as he gave ear to his first lesson in Uncle Elbert's philosophy, he had kept a concealing palm.

"You've come a long way since then," said Uncle Elbert. "You aren't much like the hungry young fellow with the new black eye who'd just been fired out of a roustabout's job at the freight house. You've done mighty well, Thurlow, since you decided to try my system instead of yours. There isn't a better-liked young fellow in town. Even J. Clifford Osterbeck's taken a shine to you. And why, Thurlow? Why?"

Thurlow Dill rebuked himself sternly. Uncle Elbert was absolutely right. Thurlow ought to be ashamed of himself for sitting here, in the full glow of Uncle Elbert's enveloping affection, and harboring ungrateful thoughts about the wideness of his mouth, allowing that perfectly harmless trick of asking rhetorical questions to feed a baseless grouch.

"Because you've earned goodwill!" said Uncle Elbert. "Because you've quit thinking and saying spiteful, mean things about other people; because you've taken pains to follow my system and find something pleasant to say about a man, not to his face, but behind his back, where it counts! Nobody's proof against it, Thurlow. Nobody's so hard-shelled that he doesn't feel a little bit better toward a man who goes around town praising him. Even as big a man as J. Clifford Osterbeck ——"

Again Thurlow Dill harshly suppressed a witless, culpable uprising of his baser, blinder self. He caught himself in the very act of disliking J. Clifford Osterbeck, of resenting him, of wishing, just because of his bigness, to single him out for unprovoked and homicidal attack. For a moment, before his shocked better self regained its suzerainty, he felt toward J. C. Osterbeck exactly as he had felt, two years ago, toward Mike McSweeney; and the reminiscent throbbing under his right eye seemed actually pleasant. He was frightened. It was like pulling back from the parapet of the new skyscraper, appalled by the strength of the insane impulse to jump. Bad enough to feel that old, stupid hunger for a fight; to dream wistfully of slapping the august jowls of J. C. Osterbeck, of calling him, between shut teeth, a—a toad ——

The word fastened on Thurlow Dill's fancy. It was absolutely the right word for J. Clifford Osterbeck. It summed him up compactly in one satisfying syllable: The puffing swell of the neck that reached clear up to the contemptuous, down-curving lip; the indifferent, lordly goggle of opaque, bulging eye! Yes, sir. A toad, a fat, swelled-up, flappy-flippered toad, the biggest, and therefore the most detestable, in this puddle!

Dismissed at last by Uncle Elbert's outwaved hand, Thurlow Dill went back to his glass-walled cubicle in a state of something that was very close to fear. He was used to occasional backslidings from the glad, shining philosophy of Uncle Elbert; there had been many days when he had dealt with this stupid yearning for raw battle, but never had he come so near the fringe of downright lunacy. He'd wanted, sometimes, to glower and grunt instead of grinning; rather often he had yearned to urge Lonnie Meeker to take a tuck in his lip; now and then he had been moved to address Uncle Elbert with inadequate respect and gratitude. But J. Clifford Osterbeck!

Thurlow Dill put forth a mighty effort. Brute force of will dragged him back to sanity. Again, properly, he could think of J. Clifford Osterbeck as he really was. Once more Binchester seemed to lie in the shadow of its great man's

"Well, You See, Edna, I've Got to Play Golf With Him This Afternoon, and ——"
"I'll Say That's Breaking It to Me Gently," Said Edna

greatness, and Thurlow Dill could look up reverently to that remote, imposing magnitude, could behold J. Clifford Osterbeck as owner and guiding spirit of the Binchester Knitting Mills, as worthy overlord of the towered castle and far-flung park that crowned East Hill, as that august patron of the house of Elbert Dill, Inc., whose favor was more precious than rubies, as, lastly and most enviably of all, own uncle to Edna Finch.

The rebellion was extinguished instantly. Thurlow Dill's smile achieved a width and warmth of which Uncle Elbert himself would not have been ashamed. He wore into the welcoming June sunlight of River Street a countenance which not even the sight of Jake Stieffel contrived to darken.

And Uncle Elbert had been known, under this provocation, actually to frown.

Stieffel showed gold teeth in his sly, prodding grin.

"Merry Sunshine!" he gibed. "How's the handshaking business?"

"Have a free sample," said Thurlow. He discovered that he had not quite put down that inward revolt. It needed effort to preserve his beam, to compel his fingers to decent heartiness, to suppress a harsh and warranted inquiry about the pocket-picking business. Stieffel's grin became slightly more offensive.

"Getting to be one of our best little losers," he declared, ironically admiring. "I don't believe Elbert Dill himself would give me the glad hand right after being chiseled out of a sweet little sale like that Rouse deal."

The pressure of Thurlow Dill's primitive emotion loosened the rivets of his soul. He'd been absolutely counting on that Rouse commission. Rouse had promised, up and down, not to handle it through any other broker. But he knew Jake Stieffel too accurately to harbor any hope that he might be bluffing—Stieffel wouldn't have dreamed of talking about a deal before the papers were signed and the money was salted.

"Gimme back that handshake," Thurlow said, with only a slight hollowness. "You got it on false pretenses, you old fox! Slipped a fast one over on me that time, all right. I thought I had that deal in the bag sure."

"One of our grandest little losers," said Stieffel, more admiringly. "You keep it up and one of these days you'll be as good at it as Elbert P. Dill." He chuckled. "And J. C. Osterbeck'll let you handle his rents for him at about two per cent loss, the same as he lets Elbert."

Thurlow Dill was obliged to swallow, this time, and he could almost hear his cheeks creak as they were forced into a grin.

"It would be worth a loss," he said, "for the privilege of working with a man like Mr. Osterbeck. He"—it was curiously difficult to erase from his mind that malicious caricature of a huge, sleepily contemptuous toad and think of a fitting tribute to launch upon the hopeful air—"he's a mighty big man, Stieffel."

"Don't tell it to me," said Stieffel. "I might forget to tell him. Go round and sing it under his window some night."

He withdrew, chuckling. Thurlow Dill was frightened, as he waited discreetly so that Stieffel wouldn't see him going into Doolittle's office and find some sly, underhanded way of beating him out of this deal, too, by the menacing revival of blind, toxic hatred in his being.

It was no ordinary, wrong-side-of-the-bed grouch which now possessed him but a seethe and heat of red fury; Stieffel, having kindled it, became now ridiculously inadequate as its objective. The itching lust with which Thurlow Dill's shoe leather yearned for violence upon Stieffel's person was a minor, incidental matter, almost lost in the lava flow of wide, embracing wrath toward everything and everybody.

He remembered, with a dull, understanding sympathy, accounts of Malays who ran amuck, of Norsemen who went berserk.

Edna

Standing in the corridor of Doolittle's office he did battle with this treason. Slowly his better nature regained its sway, pursuing the beaten powers of darkness and discontent to the shadowy corners where they fled and putting them to the relentless knife. He waited in the lobby until he could be sure that the victory was complete and final, until he had convinced himself that he actually liked Jake Stieffel. Handkerchiefing a wet forehead he brought in to Judson Doolittle's presence that smile which defies removal, that voice which, smiling, wins.

There was instant reward. Doolittle, frowning intently at a bank statement outspread on his blotter, surrendered to the infection of Thurlow Dill's repolished beam. A grin, beginning in reluctance, became slowly genial.

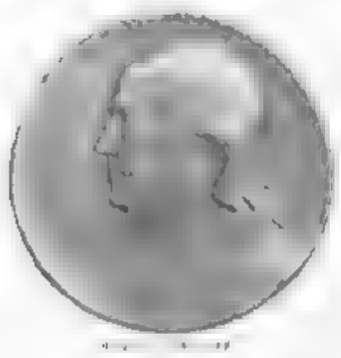
"Take a load off your poor sore feet," he commanded. "Sit right down and slip me a slice of the good news that's leaking through your map, Thur. Who's dead?"

He chuckled appreciatively upon these witticisms. Thurlow Dill, mechanically assuming the look of one who heard them for the first time, caught himself wishing that Doolittle had continued to scowl. It was a desire starkly lunatic in one who came in hope of selling Doolittle that subdivision scheme as the climax of a year's slow, thoughtful persuasions; it was an idiot's wish, when upon Doolittle's goodwill hung, for Thurlow Dill, triumph or disaster measurable in something infinitely more precious than money. Doolittle's relaxing face, his self-satisfying wise crack, were promissory tokens that, this very morning, signing upon the dear old dotted line, he would unconsciously bestow on Thurlow Dill not only the biggest commission the firm had ever earned, but something unspeakably more coveted. And yet Thurlow Dill was sorry that Doolittle ceased to scowl!

(Continued on Page 54)

"What Kind of a Crook Do You Think You've Been Playing With?" This Voice Was Demanding. "Think You Can Get By With a Burglary Like That?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 24, 1929

The Farm Board

THE Federal Farm Board consists of eight members, besides the Secretary of Agriculture. One member is named for reason of familiarity with general business and financial conditions; in a sense, to represent the urban industries and consumers, though at the same time broadly familiar with agricultural conditions. The remaining seven members of the board necessarily combine regional recognition with qualifications in respect to groups of commodities. There is a representative of tobacco and one of cotton—in the nature of things, the representatives of the Southern States. From the Middle West are drawn representatives of livestock, of dairying and of cereal production. Lastly, there is a member representing the perishable specialties, and one representing mixed farming. These seven representatives are regional only in the sense that particular agricultures are more concentrated in some areas than in others. The representative of dairying will represent the Northeast and the Pacific States as much as Minnesota and Wisconsin; the representative of perishables will be as much concerned with the fruits and vegetables of the Southeastern States as of the Pacific States. The members on the board will therefore represent directly the broad groups of agricultural products and have associated with them one member representative of urban business interests and of finance, and the Secretary of Agriculture.

The board chosen by the President to inaugurate one of the most significant movements in our history consists of Alexander H. Legge, ex-president of the International Harvester Company, as chairman, representing general business and finance. The other members are James C. Stone, of Kentucky, long prominent in the coöperative marketing of tobacco; Carl Williams, of Oklahoma, a leader in the coöperative marketing of cotton and long influential in the rural press; C. B. Denman, of Missouri, prominent as a leader in the National Livestock Producers' Association; William F. Schilling, of Minnesota, the experienced head of a large dairymen's coöperative association; Charles C. Teague, of California, president of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange and of the California Walnut Growers' Association; Charles S. Wilson, of New York, distinguished as a student of agricultural practice; and S. R. McKelvie, a publisher and former governor of Nebraska, to represent grain, and particularly wheat. The board is obviously one of outstanding capacity, representative of the highest agricultural traditions, composed of men who in their previous accomplishments have made it clear that they are not afraid to accept conjoined responsibility and authority.

The board will naturally enjoy the coöperation of the national and state Departments of Agriculture, of research organizations, of existing coöperative associations and farm organizations, and of trade associations, including the manufacturers of farm products, and of individuals particularly conversant with special phases of the various subjects under consideration. The board will compile existing information and supplement it with new facts. It will become a clearing house of experience, information and forecasting, as well as coördinator of organizations and creator of policy.

In the nature of things, however, the board will need to subdivide its activities to some extent. The member selected for especial familiarity with one commodity, or group of commodities, will not have time to secure a corresponding familiarity with the other commodities. Though the board will secure unity of opinion and decision, it will be necessary to subdivide the work. This implies that to some extent the determination of policy, the responsibility for procedures, and authority to determine them will rest primarily upon individual members of the board. For illustration, it will not be possible for the member representing tobacco to familiarize himself with the subject of fruits and vegetables or for the member representing fruits and vegetables to familiarize himself with the subject of tobacco in a really comprehensive sense; to a considerable extent, the member representing tobacco will need to rely on the judgment of the member representing fruits and vegetables in matters of policy concerning fruits and vegetables, and the member representing fruits and vegetables will need to rely on the judgment of the member representing tobacco in matters of policy involving tobacco. Such a division of initiative and responsibility is inevitable in any board, and such a board functions best where such divided responsibility is adequately recognized and fully utilized in a group of men who possess breadth as well as specialization.

Under such circumstances, the conduct of such a board depends upon the characteristics and temperament of the members. Divided responsibility might lead to ill-considered experimentation, but with a board composed of the men who have accepted appointment to the Farm Board, it seems likely to lead to planned and progressive innovations. Experimental the board must be; it is intrusted with the beginning of a new public policy, it must strike into new lines and create for itself precedents. The extensive knowledge of coöperative marketing incorporated into the board with the individual experiences of its members gives assurance that the board will operate in accordance with established precedents in cooperative marketing. We expect coöperative marketing plus broad-minded service, farsighted sympathy, efficient coördination and expert management.

Too Much Coal

"LIKE carrying coals to Newcastle" is an old simile, and for the time being, the world seems to be Newcastle. The Economic Committee of the League of Nations has recently issued a report on the Problem of the Coal Industry in which the relative overproduction is brought clearly into view. During the past four years the average production of coal in the world was about the same as in 1913. But the outturn of foodstuffs and industrial raw materials has been around one hundred and twenty per cent of the 1913 level. The use of power has, of course, expanded. But much coal has been replaced by oil, natural gas, and water-generated electricity. Also striking economies have been achieved in the use of coal in stationary engines and in locomotives. In short, coal goes further than it used to, and many substitutes have been introduced. The difficulty is therefore not overproduction but underconsumption. That does not help matters any, since consumption can hardly be stimulated. Since the onset of the industrial revolution there has been discussion of the effect of invention on the employment of labor. Apparently invention may bear as heavily on the employment of capital.

Call Money

THE high interest rates and other evidences of strain in the Wall Street money market during the past year or two present several obscure and perplexing features, but at least it is possible to clear up a few points with confidence. What about the suggestions made for removing or preventing these disturbing phenomena? Perhaps the crudest is that the Stock Exchange should limit the rate on call money used in brokers' loans to six per cent. This is precisely like a proposed solution of the farm problem to the effect that a law be passed forbidding the sale of wheat below two dollars a bushel. Similar statutes limiting the rate of rainfall would as effectually put an end to floods. Yet otherwise intelligent people frequently propose that the law against usury be applied to brokers' call loans, and this idea is only a shade less immature than those just referred to.

Within the past year the legislatures of both Illinois and Pennsylvania have repealed that feature of their state usury laws applying to call or demand loans in excess of five thousand dollars. Though there has not been time enough as yet to pass definitely upon the effect of these amendments, the change appears to have been beneficial already, according to financial authorities in Chicago and Philadelphia. While the limitation existed money was drained to New York when the rate went to fifteen per cent or twenty per cent, and the local markets for securities were subjected to an undue credit strain. Thus it appears that the tendency is to remove old rather than to impose new usury regulations.

It is difficult to see why usury laws should apply to brokers' loans, because the purpose of these laws was and is to protect the small wage earner or farmer against unscrupulous money lenders. Brokerage loans are made in units of not less than one hundred thousand dollars, and there is no question of protecting the weak against the strong. In such a money market supply and demand should be given the utmost free play possible.

A more rational proposal is that concerning the method of settlement on the Stock Exchange. In the New York market brokers must pay daily for such stocks as they buy, and this requires borrowing on a vast and fluctuating scale. In most European markets there are term or periodical settlements, usually for about a fortnight apiece. This practice tends to stabilize the fluctuations of interest rates, and it has been argued that the adoption of a similar system in New York would do away with the wild and sensational performances in the New York call-loan market.

But there are many serious objections to term settlements. Credits are likely to become frozen under such a system, the contracts involved in the last London settlement before the war began not being wholly liquidated for eight years. Under the daily plan the banks have safer and more liquid collateral, and there is less tendency to stimulate speculation artificially. In practice the cash settlement system is a valuable brake upon undue and excessive speculation. It will be seen, therefore, that the whole question of Stock Exchange settlements is a complicated and technical one.

Few wise or safe measures which can be taken to moderate the fluctuations in call-money rates when the stock market is active have yet been put forward by anyone. But the published figures seem more spectacular than they really are. When the ticker announces that call money is twenty per cent it looks like an exorbitant rate, but this is for a whole year, and many speculative accounts remain open for a few weeks or even days only. Then, too, the extreme rates are often above the renewal rate at which most of the loans carry over to the next day. Finally, it should be recalled that during four out of the six past years call money brought only two, three and four per cent. No one took any interest in the subject then or talked about usury laws or denounced the banks as robbers. Over the whole period of stock-market history there have been years of low and unremunerative money rates. But the contrary was true during most of 1928 and thus far in 1929, and it is human nature to become excited about conditions which are not necessarily permanent.

Our American Merchant Marine Under Private Operation

By ERNEST POOLE

WHAT about our American merchant marine? Our foreign trade has grown since the war until we are the greatest shippers on earth. But whose ships are carrying all these goods? The Shipping Board reports that during the last fiscal year, of our total import and export trade, 52,462,182 tons on both oceans were carried in foreign vessels, and 31,786,364 in American ships. In 1927, ships under our flag in the foreign trade numbered 4434 with a tonnage of 7,309,000. In that same trade before the war, Captain Dollar declared at the time, our tonnage was only 500,000.

The war, of course, was the cause of the change, for it forced our Government to build ships; and when it was over, the Shipping Board, with an immense fleet on its hands, used about 1600 ships in building up some thirty trade routes, to Europe, to the Orient and to Latin America, in many cases cutting rates against foreign competitors. So they put our flag back on the seas, but it was at a heavy cost; for while some routes were successful, more of them were run at a loss. So, in about 1921 they began selling, and they have sold nearly all their vessels since—still running some from the Gulf Coast and a few on the Atlantic. Since times were hard, in order to find purchasers in this country they had to sell at such low rates as partly to offset the high wages paid to American crews and so enable the buyers to compete in foreign trade.

"We bought twenty ships from them," a San Francisco shipping man said, "at ten dollars a dead-weight ton, while the British and Japanese purchased from their governments at about three times that price. So our interest charges have been only about one-third of theirs."

Benefits of the Jones-White Bill

MOREOVER, during and since the war, our Government has not been severe in enforcement of the Seamen's Bill and has remedied some of the earlier shipping rules and requirements.

"Our ships are inspected now as they should be," Captain Dollar told me. "The long waits for inspectors are things of the past. There is still the old requirement that we pay our crews part wages in every foreign port of call. No other nation requires it and it results in disgracing our name, for many get roaring drunk ashore. But all our other troubles have been abolished or offset. The Jones-White Bill has helped that."

Recently enacted, this bill was planned to offset still further the old disadvantages. On ships operated under its terms, instead of the old requirement that 65 per cent of the crew be able-bodied seamen, it demands that 50 per cent shall be American citizens, whose wages, of course, are still high. Moreover, to gain its advantages, a ship must use oil-burning Diesel engines, have a certain speed and size, and be built in an American yard, where the cost is twice what it is on the Clyde. But a company agreeing to build in a given period a certain number of vessels meeting these requirements is granted mail contracts more lucrative than any in the world today. And to build the ships the Government loans them three-quarters of the cost at the lowest rate of interest the Government can obtain—which usually runs from only 3 to 3½ per cent.

The "President Grant" Sailing for Manila With 1700 Marines

"This means that the buyer is as well off as though he built in England," an official of one shipping company said. "Take the Dollars, for example. They hope to secure a new mail contract, planning to build six steamers at a cost of $42,000,000. They will pay down over $10,000,000 and the rest they can borrow, if they like, for ten, fifteen or twenty years."

"That is all very fine for the big fellows," a small shipowner told me, "but it's driving all the rest of us rapidly out of the foreign trade. For possible use in time of war, the new law requires vessels of a size and type we can't afford, and without the advantages it gives we can't meet foreign competition. Though the wages of British seamen are rising, those of the Norwegians and Japanese are still less than half of ours. With the boats we bought cheap from the Shipping Board we've been able to get along, but they'll soon be old-timers and we can replace them only at a ruinous cost, for to operate them under our flag we must have them built in American yards. Like everything else in this country today, the Jones-White Bill encourages big units and mergers in shipping in our foreign trade. The only chance for us small independents, and for the slow freight lines, too, is the coast and intercoastal trade, from which foreign competitors are shut out."

"Yes, but American vessels are succeeding there," said Paul Shoup, president of the Southern Pacific. "Since the opening of the Canal the rapid increase of shipping on the intercoastal route has taken from the railroads most of the heavy commodities and nonperishable freights. We're not complaining, because the growth in our short-haul freights and the tremendous recent increase in perishable shipments, like our California fruits, give us all we can handle still. So the Jones-White Bill is doing no lasting harm to any group and is building up big shipping units like the Dollar Company, the only ones that can succeed in the world competition of these times."

Captain Dollar agreed with him there.

Fixed Rates

"WE HAVE no complaint," he said. "We can operate under this law; although competition is so keen and the improvements come so fast that you have to keep watching all the time."

His is the largest company on the Pacific under our flag. The main other American companies there are the American-Hawaiian, the Matson and the Grace lines, the Panama Mail, the Isthmian and the State Steamship Company; and his main British competitors are the Canadian Pacific, the Blue Funnel, the Prince and the Kerr; while his most powerful Japanese rivals are the Nippon Yusen Kaisha and Osaka Shosen Kaisha. I had a talk one afternoon with the latter company's New York and San Francisco manager, an able looking, dark little man with keen clear eyes.

"There is room enough at sea today for all big companies," he said. "With small ones it is not so. They get only low-class cargoes. Our Japanese tramps cut rates on such freights and so drive American tramps back into your coastal trade. But among big companies there is no rate cutting now. For all our Oriental commerce, both across the Pacific here and to Europe through Suez Canal, the rates are agreed upon in two great shipping conferences—the Pacific West-Bound Conference and Atlantic Far East Conference. Also the conditions under which we operate strike about equal balance between Americans and Japanese. We both receive mail contracts. We can build ships more cheap than you, but to do so we must borrow money at over double rate you pay. Though our wages rise threefold since war, they are still lower than those you pay; but we

(Continued on Page 142)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Doesn't it Make You Feel Like a Mere Speck?"

Minds

THE neatly ordered thinking tracts
Of brisk and able men of business,
Inured to judge existing facts,
Are bound to concentrate on Isness,

Though minds historical in cast
That weigh the Himness or the Herness
Of those that ruled in ages past
Are mainly occupied with Wereness.

Prophetic minds that hope to plumb
In bold, imaginative freeness,
The Likelihoods of days to come
Would search Futurity's Will-Beness.

While moralizing intellects
Debating Wickedness and Goodness
And how to meliorate defects
May deal exclusively with Shouldness.

But scientific minds would know,
Beside each matter's breadth and highness,
Its Reason, Rule and Cause, and so
Lay special emphasis on Whyness.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Strut Yo' Stuff, Mistah Autho'

MEMPHIS! City of dark romance; city of passion; city, above all, of material! Haven of black wanderers from the sultry fields of the South and the unfriendly steel cities of the North; haven of lovers of golden, simple-hearted song; haven, above all, of writers of light—and dark fiction! How happy I was to find myself at last in Memphis!

I put a notebook and a sharpened pencil in my pocket and inquired my way to Beal Street. I addressed a colored idler whom I saw standing there.

"Black boy," said I, "how come?"

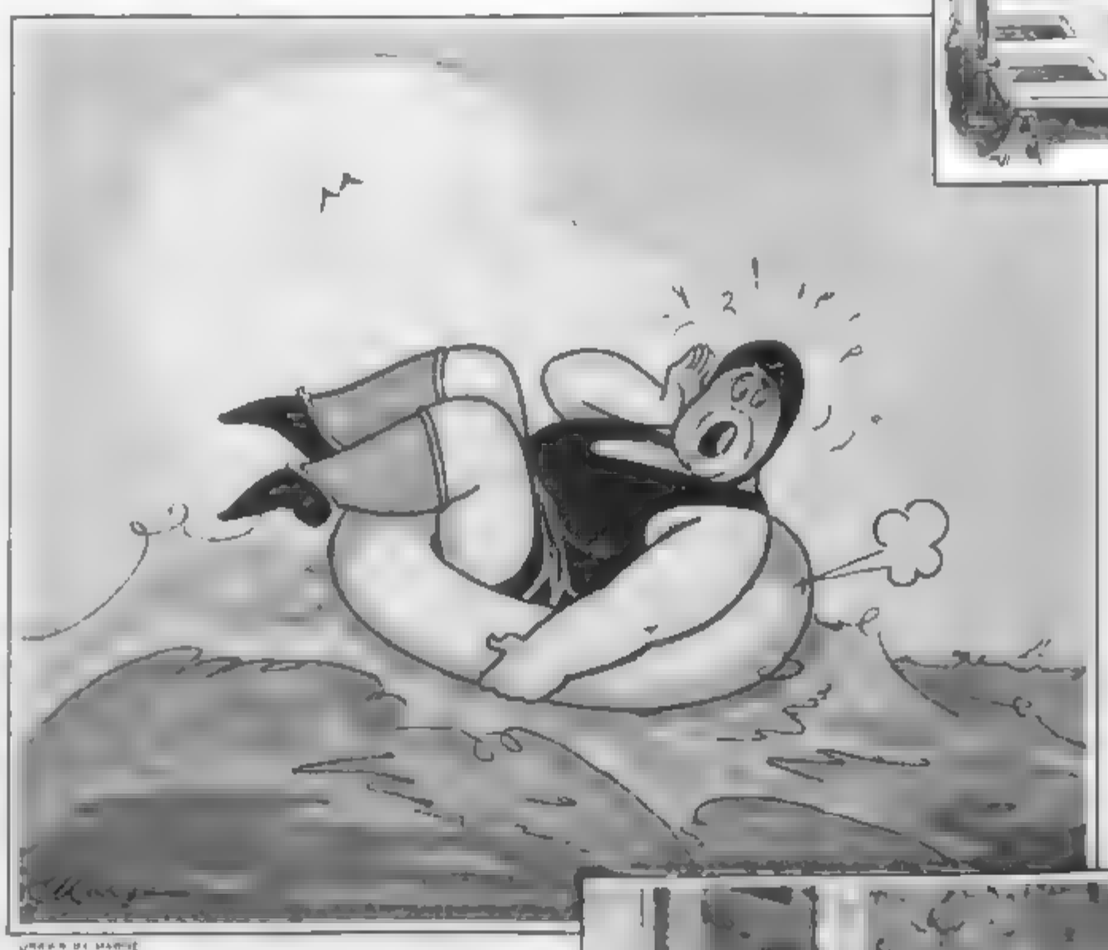
"I beg your pardon?"

"Black boy, us craves action! Us is gwine trouble huntin'! Us is gwine see dem stompin' cellahs wha dey ain't no rules 'ceppin' 'joy-yo'sef! Git goin', big boy; shake yo' feet! Wha at's yo' razuh? Yo' done got 'im packed?"

"I have always used a safety razor myself. I have never been able to use a straight razor without cutting myself."

(Continued on Page 80

The Human Fly Climbs the Forty-Story Hotel in the Super-Epic Film, "Going Up"



"Help! Lifeguard! Help! Help! I've Sprung a Leak!"

"Don't Move, Freddie! Plenty of Room—Just Open Your Mouth"

Wife: "I Don't Mind Your Putting on Weight, Artemus, But Why All in One Place?"

There should be *one-hot-dish* with cold, summer meals!

Appetite and digestion take on a new vigor when you include the warmth of good soup among the cold foods of summertime. Health is benefited, and you enjoy your meals more.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an ideal one-hot-dish for summer meals because it is so substantial and invigorating. *And* because it is so *convenient*.

You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Then you have a soup with fifteen delicious vegetables—"a meal in itself." Think what a help to you this is! Especially now when your one thought is to keep out of the hot kitchen just as much as possible.

Here, almost in the wink of an eye, you have a real part of the longer meal, or a luncheon or supper in the one dish, so easily prepared.

No wonder Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so popular. 12 cents a can.

Every little thing I do,
Campbell's Soup, I owe to you.
Once I feel your warmth inside,
I just beam with health and pride!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

LONE TREE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXIX

A PLACID day followed, with Lone Tree come again to its routine, save that Miss Ellis now wandered about in a gentle madness of pity. She had begun by pitying poor Doyle—to whom nothing had happened—then great-heartedly had gone on to pity her luckless sisters the wide world over. None of them could have Butch Kendrick who had yellow hair and kept still a lot.

She had listened to old Mr. Carcross tell of Butch's innocent ignorance of banking methods. Butch had received back pay of eight hundred dollars for work on Lone Tree and had deposited this in the Second National, receiving the formal courtesy of a couple of check books. He had rented a safe-deposit box in which to store these, explaining to Ben that his shack was often left unguarded; people could break in and steal his check books.

Miss Ellis had seen nothing laughable in this. Huh, check books! Old Mr. Hemingway knew all about check books—but what else? As she seemed on the point of reviling Mr. Hemingway for knowing something Butch had never needed to learn, Mr. Carcross had mollified her with the assurance that Butch was a buckaroo in a million. Miss Ellis accepted this banality and continued to pity her sisters who could never contact Butch.

Whitey this same day had shown a face marred by thoughtfulness. He had driven Ben to the lately warmed Branlock house, then gone to the classy garage where Presh was revealing the wizardry of salesmanship, and spent a pleasant hour in shop talk with the proprietor. Whitey had been still thoughtful as he returned Ben to the ranch and listened with but half an ear to Ben's disclosure that the house hadn't been really warmed when they thought it had.

Bill Hepburn had lighted the last fire. Aroused ungently from his sleep on a lady's day bed, he had behaved like a snake in the grass and the mansion was without a butler. Refreshed by his sleep, Bill had gone to the lovely kitchen to find the capable butler serving refreshments to Doc Snell and Curly Hatton, also condescendingly to himself. His military bearing had appreciably relaxed; he was showing himself to be a man among men, winsomely minded to meet anyone halfway. Mr. Hepburn found them at a vocal moment and, while his acute sense of pitch had been shocked by certain inaccuracies, he had detected in the butler a tenor of unusual merit. Above Bill's shuddering bass and under his stern leadership he had brought something pretty good from the bunch; though finding Mr. Hatton less hospitable to suggestion than he could have wished.

At Bill's command the butler had then rendered a tenor solo beginning "Deep in my heart ——," Bill threatening to break the arm of any gentleman present who didn't want to hear the butler sing alone just for once. Bill was then convinced that he had made a find, like those guys in Italy that discover valuable paintings behind cheap frescoes. After this he directed more harmonizing, liking the butler's tenor better than ever and comparing it to the tenor of Doc Snell in terms not ideally tactful.

There were more drinks and the butler further endeared himself by another solo. Bill had then offered him a substantial increase over his present wage, with an abundance of leisure for the employment of his gift in song.

"Li'l' Young Tree," Smiled the Case Drowsily. "Ought to Name the Ranch Two Trees Now"

The butler had instantly accepted and the four were rendering "For he's a jolly good fellow" when their hostess intruded upon them. They were all, including the butler, who burst into tears at the news, astonished to learn that the hour was eleven A.M. They had believed, and so assured the lady, that her party was just beginning.

Secluding herself with the still sobbing butler for a moment, Mrs. Carcross had discharged him with a few burning words, whereupon he regained enough of his native dignity to tell her of his new post. It was then that Mrs. Carcross discovered Mr. Hepburn to be a snake in the grass instead of the merely rough-house guest she had trustingly supposed him to be.

"And that's that," said Ben. "Somehow that butler didn't look to me like one that would stick. The girls say his lower nature was to blame." Then, noting that Whitey had seemed to be inattentive to his gossip, he demanded, "What's on your mind?"

Whitey protested that nothing but his cap was on his mind. But the following day, at a sunny moment in the ruined armchairs out before the ranch-house door, he admitted there had been something on his mind, and it was still there and could he get it off?

"Shoot!" directed Ben.

"It's like this, sheriff: I didn't want to be butting in, but I thought all night about it, and you been swell to me, and so forth. First, it's this kid brother-in-law of yours. On the level, sheriff, is he dull in the intellect?"

"You know he is," Ben replied. "But look at the business he's doing."

"I already looked at it yesterday. I took a long look."

"Well, ain't he selling a lot of those cars?"

"Sure he is. And do you know how? I got wise when this Ellis gal talked him out of four hundred dollars for that pile of junk down the road. He says he can't allow more than 'three or four' hundred for it. Some close figuring, huh? Anyway, I get my suspicions, so I drop in and chin with him and look over the cars he's been taking for new ones. And who wouldn't trade in their old cars if this boy will give a man two to three times what it's worth? I'm telling you honest, sheriff. He's got about fifty cars there that will make a swell wrecking dump; not a one worth half what he allowed for it. That's why he's done business—and I hope you don't think I'm butting in to wise you."

"Of course, I don't. I often wondered how come Presh was all at once the king of car sellers. Still, he's having his fun."

"Maybe you could set him up in some business where people don't turn in old stuff. Say one of these places—Snappy Togs for the Snappy Dresser. People don't turn in their old neckties or 1925 model undershirts. He'd be getting, maybe, an even break."

"Maybe." Ben doubtfully considered. "Still, you don't know that boy. He'd find some new way to gyp himself."

"And there's another thing I might as well get off my mind," Whitey went on. "It's this grand, gripping cloud picture your old boy is putting up for. I don't know how far in he's gone ——"

"Pretty far," said Ben, remembering some of the general's canceled checks.

"Burny-burny hands!" Whitey warned. "And don't ever try to hold your breath till he gets the money back. That epic drama is just a gypsy curse. It's the same one dropped me out of the clouds. And your old boy is liable to drop farther."

"The same one you dropped out of?" Ben asked.

"Right in one of the first scenes. Of course, I don't say that fall of mine will be the only good one in it. This little Hornblatt is a nut. He believes in the picture. I bet he'd put his own money into it if he had any. And other people's money is like the dirt under his feet to him. It's a good picture all right, full of education and love-your-native-land and no-more-war and all that blah. But you'd be surprised how a picture can eat up money—planes and flyers, studios and stars. Money melts like snow in the bad place. To Jake Hornblatt a million is bird seed."

"But how about all the money they're going to get in for this picture? You talk like people won't pay to see it."

Whitey became impressive: "About three years too late. This is a silent picture and the talkies are getting the money. I bet today Hornblatt couldn't hock all he's made of this picture for one French franc."

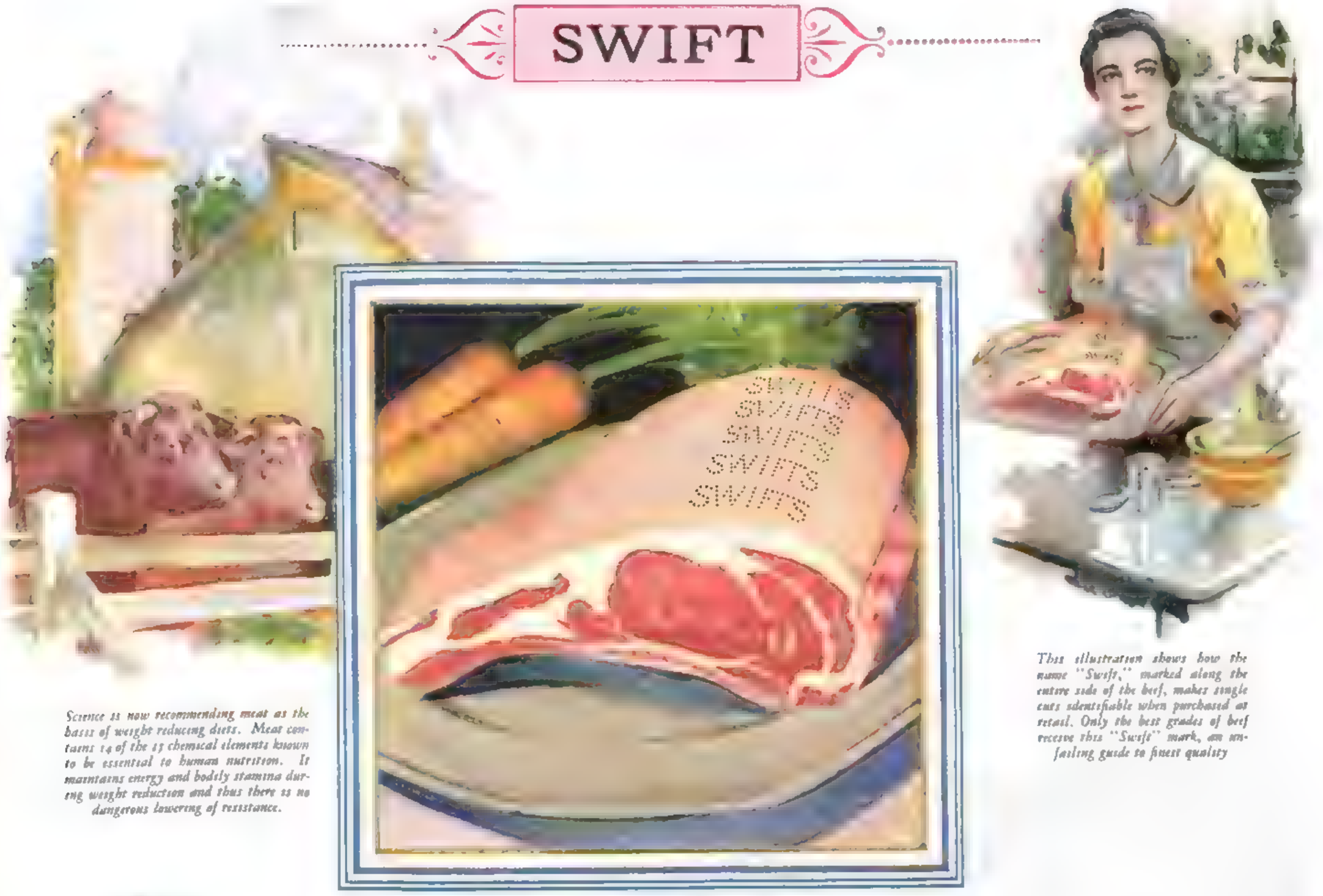
Ben placidly regarded as much of safe Lone Tree as could be observed from his chair. It, too, was a fairly silent picture, but a good one. "Too bad," he said. "The general will feel hurt. He's been all hipped up about putting over something big."

"Little Jake Hornblatt can hip anybody. The first angel he had for this picture dropped his roll in a single month that didn't have but twenty-eight days in it."

"I always thought the general was a wise old trout," said Ben. "But maybe it's only things at Washington and the Peace Conference and such that he's wise about. Maybe they greened him in this picture."

(Continued on Page 30

SWIFT



Science is now recommending meat as the basis of weight reducing diets. Meat contains 14 of the 15 chemical elements known to be essential to human nutrition. It maintains energy and bodily stamina during weight reduction and thus there is no dangerous lowering of resistance.

This illustration shows how the name "Swift," marked along the entire side of the beef, makes single cuts identifiable when purchased at retail. Only the best grades of beef receive this "Swift" mark, an unfailing guide to finest quality

Swift's Beef Rib Roast

From farm to home...*by the shortest possible route*

TO deliver a steady supply of meat and other perishable farm products in perfect condition to your retailer, no matter where you live, from distant and scattered farms and ranches—surely here is a difficult marketing problem.

And yet Swift & Company is doing it at what is practically the lowest selling expense known in any business.

In Swift & Company's marketing system there are no waste steps, no items of needless expense. Its equipment and operations are spread in large volume over a wide range of products.

Swift & Company's marketing system is complete. It spans the gap between producer and retailer with an efficiency astonishing to the economist.

Fresh beef of dependable quality is available today throughout the nation. 400 Swift branch houses and a fleet of more than 6,000 Swift refrigerator cars maintain the supply at all times. Other identifiable Swift food products include Swift's Premium Hams, Bacon, Frankfurts, "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, Brookfield Butter, Eggs and Cheese.

Swift & Company

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SWIFT'S PREMIUM "SILVERLEAF" BROOKFIELD

(Continued from Page 28)

"Understand, Jake Hornblatt never greened anybody but himself. He's just an earnest guy that believes everything he says. And he didn't figure on talkies."

Talkies? Ben was wishing the general might have furnished speech as well as capital for his picture. He believed that the general, if let go, could talk any picture to a profit.

"I thought you might drop a word to the old boy when he's throwing good money after bad," suggested Whitey.

"I couldn't hurt his feelings. Besides, it's the family money, the general's as much as anyone's, and if he wants to act like—like a ——"

"Like an intoxicated seaman," Whitey prompted, bending a thumb toward the professor, who, near by, was reading a hard book.

"He had some fun coming to him," insisted Ben. He pictured the general at Napoleon's desk, using Napoleon's desk set for his fun. "He seemed to think especially well of his man Hornblatt because he has an office in the First National Bank building."

"It's a large building," Whitey pointed out. "And say, sheriff, maybe you could get him to take up stamp collecting or something not so chancy. Anyway, he's all out of step in the picture business."

Deaf to his amiable suggestions, Ben was thinking, "Money that comes in a bunch is a lot of loco weed and some folks eat it and go hay-wire." He thought of the château that Hercule, with a song, would charm from Count Somebody with a throat affection; of Presh being an all-the-year-round Santa Claus, chucking a new car into anyone's sock any day; of the general lavishly dealing out Carcross money to save the world from war. "All locoed," he decided.

"Say," demanded Whitey after a long silence. "What's the old boy general of?"

Ben squirmed. "I don't rightly know; nothing maybe. I began calling him that the first time I saw him, and other folks got the habit. Don't he look like a general? Anyway, he's a very forceful personality."

"Yeah," agreed Whitey, but with no burning conviction.

Ben arose from the sagging armchair. "I'll run in for a little talk with the old boy. Maybe I can drop a hint about this sky epic."

He drove thoughtfully into Branlock. Being alone, with no one to whom he must point out the more thrilling objects of interest, he drove sanely. He tried to think of some tactful warning for the general, but his mind would persist in trying to mesh with Addie's mind. If she had fired the butler, how did she figure Bill Hepburn was a snake in the grass for giving the poor cuss a new job? He'd bet even the professor couldn't figure that. It was a problem still fascinating him when he found the general in the library confronting, with stern approval, his own portrait.

The general removed a hand from his hip—where the portrait had it—and drew Ben up to his study. There he toyed with items of the Corsican's desk set while he told Ben about the gripping drama of the clouds. To further this enterprise he had realized on other investments—disappointingly, on some of them, he admitted—and his eggs were now in one basket. He quoted stupendous sums realized from other pictures and glowingly estimated for Ben the still greater sums bound to accrue from this greater picture.

"My associate, Mr. Jacob Hornblatt, assures me that we shall presently begin to 'clean up,' as the trade phrase has it. A profit of three millions, he assures me, is a conservative estimate."

Ben lost heart. He couldn't strike the old boy in the face.

"But don't think, Ben, that I have put our money into this merely to make more money. No matter what we may say about money, it is usually desirable, and ——"

"I never talked any other way about money," Ben ventured. The general waved aside this pleasantry.

"Our real object is educational. We have a picture that will enrich the common mind—the mind of the man in the street ——"

As he talked, with eyes aglow, Ben saw a multitude of men in a street rushing to the picture, to come from it better men in a better street. This was no time to discourage the general. Let the old boy dream on, if it proved to be a dream. He ventured once to ask if the epic would be a talking epic. The picture would be silent, the general almost sternly told him. None of those voices purporting to issue from shadows, but sounding as if they came from the depths of a cistern or, at best, from a barrel.

Ben began to feel that Whitey had been spoiled for the epic by reason of his accident. It would be a great picture for this man in the street, whoever he was, and would place the family—the general once more employed the picturesque phrase—"beyond the reach of want." Whitey couldn't know everything about pictures. In a flush of freshened admiration for a forceful personality, he gripped the general's hand at parting.

Downstairs he consented to drink tea with Addie and the girls, though the tea was not man tea. The way to make tea was to put it in a pot and let it boil till you got the strength out. It wasn't such bad stuff if you let it boil half an hour. Sipping the present weak brew, he thought of real tea and butlers and Bill Hepburn being a snake in the grass, while he listened to the girls and Addie plan for wintering in a climate that would not be too absurdly impossible. Ben knew the climate they meant to sting, and counted to himself the years they had found it possible, so that he would not now be moved to defend it.

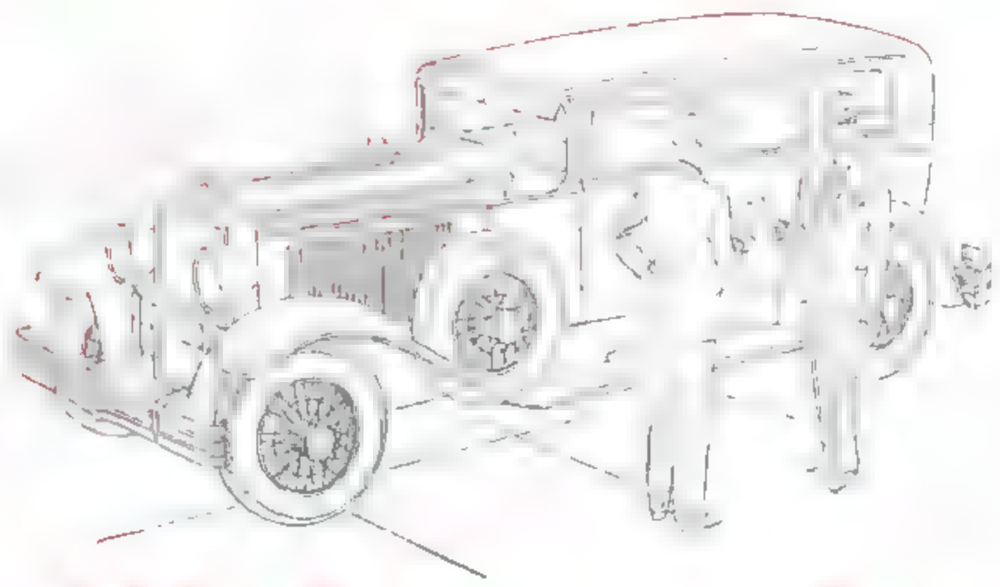
Southern California first, "where poppa has large business interests"; then perhaps Florida. They were going to show Hercule and his mother that there were spots less crude than Branlock and people of polish surpassing Mr. Hepburn's. The pair were finding themselves fed up with their present primitive surroundings.

Branlock primitive! Ben nearly had to laugh out loud at that. And he would not be able to winter some place else. He made this plain to them. Things, even with all his new help, were going bad at the ranch. He'd have to be there even if the climate was impossible.

(Continued on Page 121)

"Whatever May Come of Privation and Hardship, You May be Sure We Shall Share it With You"

The first-year feel made you sign that check . . .



the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your engine because . . .

When you signed the check for your car you were really paying for engine *performance*. Nine out of ten persons rate engine performance as the most important item in choosing a car.

Naturally you want to keep the *first-year feel* in your engine as long as possible. Careful driving alone won't do it. Good gasoline alone won't do it. It is the smallest item in car upkeep that will do it—*oil!*

After thousands of miles of test driving on the Atlantic City Speedway, on dirt roads and paved highways we can definitely say that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. We say "at least" because actually the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice 30,000 miles!

In these tests the New Mobiloil not only developed more engine power but also lasted 20% longer at high speeds than other oils of the same viscosity. This is important because it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

The cost of the New Mobiloil is but the tiniest fraction of the money you invested in your engine's first-year feel. Protect that investment adequately by having your crankcase drained regularly and refilled always with the New Mobiloil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

Buying?

Building?

Or just fixing up?

Above, English cottage designed by William Clifford, Jr., architect.

Right, Living room of the house. Decorations and [illegible] where [illegible] listed by Hazel Dell Brown, Armstrong's Bureau of Interior Decoration. Floor is Armstrong Linoleum, design No. 6042

Before you pay a penny, let experts show you how each room will look

SUPPOSE you could see each room of your home mirrored in miniature

Suppose each room were planned with the actual materials themselves—draperies . . . wall finish . . . woodwork . . . even the floors—so that you could see the texture as well as the pattern and color of these four main elements of every well-planned interior.

Wouldn't it take the difficulties out of decoration? End costly guesswork? Insure praise-winning results?

Thousands of home-planners (many of them architects and decorators themselves) have told our Bureau of Interior Decoration that this help in creating pleasing room scenes, this mirroring in miniature, is invaluable. Many have offered to pay for the service—say it saves expense and worry. Yet the only consideration is that you see the new Armstrong Floor effects now showing at local stores, that you learn anew what modern linoleum really looks like.

Be sure . . . start with the floor

Frankly, the whole success of this service, the whole idea of visualizing a room before it is actually decorated, depends upon the largest single area in a room—the floor. It's the logical starting place for your decorating scheme. The foundation. The background for everything else in the room.

That's just why so many of the fine interiors pictured in magazines have patterned linoleum floors. The best decorators endorse the idea. You can get almost any effect your fancy dictates—rich, regal marble designs, textured embossed tiles, softly blended Jaspés, plain colors, even daring modernistic motifs. Each room of that new home you are about to build or buy can be made to express the architectural plan if you let the floors do their share. You see how it works out in the living-room of the home illustrated.

Transforms old homes too!

Or the house you are now living in can be given new sparkle, new zest, by introducing color and pattern in the floor. Here's how easily it can be done.

First plan your room in miniature with actual materials. Decide on the exact Armstrong's Linoleum Floor that best carries out your color scheme. In less than a day your new Armstrong Floor will be cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt. Your old floor is forever out of sight, out of mind. In its place is a quiet, foot-easy, colorful surface—a correct foundation for your fabric rugs and fine furniture.

And, too, this floor is easy to clean. The new Accolac Process makes the surface spot-proof, stain-proof. Light waxing and polishing keeps it shining. And where the floors may need frequent washing, as in kitchens, entrance halls, and bathrooms, care is also simplified—just an occasional going over with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

BUILD THIS HOUSE YOURSELF

If you're dreaming of some day building your own English cottage, here's your opportunity to get blue prints, specifications, and visualizations in miniature for each room at but a fraction of the usual fee. House consists of seven rooms, two baths, garage. Architect estimates it can be built for under $20,000. Total cost for plans, specifications, and color scheme set-ups only $15. This is by special arrangement with the architect, William Clifford, Jr. For more information, or complete plans, write direct to Mr. Clifford, 1177 East Grand Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Latest book tells how

Just how you can get suggestions of experts, actual color scheme set-ups in miniature, is explained in Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Its "Decorator's Data Sheet" will help you describe your home, new or old. Its full-color illustrations of model rooms themselves will help you imagine how your own home can be magically transformed.

This guide book also brings you the practical side of the linoleum floor story—wear, care, and cost. Just send 10c in stamps to cover cost of mailing (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 321 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Suggestion for decorating nursery in home designed by William Clifford, Jr. Floor is Moulded Inlaid No. 5235. Color scheme set-ups like this, based on linoleum floors, will be sent you free by our Bureau of Interior Decoration. They take the guesswork out of decorating. See offer at right.

Armstrong's Linoleum FLOORS

for every room in the house

PLAIN · INLAID · · EMBOSSED JASPÉ PRINTED · ARABESQ and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

WAR LETTERS OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

SPRING-RICE'S ideas on British propaganda are set out in a letter to Lord Newton, who was then assisting Lord R. Cecil at the Foreign Office.

When you desire to make yourself agreeable to some important newspaper an interview of minor importance could be given or some exclusive news afforded to the correspondent in question. Many papers such as the New York Times and the Herald have certainly shown great courage in taking the part of Great Britain in a somewhat unfriendly world. The New York Tribune appears to have put truth above friendship. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is the principal supporter of the paper, but her son and the principal correspondent, Simonds, do not like us. Simonds wrote to Jusserand claiming credit for his article on France. Jusserand replied that he did more harm in praising France while dispraising England than he would by not praising her at all. Simonds replied that the offense would not occur again. For the present the Tribune is far less unfriendly than it was. But we might wait and see. The incident is instructive as showing the importance of politics here. The Tribune is a Roosevelt organ and wants to conciliate the Irish and German vote for the Republican Party. The way to do this is to abuse England. Therefore, England is abused, although Whitelaw Reid's father was treated for eight years practically as an Englishman.

We have no right to count on the good will of Americans. They could count on ours, but we cannot count on theirs. The reason is that we wrongly suppose, because they talk our language, they are an Anglo-Saxon people. As a matter of fact, they are a foreign nation or rather several foreign nations. None of these nations is particularly friendly to us, and those of them who are of our race have very particular reasons for disliking us. It would be wiser to bear this in mind and to treat the American people not as cousins, still less as brothers—an attribution which they would greatly resent—but as English-speaking foreigners, some of whom make most agreeable companions and talk a most sympathetic language.

One effect of speaking the same language is that there is no difficulty whatever in an American paper obtaining news from the English newspapers. Such news is easy to get.

On the other hand, news from Germany is difficult to obtain and the German newspapers are not written in the style which appeals to Americans. Therefore, they like their German news to be put in digestive form by a German-American correspondent. If it emanates from a Prince or a Chancellor in military green, with stern determination in his eye, so much the better. We cannot provide a similar picturesque setting, and the ordinary observations of a British statesman are not very good copy for the American public. A speech in Parliament or a report in a Blue Book has no attraction from the news point of view. We have to meet these objections, and probably the best way of meeting them is to give, now and then, at important moments, an interview with some prominent personality, which it would be worth while for a great press agency to distribute here. But it would never have the effect of the German interview, simply because it is English.

You may remind Lord Robert that there was a time when the Cecil family were regarded with some suspicion by the British democracy, which looked upon them as superior persons who had an inordinate share in the good things of government. They were also suspected of having a low opinion of their fellow countrymen who so delighted to honor them. This is rather the feeling of many Americans toward England. It has not diminished. The criticism directed at us is, firstly, that we are doing nothing and, secondly, that we are doing everything. The German propaganda is directed against us as entirely responsible for the continuance of the war. It is also directed against us for taking no part in it whatever. I do not know how we can meet both forms of accusation. The fact is that the only propaganda which really pays is proved facts. First of all, devotion to the cause for which we are fighting and success in fighting it. I doubt whether any other propaganda would be successful in the end or that it would be worth while to devote very much pains, still less, money, to carrying it on. You will bear in mind that most of the gentlemen who talk about it are interested themselves in carrying it on. I do not mean that you should not go on with the interviews in Europe or that we should not make some attempt to establish a general clearing house of news here for the information of anybody who wants it. But we must not build too much on hopes based on this propaganda. It is an unfortunate fact that the mass of Americans do not love us, and we cannot talk them into it, even though we use their own language. I do not mean by this that there is any special feeling of hostility, but what I do mean is that we must not be misled, by a supposed community in race or ideals, into believing that our relations with this country are essentially different from those which we have with any other neutral nation. The essential difference here is that there are many people here with whom one can be on precisely the same intimate terms as with one's own countrymen.

CECIL SPRING-RICE.

Another letter of later date to the same correspondent on the same subject may come here:

OCT. 20, 1916.

Dear Newton: I saw Ian Hay, who seems a very pleasant man and who quite understands the situation. He will avoid any form of propagandism and will merely tell what he has seen, without coloring.

I expect he will be very successful and you will hear from him direct. It is, of course, a good thing to have anyone over here who excites sympathy and interests and amuses people. Englishmen are not, as a rule, personally popular. I suppose they are too like Americans for the differences between them not to be apparent. The main difference at present is that we are making war and they are making money. The difficulty of finding a common basis for understanding, or even for conversation is as great here as it was in the east. We live in different moral and intellectual worlds. This has nothing to do with sympathy or the reverse. A fish may sympathize with a bird and talk intelligently about flying, but there would be still some conversational gaps, occasionally.

I am inquiring about your book. It is most useful. A good and useful book to read now is Adams' life of his father, the Minister to London, and Seward's dispatches. One sees how very intensely we were hated by all good Americans—and yet, with one or two lapses, our attitude was quite correct.

The fact is we think that because we speak the same language, we must think the same thoughts, and when one finds that this isn't the case, one is inclined to be mad. But because a man asks you to dinner, you don't draw a check on him the next day.

The situation is getting very serious and what is greatly to be feared is the same feeling of exasperation after the war which the Americans had against us. After all, our case against them is not so strong as theirs against us—in the past—and the best thing for us to do is to recognize the obvious facts and say nothing about them. The obvious fact is that if we had the choice of making war or making money, as the U. S. have it, we should probably do the same. We should also say, as they do, that we do it in order to serve humanity with the proceeds. But, as was said about Gladstone, one can forgive a man having an ace up his sleeve, but not for saying that God Almighty put it there.

If we want to borrow money here, it is no good saying that the Americans are money grubbers. If they weren't they would not have sold us arms or lent us money. You shouldn't buy sugar of a man and sneer at him for being a grocer.

Yours ever,

C. A. S. R.

TO LORD ROBERT CECIL.

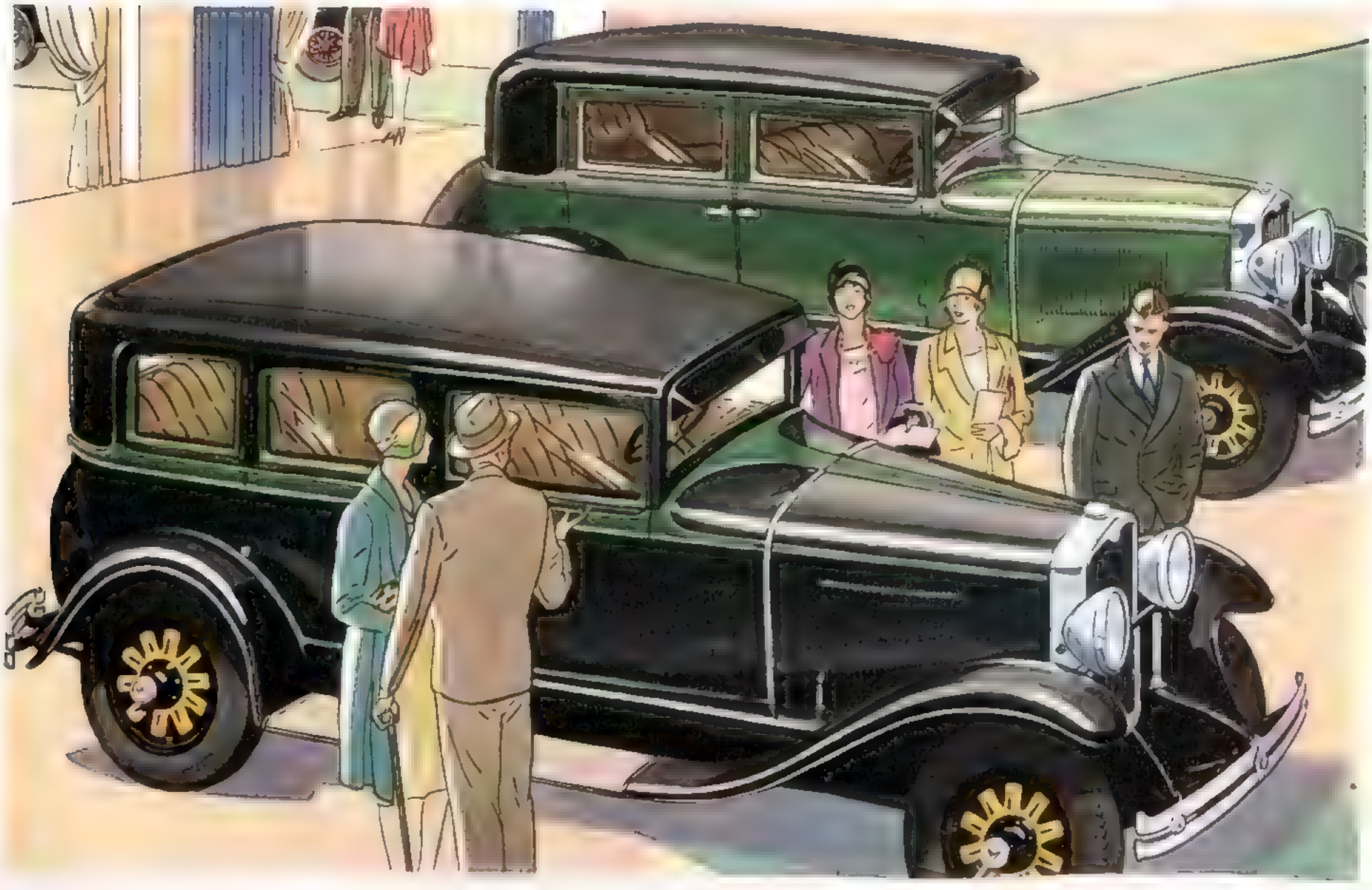
AUGUST 13, 1916.

Your interviews have had a very good effect and I hope they will continue.

As war goes on there must be a corresponding increase of the bitterness which is a necessary consequence of war. But in the neutral country there is an increase of indifference. People get satiated with horrors which they read about, but do not experience themselves. What they do experience is the inconvenience; and this they resent more and more. Thus you will understand that our difficulties are increasing here. The sympathy with our cause is a lukewarm sort of thing which has not much vitality when confronted with any real loss or inconvenience. On your side you must be feeling every day the necessity of some new and more efficient measure of defense or offense. Here this necessity is not felt or appreciated, except by a few. In the face of this state of things we must be prepared for the possibility of some explosion. The way to resent Germany's

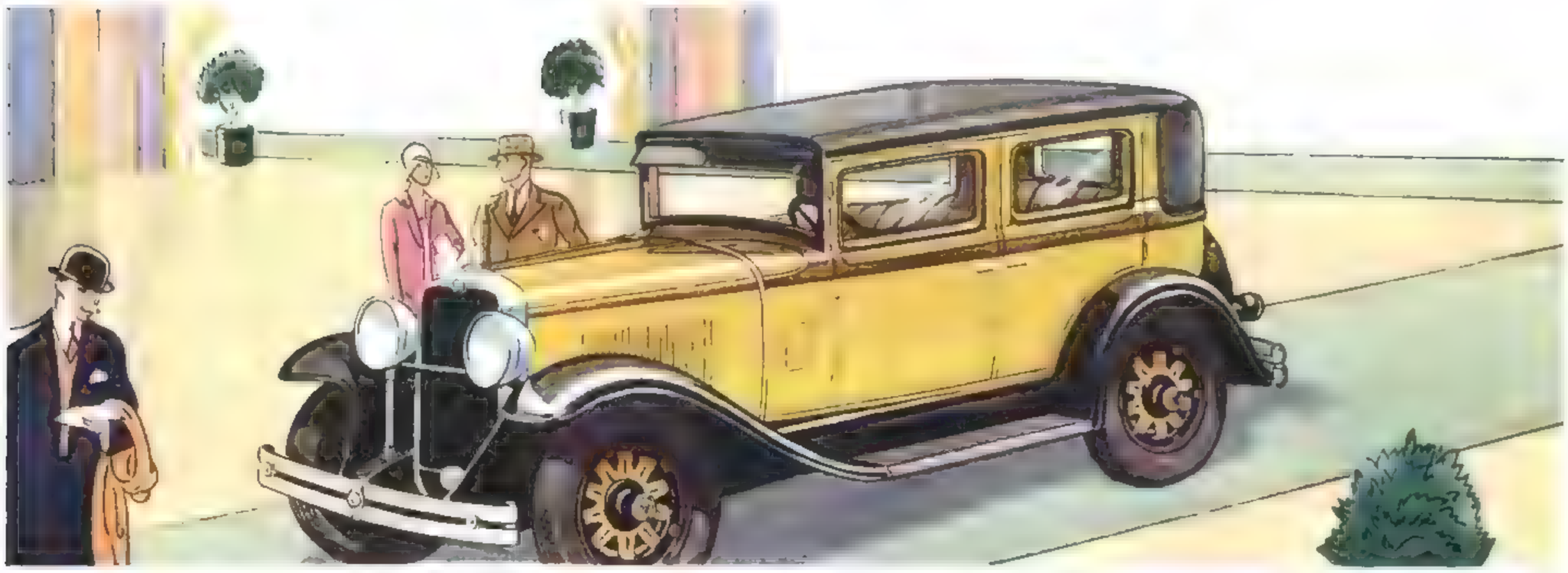
(Continued on Page 36)

. . . And Now Public Appraisal of Viking Value Verifies the Judgment of Motor Critics



VIKING

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



When the new Viking was introduced, experienced motor car critics—editors of leading automotive publications—were uniformly enthusiastic about its appearance, its engineering, and the extraordinary value it offers at medium price.

To quote from *Motor*: "After more than three years of development, the Olds Motor Works announces the Viking, a V-eight which represents excellent value at $1595. The word 'excellent' is used advisedly. At first glance it might be taken for a $2500 car; a little more careful consideration of all the factors involved might suggest a price of $2000; while the actual list of $1595 is a tribute to modern engineering and production methods."

According to *Automobile Topics*: "The name 'Viking' is freighted with valorous tradition, and few cars have come forth under as auspicious circumstances, or revealed more sturdy and bold character. Its refreshing originality, especially in respect to the power plant, should command wide attention."

And *Motor West* adds: "With these characteristics of expensive automobiles, the price of the Viking is as sensational as are its advanced engineering design and distinctive appearance."

Now, the public has had an opportunity to appraise the Viking—and public opinion is in thorough accord with the critical judgment of these automotive experts.

Every day, the Viking is winning new admirers—by the tailored beauty and luxury of its Bodies by Fisher—by the superb performance of its 90° V-type eight-cylinder engine—by its restful riding comfort and uncanny roadability—and, most of all, by its extraordinary value.

The Viking is a trimly-tailored car with fleet, low lines, graceful body contours, and sparkling color combinations—combining up-to-the-minute smartness and distinguished beauty. Its interiors are roomy, comfortable, and luxuriously furnished. The rich upholsteries are fitted with glove-like smoothness. Hardware and appointments are in excellent taste. Supplementing the restful comfort of the wide, deep-cushioned seats are special alloy-steel springs, controlled by four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers.

No less luxurious is the outstanding performance of the new Viking 81-horsepower 90-degree V-eight engine. The Viking engine is exceptionally simple, rigid, accessible, and compact—and embodies such advancements as horizontal valves operated from a single camshaft, and a new down-draft manifolding method of fuel distribution. The new Viking provides far greater speed than the average motorist requires. Its response to the throttle is remarkable, both in getaway from a standing start and in acceleration at the higher speeds. And its mighty power is delivered smoothly and quietly in a constant, effortless flow.

$1595

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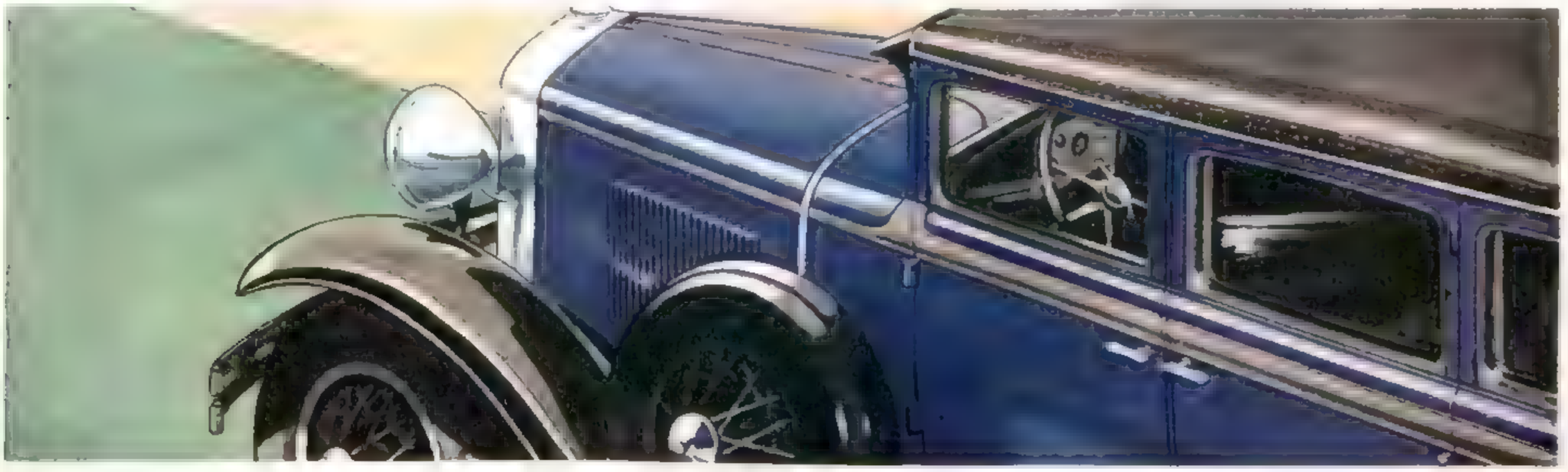

(Continued from Page 33)

proceedings is war. But war is out of the question. The people will not have it. The way to resent the Allies' proceedings is retaliation in the way of trade or finance. Whether retaliation is resorted to or not depends on whether or not it injures America more than the Allies. It does not depend on the sympathy with their cause. Do not forget that the America you know and meet is not America which is represented in Congress. Vast masses which you never hear of and which no Englishman there or here ever meets, make their influence felt in Congress, and carry the day unless the President intervenes, as he has done more than once.

The reason why there has been no embargo on arms and ammunition is not sympathy with us but the sense that the prosperity of the country on which the Administration depends for its existence would be imperiled by such a measure. If there is a scarcity of material here, or any other reason why an embargo would pay, we should have an embargo. At present I don't see any chance of it unless there is a change in the conditions. But lesser measures may be put into force. Restraints on shipping may be ordered. Transport may be impeded. A loan may be made more difficult. We are not secure against such measures. Therefore, we must watch very carefully what is occurring here. Do not depend solely on official reports, nor solely on unofficial reports. But obtain independent information from as many sides as possible. The object should be to ascertain when the breaking point is near, and where. There may be a breaking point. Do not deceive yourself as to that. If it approaches, you may have to concede a point or two. We will hope that the point to be conceded is not a vital one. You may have to give up one point to save another. You are, naturally, between two fires. We in this embassy are urging concessions. Parliament and the special departments are urging more efficient measures. Your Allies, who do not experience the weight of American animosity, are urging you to take more active measures because you—not they—bear the odium of them. The difficulties of the position must be very great, and I am afraid we here are not lightening them. But I think it might be worth while to consider carefully the question as to which among the measures you must take is the essential one and which may be abandoned—with loss, it is true, but not essential loss. It might be worth while, for instance, to consider whether it is worth while to insist on the telegraph-and-news censorship on press messages and journals of German origin. I think the American people are rather apt to resent having their views ready-made for them, and the German press campaign may do the Germans more harm than good. The cleverer Wiegand is, the more suspicion he excites. The more ingenious the German press bureau is, the more people are inclined to doubt the truth of its suggestions. Because the Germans want to do a thing, it does not follow that it is to their advantage that the thing should be done. It is sometimes more to their advantage that the thing should be prevented by us. We may be falling into a trap carefully prepared.

In all that we send you from here, you will remember that we write from this point of view only. You must judge what we write in the light of your own necessities, but you must not resent our reporting what we see and hear as we see and hear it.

We are in the middle of an election. Neither of the candidates is pro-German. But there is a strong pro-German and pro-Irish element which has to be considered. Then, too, as someone said, there may be some Americans. These might resent action which they regard as insulting to American dignity. Unfortunately, it is we who are most likely to take such measures at present. Both candidates, in such cases, would say: "We don't care whether such action hurts one side or the other in the war. We know that it hurts us, and we propose to stop it." Here is the danger: Not the sort of measure that pro-Germans resent because they are pro-Germans, but the sort of measure that Americans resent because they are Americans. I should say that this would be a safe criterion as to the sort of action which we must avoid as far as possible

Personally, your services are very great in this respect. You take the American people into your confidence and say to them, "This is what we are doing and why we have to do it. We do not mean to harm you. We want to harm our enemies. If we harm you, we will modify our measures so far as they can be modified without paralyzing our war. We make war, not money." *Non cauponantes bellum sed belligerentes.**

To Lord Grey

SEPTEMBER 4, 1916.

Mr. Page has done us very good service here by letting people understand what is the temper of England. He, of course, passes as very pro-British, and is an object of suspicion to the State Department. I do not see, however, any allusion in the press to his supposed pro-British feelings. But to my knowledge, he has spoken up bravely and well. Especially what he has said about you has impressed people greatly.

I believe your friend† has returned to New York and is supposed to be very busy. I have not heard from him. His prophecies have not proved to be true, and he appears to have misjudged the temper of the nation. The nation is anti-German, anti-British and somewhat pro-Ally. All these sentiments are those of the spectator who has no desire to leave the stall for the stage.

To Mr. Balfour

It is difficult to explain exactly the way in which business is conducted here. The President rarely sees anybody. He practically never sees ambassadors, and when he does, exchanges no ideas with them. Mr. Lansing is treated as a clerk who receives orders which he has to obey at once and without question. His communications to the press have been several times contradicted from the White House. He practically never expresses an opinion to a foreign representative. He never discusses any serious step in consideration by his Government. The State Department is full of very pleasant gentlemen whose kindness and courtesy make it very easy to transact business. Mr. Lansing himself is most sympathetic and agreeable. But the real business of foreign politics is transacted by the President alone. He has a pronounced taste for the employment of secret foreign agents, a long succession of whom have passed through the White House. He has also a succession of advisers, who, one after the other, are discarded. Sometimes he sends a message to a foreigner through one of these, but he rarely if ever appears to discuss matters face to face with any foreign representatives, and with his own Cabinet he is supposed to have maintained the strictest reserve. It is actually doubted whether Mr. Lansing knew of the President's intention to send his peace note. Both the President and Mr. Lansing denied that there was any such intention, and Mr. Lansing's denial in the most positive form was given the day after the dispatch of the note which was sent over his signature. You will see that under these circumstances it is rather difficult to do diplomatic business or to obtain authentic information of what is going on in the mind of the Administration, except through communications through the press. The German Embassy is extremely well informed by some mysterious source, which also inspires the German press here. How far the Germans knew that the President was going to take the step that he has taken, I do not know; what is quite evident is that the step which the President has taken is the very one which Germany wished him to take. Perhaps the President took it because the German proposal forestalled him, and Germany's appeal to the Pope may have been a very good reason to forestall any possible communication on the subject of peace from the Vatican. Mr. Lloyd George's statement, which it was hoped would be postponed, may have been another reason for hurrying the communication. I think it would be wiser to take it simply as a pious wish and an expression of a desire not to remain outside the great

(Continued on Page 82)

* Not going to war like nutters, but soldiers.

† Colonel House.

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BREAKING IN

By "BULLET JOE" BUSH

As Told to Carroll S. Slick

ONLY one out of fifteen or twenty rookies who try out for the big-league clubs in the spring training camps makes the grade. Ball-mad youngsters from the sand lots, Caseys-at-the-bat from the sticks, youths from the colleges and universities, and recruits from the minor leagues—all storm the training bases, but mighty few of them get their names in the club rosters when the season opens each spring.

Naturally, over a period of time line-ups do change. Old Man Time will take his toll. But the team managers are loath to lose their stars and the players who are up and at 'em love the game too much to give up without a struggle. Thus the rookie has a real battle on his hands. No matter how good a recruit is, he soon finds out that it is a tough job to break into the big show and stick.

PHOTO BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO

Chief Bender, in His Heyday the Premier Moundsman of the American League

I came up from the bushes in 1912, my first year in professional baseball. I was eighteen then and pitching for Missoula, Montana, in the Union Association, when Mike Drennan, the A's scout, ogled me and decided to give me a break. The Union Association was a six-team league, made up of teams from Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, and Montana clubs from Butte, Helena, Great Falls and Missoula.

At first I was in with the Missoula team like a burglar at a poker party. The reason was simple enough. The Missoula team carried five pitchers. Ten men were trying out in the spring training camp, and all of them, with the exception of Carl Zamloch, a young pitcher from the Pacific Coast, and myself, were native sons. It was settled that Zam would get one of the jobs. That left me with a real battle on my hands. Most assuredly the local boys didn't want to see me grab one of the coveted positions.

It's a whole lot different nowadays when a rookie breaks in. Two days after he has joined the camp he's calling the veterans by their nicknames and is being treated like a visiting nobleman. In the old days a rookie had to watch himself and keep his eyes open for fear someone would cut off his pitching arm.

Live and Learn

MY ADVICE to a rookie is: Leave your high hat at home before you break into your first big-league training camp. The kid who thinks he is heaven's gift to the team giving him a tryout usually finds himself thinking up alibis for his failure on his way back to the sticks.

If you, a rookie pitcher, are ambitious to succeed, await your opportunity. A few days after the training season opens pick out one of the older hurlers on the club and make him your confidant. Tell him in a nice way you are anxious to make good and that you realize you have a lot to learn. Ask him to give you some tips. If you act like a gentleman he will be glad to help you along. You will find he will take enough interest in you to keep an eye on you. He will give you advice which you will find sound as time goes on.

Never be satisfied. Keep trying to improve your delivery. Don't rest on your oars just because you have a fast ball. Develop a good curve and change-of-pace ball.

And most of all, get control. When a catcher is warming you up, always throw for a certain spot. Start throwing across the plate to the catcher's left knee, then to his right knee, then for his belt, and so on. This sharpens your control; it goes without saying, control makes a good pitcher.

Keep your curve ball low inside or low outside or over the plate knee-high. Remember to get your arm strong before cutting loose. Even after you have conditioned yourself and are in shape, don't steam them over the pan until you are sure your body and the muscles in your arm are good and loose. Many youngsters are ruined because they start pitching hard before their arms are warmed up.

Make friends. Show a good disposition. Study successful pitchers. Keep in good physical condition. Make up your mind to go to the top of your profession. Have plenty of heart and courage. School yourself to keep cool and to be fit for the important games. Be ready at all times to give your best in the pinches.

Don't get fresh with the older men on the team who have gone through the mill. Show them due respect. If you get some good breaks and have success at the start, don't let it go to your head. If you get to the stage when you think you know it all and feel the team can't get along without you, you will find it hard to make or keep friends; the going will prove plenty tough for you. You can play baseball for years and still be learning it when you retire.

Don't be like a number of players I've seen in recent years who are satisfied to receive a fair salary and have a fair year and are indifferent as to whether they arrive at the top or not. Give me the ambitious player who is always playing his best, trying to improve his game, who knows his own weaknesses and is working hard to overcome them. This type is never satisfied with just a good year, but strives to have a great year, to get to the peak and stay there until Father Time steps in and counts him out.

Don't depend on your arm alone. Use your brains. Try to outwit the other fellow. Don't get the reputation of having a strong arm and nothing "upstairs."

This goes for all players. Thinking is the greatest factor in the making of any ball player. He must learn to think for himself and to assimilate the knowledge given him by his more experienced teammates.

THE ACME PHOTO

Steve Yerkes, Who Held Down the Keystone Sack for the Red Sox

Get the Ball and Get Rid of It

THE pitcher isn't the only man on the club who must use his noodle. A winning combination consists of smart players all of whom are on their toes all the time. You can't give your mind a vacation and play top-notch baseball.

Managers, coaches and veterans have little trouble sifting the wheat from the chaff in the spring camps. You can tell right off the reel if a boy is a natural ball player, for he performs with a smoothness of action that enables him to click in his plays. He is cool and takes things easily. It isn't an effort for him to make the proper play, as it is for the chap who is excitable and nervous.

A rookie's ability to play the ball instead of permitting the ball to play him is a deciding factor in giving him the yes or no nod. Some will lay back for the long hop of the ground-hit ball instead of coming in fast, scooping it up and flashing it to the proper bag. A fielder playing the ball makes as pretty a play as you can see on the diamond. The second or two he gains in playing the ball often means the success of his efforts to retire the base runner. Allowing the ball to play you is a bad habit to get into. It will lose you many plays. Get the knack of coming in on the ball. Veterans never wait for the big hop of the grounder unless they know the base runner is slow. Even then it is dangerous, for it is easier for the natural fielder to snap the ball to base while in motion than it is when he is set, waiting for the ball to come to him.

Fighting the ball is another bull rookies make. They try to throw it before they catch it. Then, of course, they drop it. One of the toughest assignments in camp is to break a promising recruit of this habit.

Taking too long to get rid of the ball is another glaring foozle of the embryo player. Great infielders have the ability to throw the ball from any position—overhand, side-arm, underhand—and the grace to toss it when off balance. The player who must straighten up to throw loses valuable time and plays galore.

A rookie infielder must learn the art of putting the ball on the base runner. And it is an art! It's all in how you tag the runner. Some recruits catch the ball waist high and wait for the runner to slide into base

(Continued on Page 41)

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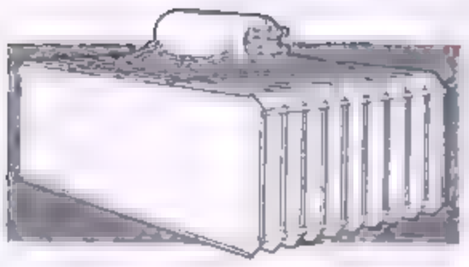

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(Continued from Page 38)

and then reach to tag him. The trick is to catch the ball and lay it down in front of the bag at once. The runner must come into the base. If the infielder is straddling the bag and has the ball in his glove in front of the base, the runner can't possibly get by him. No infielder ever put Ty Cobb out reaching for him.

Some people have the idea a catcher must be a big, bulky man and that the first baseman must be tall and rangy. This is the bunk. It isn't the size of the man that counts. It's his natural ability, plus brains. For instance, Ray Schalk, the great White Sox catcher, only weighed about 150 pounds and wasn't more than five feet six inches in height. Joe Judge, of the Washington Senators, and Stuffy McInnis, of the old A's, were short and yet were crack first basemen. Honus Wagner, of Pittsburgh fame, was a heavy-set man and was the greatest shortstop the game has ever known.

It's a great asset for players to have a good pair of hands and husky bodies. Of course, a big man is much more dangerous at bat, for he overpowers the ball and gets greater distance in his hits. But after all, it is the old gray matter and the natural aptitude of the player that count.

Every spring scores of baseball bugs who think they can play baseball pay their own expenses to the training camps to try out for the teams. As a rule, these nuts, as we call them, know little or nothing about the game. The efforts of most of them are pitiful. How they get the idea they can play baseball is a mystery. It's a wonder some of them are not murdered during batting practice.

I recall one bug we had in the New Orleans camp when I was with the Yankees. He was from Michigan and touted himself as one of the best infielders in the Gander State. One afternoon Scott, Jones, Ward and myself were having a bunting game. I was doing the hitting and was smacking the balls to the trio pretty hard, but, of course, these veterans were in no danger of being hurt. Then the nut stepped in just as I hit a rather hard one and the ball banged against his hand and broke two of his fingers. We advised him to go back to Michigan before he was killed.

The Pitcher That Slept on His Arm

ANOTHER spring when I was with the Boston Red Sox a six-foot-six string bean who paid his own expenses to camp whispered to Hughie Duffy, our manager, that another championship was in the bag for Boston if Hughie would grab him for his pitching staff.

"I've got more speed than Walter Johnson and Bullet Joe Bush put together," he modestly stated.

One afternoon Hughie called him over and said, "Big boy, I'm going to pitch you tomorrow against the regulars. So get a good night's rest and show me something."

"That's just what I've been waiting for, Mr. Duffy. I'll go to bed right after supper."

The next day the big boy started; in fact, he started what would have been an endless procession around the bags if Duffy hadn't stopped it. Before there were two outs, the regulars had run themselves ragged. The big boy's fast ball was slower than the train that made Arkansas famous.

We all had a big laugh at the rookie's expense. Some colored fan in the stands yelled, "For heaven's sake, Mr. Duffy, take the ostrich out of there. You are spoilin' my afternoon."

Another chirped, "Eh, big boy, I bet you can do more with a plow than a monkey can with a rope."

After Hughie had yanked the fireball artist from the game, the big boy said his lack of speed was due to the fact that he had slept on his right arm all night.

"Well," Hughie replied, "you can sleep on it again tonight on your way back to Ohio."

Carl Zamloch and I proved the most dependable two men on the Missoula pitching staff. During the season I pitched forty-seven games, winning thirty-four of them. I batted more than 300. Zamloch won thirty games and lost fourteen. He also hit more than 300. Zam and I won sixty-four of the eighty-two games in the Missoula win column.

Naturally, our pitching attracted the attention of the sporting writers and the big-league scouts, and from time to time during the summer we heard rumors that scouts were on our trail.

Scouting is one of the world's most uncertain propositions, at its best. One scout will pass up a likely player when another will sign him up, and the player is just as likely to become a great star as not. A scout may look over a player on one of his poor days and put the no-good tag on him. Another scout may come along a few days later when the same player may be having one of his good days, and he will pick him up. This happened to me or I might have broken into the big league with Detroit instead of with Connie Mack's Athletics.

I found out afterward that a Detroit scout had been sent out to give me the once-over early in August. The day he watched me I pitched the first game of a double-header against Great Falls. It was one of my off days. I was hit freely and was knocked out of the box. Zamloch pitched the second game that day. He was going great guns, holding them hitless until the ninth inning, when Big Frank Huelsman caught hold of one and broke a board in the left-field fence for the only hit of the game for his team. Maguire, the Detroit scout, who was sent to look me over, passed me up and grabbed Zam for the Tigers.

A few days later, unbeknownst to me, of course, Connie Mack sent Mike Drennan, the A's scout, to ogle me. We were still playing in Great Falls, but this day it was a different story. It so happened that I pitched my best game of the season that afternoon. I shut out Great Falls, winning 3 to 0, allowing only three hits, in the first game of a double-header.

After the game I changed my sweat shirt and walked outside the ball park. Tommy Toner, a Philadelphia boy who was playing third base for Great Falls, called me to him and, after greeting me, said, "I want you to meet Mike Drennan."

I acknowledged the introduction, but I didn't have any more idea who Mike Drennan was than the man in the grand old moon. Mike complimented me on the game I had just pitched. I thanked him. He asked me how old I was and how my arm felt and a couple of other questions. I answered him, but never for a minute tumbled as to why he was putting the bug on me. After a few pleasantries, I left them and bought myself a bag of peanuts and watched the second game from the press box.

After dinner that night I met Cliff Blankenship, manager for the Missoula team, and he told me Mike Drennan, the scout for the Athletics, was in town and that he wanted to buy me for Connie Mack. Then I knew what the cross-examination was all about.

I got so excited that I hopped around like a toad. I flooded Blankenship with questions. The thought flashed across my mind that back home I had boasted that some day I would be with the Philadelphia Athletics. And now, apparently, was my great opportunity.

"You're going to sell me, aren't you?" I begged Blank.

"Well, we might. I don't know yet," he stalled.

"Gee," I all but yelled, "why don't you sell me right away? He's liable to change his mind. Let's find Mr. Drennan and fix it up tonight."

I was for selling myself that very minute. I didn't want this wonderful chance of getting into the big league to slip by. And why not? It's the dream of every kid to play in the big leagues, and I was no different from any other youngster. It's easy to imagine how thrilled I was. An opportunity to play with the A's! The big league! The East! The big cities! The big ball parks! The big crowds! Travel, fortune, fame—all right at hand!

Sold to the Big League

DURING the following days, before the sale finally was arranged, I was jumping around on pins and needles. Scout Drennan wanted President Hughie Campbell to sell me before the drafting season came in. In those days any of the players in the smaller leagues below the majors were subject to draft. In the Union Association any of the players could be drafted by any of the sixteen clubs in the American and National Leagues after the twenty-fifth of August. This meant that if a certain player was not sold prior to this date, his name would be put on a slip and the big-league club drawing him would pay the draft price, a nominal sum, and become the owner of the player. Therefore, if a big-time club wanted a certain player bad enough they would bargain for him before the draft season rather than take one chance out of sixteen in drawing him. It also was to the advantage of the minor-league club to sell a player prior to the draft, because it would be paid more for him.

This ruling still holds good today, with the exception of the Double A Leagues—the American Association, the International and the Pacific Coast Leagues—and the Western League. The only players in these four leagues subject to draft are those who have been owned by big-league clubs before. Players who have not played in the two majors are not subject to draft from clubs in these leagues.

My deal was settled the day before the draft season opened—August twenty-fifth—and I was sold to Connie for $1500. Two weeks later I joined the Athletics in Chicago.

Even though I had confidence in myself, I was plenty skeptical about my big jump into the best society. I figured the boys in the big leagues were almost unbeatable and to stick with them you'd have to be pretty near perfect. This was no pipe dream, as I later found out.

I liked Connie right off the bat. I thought then that Mr. Mack was a great man and I still think Connie is about the best in the world. He is the type of leader who commands respect and loyalty from the men on his team. I discreetly followed the players out to Comiskey Park my first afternoon with the club. One of the boys introduced me to the trainer, Monk Martin, and that very necessary adjunct to the team handed me my first big-league uniform.

I went over to the corner locker and dressed. Members of the team were coming in, ragging one another and putting on their uniforms. I was relieved that I had found a locker off by myself, because I was afraid I would do something that wasn't big leaguey and the older fellows would kid me. But no one took any notice of Fireball Bush from Minnesota and points west!

I listened with my ears in high and my mouth shut tighter than a Jersey clam to the players wise-cracking one another. I got a big kick from just being there!

I dressed as quickly as I could, and when the players started leaving the locker room for the field, I followed, careful to sneak by a mirror to see how Leslie Ambrose looked in the uniform of a world's champion baseball club. The A's had won the 1911 championship and then were crowding the Boston Red Sox for first place.

When I walked out into my first big-league ball field I felt lost. It was bigger than I had any idea it would be. The stands were filling up. Both teams were warming up. The bigness of it all scared me. I thought the best thing I could do would be to dig for the dugout and keep out of sight and trouble! I snuggled into the far corner of the A's bench and stayed there drinking the whole sight in. You know what a kick a baby gets looking at its first Christmas tree!

An Inconspicuous Rookie

WHEN the A's took the field for batting practice I went out into the garden and shagged flies. It was great sport to be running around in the field with the great fielders of the Athletics. After the batting practice I eased back into my corner on the bench. I was anxious for the game to start. I wanted to see how big-league ball players performed in action.

Connie had practically the same team with which he had won the championship in 1911. The pitchers were Eddie Plank, Jack Coombs, Chief Bender, Byron Houck and Carroll Brown. Ira Thomas, Jack Lapp and Ben Egan were the catchers. Stuffy McInnis was on the reception corner. Eddie Collins was on second. Jack Barry was the shortstop, and Home-Run Baker took care of third. Rube Oldring was in left field, Amos Strunk in center, and Eddie Murphy was watching for them in right.

What a treat I had in store for me that first day! I had the opportunity of watching two great pitchers—Plank and Big Ed Walsh—engage in a thrilling pitchers' duel. I was sorry to see Plank lose that game.

I've never forgotten my impressions of the game. I was dazzled by the speed of the plays and the ease with which the players handled themselves. I realized that I had a good many things to learn. Being a pitcher, I was most impressed with the pitching style of both Plank and Walsh. The pitchers I had known were much slower and much more ragged in their work; Walsh and Plank performed like two well-oiled machines. It was a revelation to me and I promised myself that I would do all that I could to become as good as they were.

The next few days I satisfied myself with shagging flies, watching the games from the bench, and getting an eyeful of big-league playing. I made myself just as inconspicuous as I could.

Stanley Coveleskie also was a rookie who had just joined the club, and as we had much in common, both being kid pitchers, we struck up a friendship. Secretary Joe Ohl made us roommates.

As I have pointed out, the veterans on the team didn't know there was such an animal as a rookie. To call one of them by his nickname would have been less majesty! Whenever a rookie addressed an older player then, he'd always say "Mister." Now, a couple of days after a kid joins a club, he's calling the veterans by their middle names.

I pitched to the players during batting practice one day. That was the extent of my pitching until the A's played an exhibition game in Columbus, Ohio, with the American Association team of that city.

Connie had left the club in charge of Ira Thomas and had gone on to Philadelphia. Stan Coveleskie started, but it wasn't his day. Columbus touched him for five runs in the first five innings. He was taken out and Thomas ordered me to the box.

How like my entry into professional baseball in Missoula was my first start in the big leagues. In Missoula I had replaced a pitcher with the score against me, and here again

(Continued on Page 60)

B-257

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

In less than eight months, over a

Million

Six Cylinder Chevrolets

are now on the road !

Less than eight months have elapsed since the first Chevrolet Six was delivered into the hands of an owner—*and already there are more than a million six-cylinder Chevrolets on the road!* And the reasons for this overwhelming success are easy to understand.

Into a price field that had hitherto been occupied exclusively by four-cylinder cars—Chevrolet has introduced a six-cylinder car of amazing quality and value. Not only does it offer the smooth, quiet, velvety performance of a great six-cylinder valve-in-head motor—but, from every standpoint, it is a finer automobile than was ever before thought possible at such low prices! Its beautiful new bodies—which are available in a variety of colors—represent one of Fisher's greatest style triumphs. And its safety and handling ease are so outstanding that it's a sheer delight to sit at the wheel and drive. In fact, the new Chevrolet Six has completely changed every previous idea as to what the buyer of a low-priced car has a right to expect for his money.

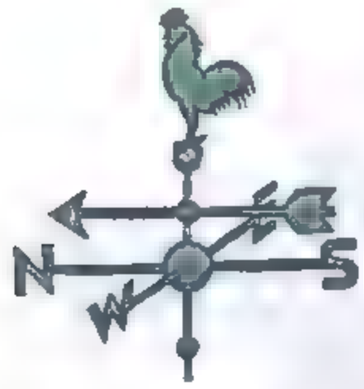
You owe it to yourself, as a careful buyer, to *see* and *drive* this car. For it gives you every advantage of a fine six-cylinder automobile—*at the price of a four and with economy of better than 20 miles to the gallon!*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Roadster	$525	*The* COACH	
The Phaeton	$525		$595
The Coupe	$595		
The Sport Coupe	$645		
The Sedan	$675	*All prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan*	
The Imperial Sedan	$695		
The Sedan Delivery	$595		
Light Delivery (*Chassis only*)	$400		
1½ Ton Truck (*Chassis only*)	$545		
1½ Ton Truck (*Chassis with Cab*)	$650		

COMPARE the delivered price as well as the list price in considering automobile values. Chevrolet's delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR



"THE BEST MOTOR OIL IN THE WORLD"

Ask any Pennzoil user what he thinks of this oil—and that will be his answer.

MORE than a million users of Pennzoil have found that it gives a quality of lubrication that ordinary oils cannot even approach. Here are the reasons:—

Pennzoil is made from Pennsylvania crude of the highest quality—and nothing else. (It is an accepted fact that Pennsylvania crude is the best source of lubricating oil. At the wells, it sells for more than double the average price of all other crudes.)

Pennzoil is refined by the famous Pennzoil Process, which includes every improved method known to the petroleum industry. The Pennzoil Company is the world's largest refiner of pure Pennsylvania oil.

YET PENNZOIL COSTS LESS TO USE THAN ORDINARY OIL

As a result of its quality, Pennzoil stands up as no ordinary oil can begin to do. It lasts fully twice as long. Thus it is actually more economical than any cheaper oil!

Pennzoil is sold from Maine to California. Look for the Pennzoil sign. The man that displays it believes in quality merchandise. He is a good man to deal with.

The Pennzoil Company. *Executive Offices:* Oil City, Pennsylvania; Los Angeles, California. *Refinery:* Oil City, Pennsylvania.

PENNZOIL

HIGHEST QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

35¢ *a quart*

Higher in the West and Canada

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% Pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of Highest Quality finished Motor Oil.

Permit No. 2—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

WEAK LINKS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Hiram's Great Brows Lowered in a Scowl and His Jowled Jaw Thrust Forward. "Why?" He Demanded. "A Bribe is What You're Here For, Isn't It?"

AMASA P. WORTHINGTON was a conservative man and not easily moved to undertake new ventures. Yet ever since that day when, without his realizing exactly how it came about, young Hiram Bond had promoted himself from a minor position in the mill to the responsibilities of general managership, he had been venturing here and there. He had enlarged and expanded, and his wealth had increased in a manner which not only amazed him but filled him with apprehensions.

Nevertheless, he was not without a certain hard common sense and shrewdness which informed him when a bargain was really a bargain. Hiram Bond's method of forcing his employer into wider fields had been by showing him bargains which were bargains, and by demonstrating with pencil and with tongue that profits were inevitable.

Amasa was not covetous of wealth. He had been content to be Carthage's richest and most respected citizen. But it was a fact that each increase in his assets added to the dignity of his position, and dignity was something of a religion with him. This fact was neither unknown nor neglected by the huge young man with the shaggy brows and heavy jowls who had taken it upon himself to control the destinies of the Worthington Company.

Hiram stood before his employer's desk with something of deference in his manner, and it was not pretended deference. It was real. His respect for Amasa P. Worthington was to remain with him through generation after generation until they were both aged men.

"Have you reached a decision, sir?" he asked.

"I have considered the matter from every point of view, Hiram," said Amasa, "and I feel we owe it to ourselves to take advantage of what seems to me to be an unusual opportunity. In short, I favor purchasing the Morton timber on the terms and at the figure you have outlined to me."

"You will never regret it, sir. But I am sure you will agree with me that we ought not to close the matter until we have some assurance that the river may be improved. The cheapness of the timber is due in part to its inaccessibility. Logs cannot be driven down Green River. If, however, the legislature will grant us a charter for a dam and boom corporation, the complexion of the matter will be altogether different."

"Exactly," said Mr. Worthington.

"I have spoken of the matter with our representative, Mr. Jenkins."

"Ah!"

"He is dubious, sir."

"And why," asked Amasa, with an assumption of dignity which came close to the verge of pomposity, "should the legislature of this state refuse to grant a charter for so reasonable and valuable a purpose?"

"They would not refuse it, Mr. Worthington, if we were willing to pay for it."

"Bribery?" asked Amasa, pursing his lips.

"Exactly," said Hiram

"I will bribe no man," said Amasa. "It has been my endeavor to live the life of an upright citizen. To the best of my ability I have done so. My position demands that I set an example of probity; and rather than stoop to the bribery of a public official I would retire from business and cease all activities."

"And you are right, sir. Nevertheless we have a venal legislature. Its conduct has been an open scandal. The papers are referring to a portion of its members as the Black Horse Cavalry. The legislative chamber is an open market where you may buy what you want—and prices are almost openly displayed."

"A regrettable condition of affairs," said Mr. Worthington.

"But one," said Hiram, "which must be faced. We want our charter—they insist upon being paid for passing it."

"Which I will never consent to do."

Hiram's heavy jaws clamped together, and his shaggy eyebrows bent so that his eyes seemed more cavernous than was their wont. "Nor would I stand by and permit it, sir, even in the impossible circumstance of your consenting. There remain, therefore, two alternatives: To abandon the Morton purchase or to fight."

"Ah," said Mr. Worthington uncertainly, for fighting was a branch of human endeavor with which he was not familiar and which filled him with alarm. "Fight? And how, Hiram, can one fight such a condition?"

"Anything can be fought," Hiram said succinctly. "And this thing must be fought now. Our interests are expanding. We must not be hampered and we shall not be bled." Then he added shrewdly, knowing the man to whom he spoke, "And we are faced with a public duty. First, sir, you should take an open stand. You should make your position clear, for the people of the state take the thing for granted. They should be awakened, and only the leadership of a man such as yourself can awaken them. But that takes time. With your permission, Mr. Worthington, I will go to the capital and see what can be done about it."

"I shall, indeed, make my position clear," said Amasa. "But what can you do in the capital, Hiram, alone and against this organized ring?"

"That," said Hiram, "remains to be seen. It will be possible for me to get away tonight if you approve."

"Not one cent for tribute, Hiram."

"Not a penny."

"Then go, my boy; though I cannot see what you can hope to accomplish."

Hiram closed his desk outside Amasa's door, for he had not yet arrived at the dignity of an office for himself, and drove out to the farm which had been the homestead of the Bonds for generations. There he packed a satchel, said

good-by to his mother in the dining room and to Bessie, his wife, at the gate. He kissed her abstractedly, for his mind was upon matters which he considered more important than kisses, and patted her clumsily on the shoulder.

"How long will you be gone, Hiram?" she asked.

"Can't tell, Bess. Can't tell."

"I shall miss you, Hiram," said she in her gentle voice.

He looked down into her sweet face with a sudden, dim compunction with an uneasiness which he was far from comprehending.

"Yes, yes," he said gruffly. "To be sure."

Then he climbed into his buggy and drove away, conscious that she would stand in the gateway until he was no longer visible to her loving eyes. A sense of loneliness came upon him suddenly. He would be alone in the capital. Bessie would not be there. And, for some reason which he did not stop to identify, he wanted Bessie to be there. He was discovering that his wife's presence was essential to him and that he was uneasy and uncomfortable when she was absent or inaccessible. But he did not turn back. It was not in Hiram Bond's character to turn back for such a reason.

It was midnight when he arrived in the capital and was driven in a cab smelling of ancient leather down the avenue to the Downs Hotel, a rambling wooden structure with a wide front porch and a stretch of bent iron pipes running from post to post along the cobbled gutter. It was to this piping that the countryside hitched its horses while it attended to business or called upon its representatives who lived within.

Hiram advanced upon the desk—a huge, noteworthy figure, already becoming known in the state.

"I want," he said, "a room on this floor with a parlor."

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk. "We can give you Parlor A. Right on the corner. There's an entrance to it from the side stoop."

Hiram grunted and registered. The clerk himself showed the way to Hiram's apartment, Parlor A. It was a room to become famous in the political annals of the state, for from that day it was Hiram Bond's room, always held for him by the hotel, and presently to be rented by him outright for the duration of all legislative sessions. For the ensuing forty years it was here he carried on his business with the commonwealth.

He went to bed at once and to sleep. In the morning he arose, breakfasted, and went out to sit on the porch in one of those heavy wooden armchairs which had held the weight of a generation of politicians. He continued to sit there, huge, with bushing brows and cavernous eyes, speaking to no one who did not address him directly. He did not move. Until dinnertime he sat there, and after dinner he continued to sit until supper. Not once did he so much as turn his eyes toward the capitol building nor did he exhibit the slightest desire to see or to speak with any member of the administration or the legislature. He sat.

Any state capital in those days was a breeding ground of gossip. No event transpired but was passed quickly from mouth to ear until it was common news. No event of an unlikely or peculiar nature but was discussed, argued about, scrutinized in an effort to discover what purpose lay behind it—if anything threatened or promised. So by the time Hiram had occupied his chair through the second morning he had become a figure in the little city's life. Hiram Bond was there! Hiram Bond was the general manager of the Worthington Company. Hiram Bond was this or that. Stories about Hiram came to light, tales of his roisterous boyhood and tumultuous young manhood, accounts of how he had broken the Worthington strike, and of how he had behaved in this or that emergency. As he sat in grim, portentous silence, glamour gathered about him and rested upon him and made him more imposing than his size and aspect made him by right.

"He hain't seen anybody that I've been able to hear about," said one legislator. "He jest sets."

"Got a bill up, hain't he? Some river-improvement measure?"

"It's in committee," said the other with a wink, "and I cal'late he knows how he kin git it out."

"Mebby he's seein' Martial Wade private."

"If things begins to move you kin bet your bottom dollar he is," said the other.

But Hiram had not seen Martial Wade. He had not even held conversation with Luther Jenkins, the representative from Carthage, though Luther had made it a point to stop and do his best in that respect. He had mounted the steps and stood before Hiram with ingratiating smile and outstretched hand.

"Glad to see you in the capital, Mr. Bond," he said.

"Huh," grunted Hiram.

"If there's anythin' I kin do for you, jest call on me," Luther offered

"What," asked Hiram, "can you do?"

"I allus try to serve any constituent," said Luther, "and more especial a man of your standin'. Is it about that river bill?"

"Did I mention a river bill?" demanded Hiram

"Dunno's you did," said Luther.

"Good morning," said Hiram grimly.

Luther went back to report. "Couldn't git a thing out of him, Martial," he told the colonel of the Black Horse Cavalry. "He's tighter'n a drum. I even fetched up the river bill, but he shet me off so quick my head spun. He's a hard feller to understand."

"We've had a lot of hard fellers up here," said Martial Wade with a knowing grin. "We got ways of makin' 'em softer."

"You ain't never lived in the town with Hiram Bond," said Luther.

"He'll be comin' to see me. The' hain't no other way," Martial said with the confidence of long success. "I cal'late we know our business here. The' hain't been so much white meat this session but what the boys is kind of hungry."

But Hiram did not come to see Martial Wade. He continued to sit, and his huge immobile person enthroned on the porch of the Downs Hotel ceased to be a mere object of curiosity, but became the source of an increasing ill ease. Such stillness and silence were inexplicable, and the inexplicable—to guilty men—is always menacing. Hiram constituted a threat, but what sort of threat no man could say. To all it was apparent that he would not sit for days in one spot without plan and purpose. A man of activities such as he

(Continued on Page 51)

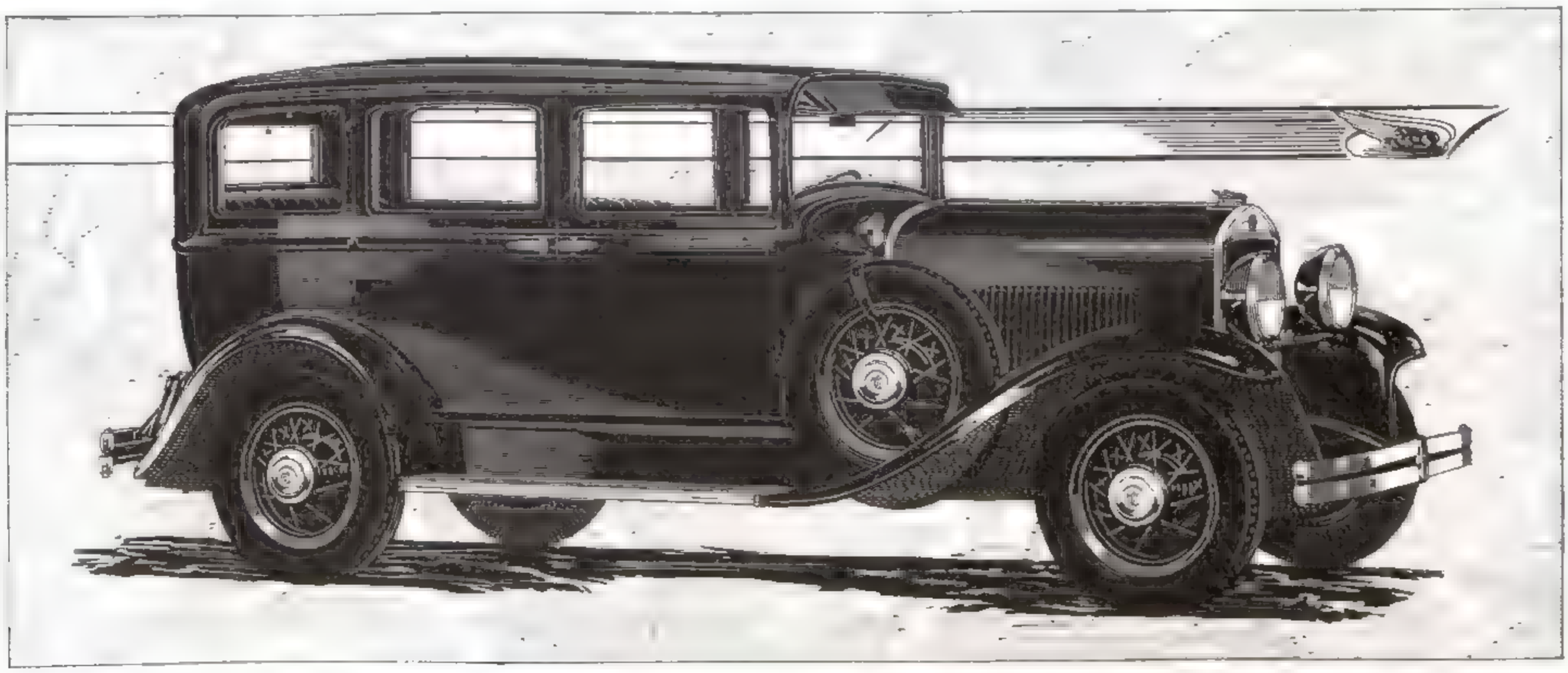
"I Shall Miss You, Hiram," Said She in Her Gentle Voice. He Looked Down Into Her Sweet Face With a Sudden, Dim Compunction—With an Uneasiness Which He Was Far From Comprehending

© 1929 Chrysler Corporation

NOW, A NEW CHRYSLER SIX

$985

AND UP . . F. O. B. DETROIT



THE NEW "66" ROYAL SEDAN, $1065 F. O. B. DETROIT. Wire Wheels Extra.

THE NEW CHRYSLER "66"

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

FIVE years ago you saw Chrysler launch its first car and you saw that first Chrysler literally dazzle the country. You saw Chrysler immediately change the trend of all automotive design and engineering. You saw Chrysler elevate the standards and quicken the pulse of the entire industry. And almost overnight you saw Chrysler fairly leap from the position of a newcomer to the heights of prestige and success, passing the veterans in the automobile world.

Chrysler now marshals all this accumulated success to the best possible advantage of the motoring public. Today, in the introduction of the new Chrysler "66," you are witnessing the arrival of something both unique and unexpected in motor car value—a Chrysler Six priced under $1,000!

The new Chrysler "66" is typically a Chrysler from radiator to tail-light, from rims to roof. A Chrysler in tested quality and precision craftsmanship. A Chrysler in alluring style and beauty. A Chrysler in wealth of luxury and restful comfort. A Chrysler in advanced engineering and spirited performance. A Chrysler, unmistakably, from the blueprint to the last coat of gleaming lacquer.

A CHRYSLER SIX PRICED UNDER $1000

NEW CHRYSLER "66" PRICES

BUSINESS COUPE	$985
PHAETON	995
ROADSTER (with rumble seat)	995
BROUGHAM	995
ROYAL COUPE (with rumble seat)	1045
ROYAL SEDAN	1065

F. O. B. Detroit. Wire Wheels Extra

Only the genius of Chrysler engineering could ever have encompassed so many advancements and improvements—and only the modern efficiency of Chrysler manufacturing methods could ever have produced such a car at so low a price.

In planning this new "66," Chrysler deliberately set out to make it the smartest, most modern, most comfortable and most capable motor car ever built to sell under $1,000. How well Chrysler has succeeded is at once apparent when you first set eyes on the car, when you step inside and sink into the cushions, when you take the wheel and experience the silky feel of its powerful performance.

Even the most casual examination and trial of the new Chrysler "66" will revise all your ideas of motor car value. It is unquestionably, by all comparisons, the greatest automobile ever produced to sell at its price

SALES RESISTANCE

By Joseph P. Day

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

"IS THERE," one is often asked, "any sure-fire method of selling?" And the answer is: "Yes, there is one. But this method can't always be used; only when the facts warrant it." That method we might call "Comparison." By "comparison" I mean comparing the property for sale with another similar property, pointing out the enormous increase in value which this second property has undergone in the past five or ten years, and showing how the property now being sold has the same favorable opportunities for development during the coming five or ten years. For example, everyone in New York knows what Park Avenue was like fifteen years ago—a cheap, tenement-house neighborhood, and today it and Fifth Avenue are the two most expensive, exclusive and aristocratic residential avenues in the city. Here is a fact of which everyone is cognizant.

Now First Avenue looms on the real-estate horizon, four blocks east of Park Avenue. It is in character just about what Park Avenue was fifteen years ago. But recently a change has come over the face of First Avenue. Beginning at Forty-first Street with Tudor City, and running up to Beekman Terrace and Sutton Place, and as far north as Ninety-sixth Street, exclusive residential colonies have sprung up and fine apartment houses have been erected. In certain sections values in a few months have gone from $25,000 to $100,000 for a twenty-five-foot-front lot. Therefore, in selling property on First Avenue, whether at auction or private sale, one has only to say: "Look at Park Avenue fifteen years ago, and look at it today. It has quadrupled in value. Fortunes have been made. Now First Avenue, running parallel to Park, only four blocks east, indicates the possibility of a similar development. Fifteen years from now there is every possibility that it, like Park Avenue, will be an exclusive residential section. Buy now and let progress work for you."

And again, take the Chelsea district—West Twenty-second Street—for years a squalid neighborhood which is just now beginning to show signs of a renaissance. We can fairly compare this section to similarly situated Gramercy Park, one of the exclusive residential sections of the lower part of the city, and those with eyes to see will recognize the chances for increase in value that such a section offers.

Gramercy Park of Today

A Liability

THE successful real-estate operator is one with that sixth sense which tells him where and when future developments will occur, in time to get aboard before the profits have all been squeezed out. He senses a change in the conditions that affect values long before the general public is aware of them—a change, for example, from a residential to a business section in a big city—gets the property on the turn, buying it, perhaps, 20 per cent under the market value a year hence, and lets those who are developing that section work for him, since his property increases in value by the improvements they make. And, as I said, a fair and sound comparison of a coming section with one that has already made good is a sure-fire method of selling.

One of the most difficult problems in selling is industrial property, and here the real-estate broker, the highest-pressure salesman in the business, would be helpless without the assistance of technical experts. A factory represents a huge investment, a highly specialized investment, not only in the general type and plan of the building itself but in the machinery which represents a large percentage of its value; and building and machinery are only with great difficulty and expense convertible to the uses of other industries. A large automobile factory may be for sale, but the only industry which is looking for a location in that vicinity may be a carpet company, and for their purposes the existing machinery, even the whole layout of the plant, may be out of the question. A factory for sale is a liability. It is up to the real-estate broker to turn it into an asset.

The selling of industrial property has been an increasingly important factor in the real-estate business ever since President Wilson's first Administration. In 1907 we went through a panic, and just as we were emerging from it in 1913, I made a special drive for the sale of industrial properties, with the thought that this might assist in the come-back of business. One morning I received from President Wilson a letter congratulating us on the immense amount of publicity that had been given the recent sales of big factories and remarking that this indicated a recovery in business. "This is a barometer that shows industry is waking up," wrote the President, and the events of the immediate future proved how right he was.

A Problem for Experts

THE vacant industrial plant is anything but an alluring and romantic picture, and its general air of vacant distress adds greatly to the difficulty of selling it. Where once industry prosperously hummed, are now silence, dust, dinginess; a broken window here, a flapping leader there, cobwebs, echoes, a sense of depression that is a liability. And doubtless in the surrounding neighborhood are the poverty and dreariness of unemployment. To put such an institution back into the running is one of the really constructive phases of the real-estate business.

Such properties do not sell themselves. The campaign must be unremitting and aggressive, and often carried far afield. It is, first of all, the part of the factory expert to make a thorough analysis of the plant. After his recommendations as to the various industries to which it may be converted are in, it is the turn of the appraisal department. And here we have another matter for an expert—in this case, the appraiser—for values here must be figured on a different basis from that employed for other properties, such as skyscraper office buildings and apartment houses, for all of which there is an active market. Here we must often ignore the book value of the property and actively combat the figures arrived at by means of reproduction value; substituting, in order to obtain a reasonably quick sale, a figure which is a judicious admixture of competitive prices obtaining in the vicinity, assessed valuation, and so on. This figure is not always, or even usually, pleasing to the owner, but such methods of figuring have, in the long run, proved singularly accurate.

It now becomes the business of the advertising department to place the property before the public. Besides the usual avenues of advertising billboards, newspapers, trade journals, leaflets, and so on, an elaborate booklet, including pictures, descriptions and suggestions as to ways of converting for other industries, is prepared for interested companies. These booklets include such selling facts

(Continued on Page 51)

Gramercy Park, 1905

NEW RETAIL MARKETS ARE WAITING

for merchants who realize that modern transportation is the key

THIS is the month when retail lines of business buy new delivery equipment. To such men we suggest a thought which may mean extra profit on any such investments:

You buy most other business equipment very definitely with *expansion* in mind. *Why not this?*

Your advertising is reaching through new miles of trading radius. Roads are bringing new thousands to your doors. Distances are shrinking.

But people are demanding more. Railroad-like delivery—or pick-up—schedules. Fine-looking modern equipment before their doors. Safe, quiet vehicles on their roads and streets. Courtesy in drivers and helpers that can't exist unless comfort and safety contribute to *their* contentment.

Here is a complete line of trucks—produced by the best ability and facilities intelligence can provide. These are *modern* trucks—built to give you command of time and distances, and modern economic conditions.

Don't accept our say-so, hear-say, or *anyone's* opinion. Take one of these trucks . . .

TEST IT. FIND OUT
at our expense

We furnish whatever available model, chassis or body, most closely meets your particular needs. Put it to work. Compare its performance—on time, costs, work-capacity—at your regular work, with what you now have. You incur no obligation or liability. You get a fact basis for investment in any truck. Accept.

PONTIAC-*powered* for light duty. A great engine made greater . . . 10% to 30% greater actual performance . . . Four wheel brakes . . . Stronger throughout . . . Longer, huskier chassis . . . 7 types of 3,800—8,000 lbs. Straight Rating capacities; chassis only, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, $625 to $1085

BUICK-*powered* for medium and heavier duty. More power and speed than you'll ever need . . . Vibrationless smoothness and flexibility . . . New work-capacity and work-speed . . . 33 types of 8,000—18,000 lbs. Straight Rating capacities; chassis, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, $1395 to $3315

and 2 types, **BIG BRUTE**-*powered* for the very heaviest duty; Straight Rating capacities, 28,000 lbs.; chassis, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, $4250—$4350.

BUICK *powered*

Truck shown, 8,000 lbs. STRAIGHT RATING capacity, chassis—f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan

$1395

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

GENERAL MOTORS · TRUCK COMPANY, Pontiac, Michigan

Nation-wide service and sales-representation: Factory Branches, Distributors, and Dealers, in 1,500 principal cities and towns
(Time payments financed through Y. M. A. C. plan, at lowest available rates)

ALWAYS INVESTIGATE WHAT GENERAL MOTORS HAS BEFORE YOU BUY

The Blum Store .. Philadelphia

GREATER SALES VOLUME—*the direct result*

of scientific store planning and fine equipment

Mrs. Shopper enters a store to buy only a pair of hose.

Returning from the hosiery department she *sees* an attractive display of pocketbooks. Seeing is selling. She makes an *unintentional* purchase as well as her *intentional* one.

Unintentional or incidental sales are the sales that INCREASE VOLUME. And they can result only from *scientific store planning, unusually good displays, and fine equipment.*

In planning and equipping so many of America's best known and highly successful stores, the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation has never failed to give the matter of increased volume prime consideration.

As an example of what the modern store should be, the Blum Store, Philadelphia, is outstanding. Mr. Maurice Specter, President, in commenting upon the part played by Grand Rapids in creating this beautiful store, says:

"The installation of our first floor equipment by your company has been the most admired store installation that has ever come to our attention. You have outdone yourself in creating a magnificent job and installing it in record time, and you have rendered us wonderful service."

Your store—no matter where, what size, or what kind, can be made more inviting, more modern, more beautiful, more efficient—can be made to increase your Sales Volume, through Grand Rapids planning and equipment. There are 60 Grand Rapids store planning engineers, backed by nearly 30 years' experience in all kinds of merchandising, who will help you.

Our latest book, "The New Way Method in Merchandising," will be sent to you upon request. Simply send us your name and address on your letterhead. There is no obligation.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Factories: Grand Rapids, Portland, Ore., Baltimore, New York City. Representatives everywhere. *Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment for department stores, ready-to-wear and specialty shops, haberdashery and men's clothing stores, drug, jewelry, shoe stores, etc.*

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

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as the land area, details of the buildings such as dimensions, ceiling heights, character, type of construction, synopsis of floor space, shipping—whether by water, rail or both—general condition, insurance rates, city facilities, data regarding labor conditions, freight and trucking conditions, housing, schools, and so on.

A factory having been analyzed, the price fixed, the advertising and circulars got out, it is then up to the salesmen to locate customers by following up inquiries which come in in answer to the advertising, by keeping in touch with industrial conditions and the migration of industries, by following up every lead which may put them in touch with prospects. When the salesman comes face to face with his client he must be fully informed on the details of what he has to sell, so that at a moment's notice he can produce blue prints, maps, engineer's reports and a full description of the plant. There have been cases where this information has been so complete and so accurate that factories have practically been bought on this basis with only a superficial inspection of the plant. And, with efficient systems of compiling and filing all information, it is practically never necessary to refer back to the owners except for the terms of sale.

Once the prospect has been met, it is the business of the salesman to ascertain his particular requirements and then to point out the advantages of this or that plant for his purpose. Often the prospect is a scout sent out by a large company to investigate possible plants; frequently these men are engineers, specialists in building construction, who see at a glance the availability or nonavailability of a certain building for their purpose, and it is then wise for the salesman to be discreetly silent, speaking only when spoken to, and allowing the expert to buy rather than endeavoring to sell him.

A big industry can build a city or sometimes it can break it, and its influence on real-estate values is incalculable. When a whole industry, including many companies, migrates from one part of the country to another, the effect of this migration on labor and property values is obvious; but even a single large plant can work great good or evil to a community. Detroit owes its existence as a large city to the automobile industry, and Detroit could be partly wiped out by the migration of that industry to another section. Detroit, with the advent of the motor industry, went from a population of 100,000 to 1,000,000 in ten years and annexed thousands of acres of land. On a proportionately smaller scale, smaller cities and towns are dependent upon lesser industries. It is, therefore, a wise town that picks its industries carefully, for on the prosperity and stability of these industries its very existence may depend. A forward-looking community will endeavor to attract diversified industries so as not to be completely dependent upon one; for if that one industry moves out or closes down, the town is in a precarious position indeed.

Another phase of the industrial problem is the selling, not of factories but of factory sites. One of the most interesting and largest expansions along these lines is the comparatively recent development of the Newark Meadows for factory sites.

In 1904 I was asked to undertake the selling of 3000 acres of the Newark Meadows to manufacturers and thus open it up as an industrial center. The Newark Meadows are a low-lying, swampy section of land traversed by two rivers, the Passaic and the Hackensack, which, through the ages, have deposited the silt which forms the greater portion of the surface of these meadows, never turned to any human purpose but the cutting of salt hay. Twenty-five years ago this was a dreary, neglected waste of land, practically valueless, traversed only by an occasional railroad streaking its way through the desolateness to a terminal on the west shore of the Hudson River; and here and there a chemical factory or a slaughterhouse, too obnoxious to be located near human habitations, belched forth its offensive fumes.

But one glance at the map of New York will reveal quite another angle of this situation. These meadows lie close to the heart of Manhattan, separated from its soaring skyscrapers and seething prosperity only by the breadth of the Hudson River. They front directly on one of the finest harbors in the world, with the largest ocean frontage as an outlet for innumerable trunk-line railroads, and the safest anchorage, and direct communication with the markets of the world. The meadows face New York, and back up to Newark and Jersey City, with their great labor markets.

Here, indeed, was a strategic position for industry—thousands of acres of land on the most marvelous harbor in the world, with, as their sole disadvantage, only the disapproval of the farmer.

When I considered these incomparable facts I felt like a rajah dispensing largess. To sell this land at the prices the owners were asking was like giving it away. One glance at the map of New York Harbor, I thought, and then the signature on the dotted line.

For all that, those first sales were not so easy to negotiate. Henry Ford was one of the first to see the advantages of this location, but even he was not sold in a minute. Finally the proximity to the greatest labor market in the East, the admirable shipping facilities, comprising not only New York Harbor itself but likewise Newark Bay and the Passaic River, through which waters channel vessels of deep draft can safely navigate, and the services of the Pennsylvania Railroad to its shippers outweighed all negative considerations, and Mr. Ford bought eighty-five acres of land with more than 1500 feet of frontage on the Passaic River and 2200 feet on the Lincoln Highway. This he used as a site for one of the largest assembling plants in this country.

The first customer is the hardest. The judgment of such a man as Ford acts as a magnet. Other industries were now more easily interested, though not too easily sold.

One after another, big industries have bought and developed sites in these Newark Meadows, until today we have there one of the largest industrial centers in the world. The meadows are now intersected by eight trunk-line railroads, by a rapid-transit system connecting New York with Newark, numerous trolley lines and busses.

The effect of the chain store on real-estate values is incalculable. It is the policy of the chain store to select the most advantageous sites, and their prosperity enables them to pay peak rentals for these locations.

Another way in which the chain store has increased property values is by establishing neighborhood shopping centers all over the city, whether the city be large or small. And yet this decentralization has not harmed the great shopping centers. I have noticed an increase upwards of 100 per cent on the retail chain-store thoroughfares in four of the five boroughs of Greater New York.

And, showing how far the ripples from such a cast may extend, we even have the value of industrial sites affected by the chain-store idea; for this system of selling has given the manufacturers of all articles sold through chain stores an outlet for their products infinitely greater than was open to them before; it has assured them of tremendously increased and continued sales, so that they have had to manufacture on a hitherto undreamed-of basis. Therefore, they have been forced to double and triple their factories, thus creating a greater demand for factory sites and consequently an increase in the value of such land.

Frequently the chain stores have been sufficiently progressive to profit by the increased values in real estate which they themselves have created. Several chain-store concerns receive larger profits from their real-estate holdings, by selling at the increased valuation, than from the operation of their businesses. This, however, though a highly profitable procedure, is likewise somewhat precarious. It requires the employment by the chain of real-estate experts, is a highly technical phase of the business, demands continual watching, and is only successful when the chain runs a separate real-estate department.

The chains do not care to pioneer, but prefer to pay the highest rentals for the

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WEAK LINKS

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would not waste hour after hour; he would demand that the expended hours paid him some return upon their passage. But what return? Who was he seeing? Were there visitors at night of whom the Black Horse Cavalry was unaware? Was he endeavoring to form some sort of combination against them? Was he this and was he that? But no man could speak up and say that Hiram did one thing other than sit in his chair and glower at the passing life of the city.

Four days passed and Martial Wade mounted the steps of the hotel. He came in person because he required to see in person this phenomenon which had become so portentous. Hiram seemed to brood over the capitol, and Martial Wade must know why he brooded. He approached Hiram's chair.

"Mr. Bond?" he asked pleasantly.

"My name," said Hiram.

"Mine is Wade," said Martial. "I'm a member of the legislature. I heard you were in the city and figgered I might's well call and git acquainted—you bein' a prominent business man with interests all over the state."

"Why?" asked Hiram succinctly.

"Have you a room here, Mr. Bond?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps it 'ud be a good idee if we did our talkin' there."

"Got something private to say?" asked Hiram.

"No need to talk before the whole town," said Wade.

"The town can hear all I've got to say," said Hiram.

Martial Wade, combing his gingery whiskers uneasily with long thin fingers, seated himself in the chair next to Hiram's. "You didn't come to town for nothing," he suggested.

Hiram grunted.

"It is about the river bill, ain't it?" asked Wade. "You folks want that bill reported out. Kind of important to ye, ain't it?"

"If we didn't want it we wouldn't have asked for it," said Hiram. "If we hadn't meant to get it we wouldn't have bothered to put it in."

"It ought not to be difficult," said Martial.

"Glad to hear it," said Hiram.

"I guess likely we understand things, then?"

"I do," said Hiram.

"Eh?" The monosyllable was jarred from Mr. Wade by the impact of Hiram's voice.

"The bill," said Hiram, "should pass. It is an honest business measure and will benefit a portion of the state." He took his watch from his pocket. "It is eleven o'clock," he said, "and the day is Thursday. Have that bill reported out before eleven o'clock on Monday."

"It can be arranged," said Wade.

"Without arrangement," said Hiram, and suddenly he stood erect, towering with his six feet and four inches far above the slight, stooping figure of the legislator. "Without arrangement." He raised his voice so that it sounded across the square. "I pay no bribes, Wade. I corrupt no legislatures. Before eleven on Monday."

"Hush," Wade said apprehensively.

Hiram's great brows lowered in a scowl and his jowled jaw thrust forward. "Why?" he demanded. "A bribe is what you're here for, isn't it? Everybody knows it. Why hush about it?"

"You can't bully me!" Wade said. "We've done business with men as smart as you be."

"You've never done business with me," said Hiram.

"Supposin'," asked Wade ironically, "this here bill ain't reported out the time you say? What'll you do about it?"

"Sit here until it is," said Hiram.

"Then," said Wade, "you better git a double seat put in your pants."

Hiram sat down, turned his face to the square across the street and made no reply. Martial Wade opened his mouth once or twice but could not seem to find the right words.

He stood uncertainly while one might have counted ten very slowly, and then went away. Spectators would have said that Hiram was not aware of his departure.

But though Wade and the Black Horse Cavalry had never met a man of Hiram Bond's exact mold and method, they had met and dealt with many men and many powers in a manner satisfactory to them. In the legislature they represented a solid bloc, large enough and powerful enough and unscrupulous enough to manipulate the functions of that body according to the dictates of their economy. While Hiram annoyed them and gave them cause for dubiety if not actual apprehension, Mr. Wade felt his position to be secure and his forces invincible.

"Who's this here Bond, anyhow?" he demanded oratorically. "Nothin' but a youngster. Thirty-four, thirty-five year old! Got him a kind of a reputation down Carthage way for tramplin' and bustin' his way over and through folks. Guess we'll let him set."

"But," objected a follower, "he acts kind of like a man with suthin up his sleeve."

"I looked up both of 'em," said Martial, "and there wan't nothin' there. No, sir-ree, bob! He'll be let to set and wait till he sees light. What kin he do?"

"We got some perty strong folks behind us," said another legislator. "Folks we done favors for, like the railroads and sich. Cal-late they're satisfied with things as they be. Mebby we're expensive, but they'd rather have it that way and allus know jest where they be."

"If anybody's thinkin' this here Bond kin start trouble like an investigation or suthin, why, they better think agin," said Martial. "I figger that river bill's wuth about five thousand to us boys, and times is dull."

The time was three o'clock of a Thursday afternoon. At three-twenty-two to be exact, a telegram was delivered to Representative Price which formed wrinkles in his normally smooth brow. Mr. Price was a member of the committee which held Hiram Bond's bill in its keeping. It was a lengthy telegram from his wife, who seemed to be in a state of agitation, and urged his immediate appearance in his home town.

"Perty kittle of fish," he said, showing the wire to Martial Wade. "You know that new house I was buildin'?"

"Spreadin' yourself, wan't ye?"

"Kind of. Figgered I had the best lot in town, and paid money for it too. And my

house is up to the shingles. Now here comes some concern and gits holt of the corner lot next I was figgerin' to buy and they're a-goin' to put up a woodworkin' plant there. Build right square out to the street, and buzz saws and planers and what not makin' a racket all day long. Ruin my house before I git it built."

"Ain't you got the pull to stop it?" asked Martial.

"Times hain't so good," said Price dolefully. "Men out of work, so the common council grants a buildin' permit because this here mill'll employ nigh onto fifty men."

"Who's in this company?" asked Martial.

"Dunno," said Mr. Price, "but I better put for home and see what kin be done."

"Guess we kin git along without ye for a day or so," said Mr. Wade.

Upon the heels of this a messenger came in search of Legislator Tibbits who was wanted on the long-distance telephone. Mr. Tibbits resided in Rome, a small city adjacent to Carthage, where the Worthington Mills were located. He found himself wanted by his bankers.

Mr. Tibbits was in the grocery business in a largish way, and recently had been expanding. He had erected a new and modern store building on an excellent corner, and his bank had extended his credit by an additional sum of ten thousand dollars. Now, it seemed, there had arrived a sudden stringency, and the bank was calling his notes. Profitable as the legislative business had been, Mr. Tibbits was in no condition to meet such a demand; and if the bank persisted in its call his grocery business, promising as it was, must go to the wall. Therefore Mr. Tibbits was scarcely his urbane self when he rushed to inform Martial Wade of the facts and to catch the night train for home. Mr. Tibbits also was a member of the committee.

Just before the supper hour Representative Jenkins from Carthage mounted the steps of the Downs Hotel and walked to the chair where Hiram Bond sat, patient and motionless, watching the meager life of the capital as it passed to and fro before his deep-set eyes. The representative did not envy himself. In the first place he liked to be a representative; in the second place he was a person who delighted to appear important. And now he was coming to confess utter helplessness to the one man who, if ill disposed to him, could do more than any other to retire him to private life.

"Mr. Bond," he said—and not so long ago he had been accustomed to use the more familiar Hiram—"things look bad."

"Do they?" asked Hiram.

"I'm doin' my best to git that bill out of committee, but I'm up agin a stone wall."

"Then," said Hiram, "why waste breath?"

"Even," said Mr. Jenkins, "if I could git it out of committee I wouldn't be able to do anythin' more. You can't git a bill through this legislature without Martial Wade's say-so. And there's only one way of gittin' that."

"Then you suggest?" asked Hiram ominously.

"I ain't suggestin'," said Jenkins hastily, "I'm jest sayin'."

Hiram unbent a trifle. Jenkins, he knew, was a well-meaning man who had retained his honesty where stronger and abler men had become venal. And Hiram was not, in spite of his habitual air of grimness, without a certain ameliorating tinge of kindliness. He saw the unpleasantness of Jenkins' predicament and appreciated the man's worries.

"Jenkins," he said with an approach to a smile, "just go along and mind your business. I'm holding nothing against you." He sat back and seemed to forget Jenkins presence, but presently his eyes fixed themselves upon the man again and the brows bent in a frown. "They'll be asking you questions, Jenkins. Tell them nothing."

"I dunno's I know anything to tell 'em," said Jenkins.

"Sometimes," said Hiram, "that is an advantage."

That evening, for he was lonely in spite of his outward attitude of self-sufficiency, he wrote briefly to Bessie, his wife. It was a curt letter, for never so long as he lived did he find himself able to express himself to her either with the pen or by word of mouth. It was a curious inhibition, and he was only dimly aware of it. He could not tell her that he missed her; he could not tell her how necessary her presence was to his well-being. It is doubtful if he realized it himself, for he fancied himself to be self-sufficient. And so his nature denied to her the joy she would have derived from just a hint, just a word, that conveyed to her his need of her or told her that she occupied a position in his life which enabled her to give to him as she longed to give. Her life was only a long giving, a silent, restrained worship. He was her earth and her heaven, and she had no thought beyond or beside him.

And yet she was denied the one slight thing which would have filled her day with bliss—the knowledge that he was aware of her and needed her.

But he could, strangely enough, express himself to Professor Witmer, the one instructor in Harvard who had made an impression upon Hiram during his turbulent and brief career in the university. He wrote:

I am in the capital and I am lonely. I do not know that I am an honest man according to the copy books, but I find myself among creatures so ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder that I am conscious of something which approaches a glow of virtue. To appreciate the society of the contemptible one must be contemptible oneself. Oddly enough, I find myself longing for the presence of my wife. As you know, I married her without love because I felt the need for a wife, but I confess she has assumed an importance for which I cannot account. She is sweet and effacing and demands little—which, I fear, is all I have to give her. Yet I wish she were here.

What this country needs most, it seems to me, is a conscience in public affairs. We tolerate corruption with a sort of humorous toleration. We expect our public servants to feather their nests, and the very name of politician is synonymous with rascal. Probably this is some queer, rudimentary expression of democracy—and as you know I am no democrat. I believe the strong should rule. But I feel this venality is a passing phase; never to die utterly, but to be restrained within certain bounds as men appreciate the greatness of this nation and the responsibilities which rest upon them to see to it that the nation realizes its majestic possibilities. We are, I believe, upon the threshold of something tremendous.

So it will be seen he could express himself to Professor Witmer; indeed, that he felt the necessity of self-revelation and self-explanation. It is fortunate for those of us who study his life that this correspondence was preserved.

It was on Friday morning that Jason Fox, a third member of the committee, searched out Martial Wade with trouble to recount.

"Martial," he said, "seems like I got to go to Bridgeton."

"Need you here," Martial said.

"You know I got to be state treasurer of the United Freemen just short of a year ago. The salary's good and the pickin's is better. I never 'ud 'a' got the job if old Tom Perrin hadn't resigned. He could 'a' had it for life. Well, I got a letter this morning sayin' Tom's dissatisfied about somethin' and is goin' to run agin me the next meetin'. I got to look into it."

Martial squinted his eyes and puckered his lips. "Lemme see, you're the third member of the committee that's had bad luck all in two days. I wouldn't think nothin' of one; two might be a coincidence, but when it runs to three it needs lookin' into. You scamper along, Jason, and make a p'int of findin' out who stirred up Tom Perrin to go agin you. And when you find out don't stand around, but telegraph."

"It'll take a majority of the committee away," Jason said, "but I'll git back as quick as I kin."

"You better," said Martial snappishly.

He had not exalted himself to his position of consequence in the state legislature without the exercise of a certain adroit intelligence. Nor had he held that position against all comers without a certain foresight and an ability to distinguish cause from effect. Therefore the events of the past twenty-four hours gave him ample food for reflection, and that reflection led him naturally and directly to the ponderous figure sitting grimly in a chair on the porch of the Downs Hotel. It led him farther. He realized that the power he possessed depended upon the adherence of lesser men; it was a power which would crumble if those men lost faith in him as to his ability to benefit them, but most of all, to protect them. And three of them were threatened with misfortune. If he could avert these catastrophes, his position would be made stronger; if he could not avert them, and it were made apparent to the sufferers that their ills were a result of Martial's maneuvers, he would be in a bad way.

But he had nothing definite to go on. It was one thing to guess that Hiram Bond was concerned, and another to make certain of it. If Bond were not a moving cause in the affairs of the three committeemen it would be a grave error in tactics to approach the man. Therefore Martial Wade was in a quandary. It is true Hiram Bond never had intervened in politics. He was a young man and inexperienced in such matters. Since coming to the capital Hiram had pulled no wires and exerted no influence. He merely had sat in a chair for all the world to see. Which, in itself, was disquieting. Martial was sapient enough to realize that Hiram was not a man to waste time. Nor did he fancy Hiram a man to make himself absurd by issuing an ultimatum that the river bill must be reported out on a certain day and before a certain hour unless he was prepared to back his words with action.

Martial, therefore, looked matters squarely in the eye. It might, in certain events, be necessary to report the bill out of committee. But what then? Trickery was Wade's stock in trade, the food upon which he thrived, the weapon which never had failed him. Consequently should it be necessary to surrender in the matter of the committee, could not that surrender—that apparent retreat—be made a portion of a larger strategy looking to the defeat of the enemy? Before the river bill could become a law it must pass the legislature and be approved by the gubernatorial signature. But first Martial must be certain of his ground; so he waited.

Confirmation came by wire; first from Mr. Price, whose telegram contained the information that Worthington money was interested in the new woodworking plant adjacent to his home. More confirmation arrived from Tibbits, who had received a hint from the cashier of his bank that Worthington was a large and influential depositor in that institution. It was enough. Martial did not await word from Jason Fox but walked the length of the avenue to the Downs Hotel.

"Good evening, Mr. Bond," he said.

Hiram nodded and maintained a heavy silence.

"I got to take off my hat to you," Martial said in his oily way. "You come down here nothin' but an amateur and you show us professionals a new trick."

"I am not a trickster," said Hiram harshly.

"A majority of the committee agree that you're a practical politician," said Martial.

"I'm no politician," said Hiram.

"Anyhow," Martial said placatingly, "I'm ready to deal."

"Deal? Have I asked you to deal?"

"You want your bill reported out, don't you?"

"It will be reported out," said Hiram.

"Not without my say-so," said Martial.

"You'll give your say-so," said Hiram.

"If you'll ease off on those three men it'll be reported out Monday."

"I make no deals," said Hiram. "Report it out or leave it in."

"You've got to be fair with the boys," Martial said uneasily.

"Where I come from," said Hiram, "people have to be square to each other. Let the boys be fair with me first."

"I guess I've got to take you on trust," said Martial. "The bill will come out of committee Monday morning."

Hiram grunted.

"So I'll wire the boys you said not to worry," suggested Mr. Wade.

"You wire the boys they'd better worry like blazes," said Hiram. Then he half turned in his chair. "I don't take a shotgun to kill flies. But I own a shotgun."

This carried an unpleasant sound.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Bond?"

"I mean," said Hiram, "that I can see through to your backbone. You've got to save the bacon of these underlings of yours, who seem to have gotten into trouble, because if anything happens to them you lose them. So you come around here with the idea you can bamboozle me. Me!" He shrugged his great shoulders with disgust. "Of course you'll report my bill out of committee. And pat yourself on the narrow shoulders and think you've fooled me. Why, Wade, from the moment those telegrams were delivered to you I sat inside your crooked little mind listening to it tick!"

"Telegrams? What telegrams?"

"And you," said Hiram wearily, "are what a democracy permits to rule it! Do you think I wouldn't know when those men wired and when the wires were delivered? I make it my business to know what I need to know."

Martial looked at the grim eyes beneath their shaggy eyebrows, at the splendid arch of brow above them, at the jowled jaw and the spread of shoulders and the gigantic body, and suddenly was impressed as he never had been impressed by any other personality. A sense of inadequacy assailed him, and a perception of inferiority. It seemed to him he was not in opposition to a man but to a tremendous force, and suddenly he was afraid.

"A bill is not a law," said Hiram, "until it has passed the legislature and been signed by the governor. Naturally I was aware of that. The governor is ready to sign."

Martial Wade showed his pointed teeth in a grin which made him somehow blood kin to the rodent, and, ratlike, he fought in his corner. Whatever of diplomacy or adroitness he possessed departed from him and left him as his real nature desired him to be.

"I say what bills pass the house," he said nastily.

"A point I didn't miss," said Hiram. "So we are just where we started. A bill out of committee is no good to me. What I need is a passed and signed bill. So this little flourish of yours is wasted."

"You can't thimblerig a majority of this legislature like you have Price and Tibbits and Fox. Let them take their medicine. I've got enough left. Try to get your bill passed."

"I don't need to thimblerig a majority," said Hiram. "I didn't need to in the first place—except as an object lesson useful in the future. I may want other bills to be passed, and I want men to remember. It will be useful to me to have little men know they mustn't clog the road. No, Wade, all I need is to thimblerig one more member of this legislature, and one isn't so many."

"What can you do with one more?" Wade sneered.

"I'll pick the right one," said Hiram.

"I'm the only right one," Wade defied.

"It was you I had in mind," said Hiram.

"You can't get me. Nobody's got anything on me."

Hiram leaned forward and spoke slowly. "The man doesn't live who is invulnerable. Because you are a boodler and a crook you are more vulnerable than any. Go over your list, Wade, and think of your weak spots. I know a dozen of them." He paused suddenly and then spoke again with lifted voice. "Look at me!" he commanded.

Martial looked and did not relish what he saw.

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THINK

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"When I make a promise I keep it," said Hiram. "I am making you a promise now. If my bill is not reported out Monday; if it is not passed as quickly as your rules will permit, and signed, I will not content myself with any immediate unpleasantness such as Tibbits and Fox and Price will suffer. I will smash you. And if you lift your head I will smash you again. Tomorrow and next week and next year and in ten years."

"You got nothin' on me. Nobody's got anything on me," said Martial Wade defiantly.

Hiram lifted his great shoulders. "I talk to you as I do because the rest of them are not like you. They are run of mine. Little men who might have been honest if they hadn't come in contact with easy money. But you, Wade, will always look for crooked money. So I tell you, I will smash you." He paused, and his face set into an expression which some might have mistaken for heavy dullness. "I haven't time to clean up legislatures unless they get in my way."

It was clear he was thinking of the moral and civic aspects of the case and contemplating his possible duties as a citizen of the commonwealth; but abstract morals and abstract civics he saved for his less active hours. Already was growing upon him that disdain for mankind which was so noticeable—and lamentable—a feature of his later years. Nor was he an honest man according to the strictest Christian standards. He believed in honorable dealing because it was efficient; he stamped out dishonesty only when it interfered with the progress of his plans. Yet there must have been times, such as the present moment, when something of the urge and fire of the reformer burned in his veins.

Again he shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Let us to our muttons," and turned his eyes upon Martial Wade. "Because you are congenitally dishonest," he said, "you will always be vulnerable. I can, in your phrase, get something on you whenever I care to search for it. Thoroughness is a virtue, and in your case I have been thorough. I am told you are fond of your son."

"My son!" Wade was startled now.

Hiram went on inexorably. "Not a bad boy; rather a decent boy, but I could have him expelled from the university. You would do much to prevent that. Your wife has social ambitions which you share. Little social ambitions in a little, gossiping, backbiting city. Her brother's accounts as treasurer of the street-railway company are irregular. I advise you to make good and send him to Oregon. It can be done privately. You see, Wade, I look after the details."

"I don't believe it. It's not true."

"You believe it because I tell it to you," said Hiram. "And now to yourself. I could buy you, but you wouldn't stay bought. I could compel you with one of these little side issues, but that would be temporary. So I abolish you as a nuisance to me"—he thwacked his great fist upon the arm of the chair and glowered—"by putting the fear of God into you and keeping it there."

Martial Wade gulped; he opened his mouth as a stranded fish does and closed it again, for he was bewildered and could not see to what destination he was being led.

"I've got you here, Wade," said Hiram, opening and shutting his hand. "I had only to look to find a way to handle Price and Tibbits and Jones. I looked a little deeper in your case and found more. If necessary I can tell you what you had for dinner last Monday."

Wade contrived to speak. "What—what are you getting at?"

"There's the point," said Hiram with a heavy smile, which nevertheless was sardonic. "I'm not going to tell you. But I'm ready. Tomorrow or in ten years. Always ready. And tomorrow or in ten years you'll be afraid of me as you are today. Spend your spare time guessing what I know. I'll keep you straight." He paused and leaned back in his chair. "Now fish or cut bait. Does the river bill pass?"

"I—I——" Martial Wade floundered. He was afraid. Somehow he was more afraid of the man who sat at his side than he was of any information he might possess or any hold he might have gotten. Hiram Bond's inexorability frightened him. Here was a man who would never relent, a man who traveled irresistibly in a straight line crushing whatever impeded his progress. Adroit as he was, and wily, his perceptions were keen enough to teach him that Hiram was driven by something more powerful then mere motives of business or gain; that the dynamo had its foundations upon an ideal, and that the success toward which he aimed could not be measured in dollars and cents. A dangerous man to defy! A man who would journey far to lofty destinations! A man he might not have as a friend but one he dared not convert into an enemy.

He fought for composure and attained to some measure of it, and then he uttered the first words of wisdom which had come from his lips throughout the transaction.

"You git your bill," he said. "But it hain't because you got a holt over me. It hain't that. It's you. I hain't so awful afraid of holts, but I am afraid of you, Mr. Bond. And I ain't ashamed of it. You can go back to Carthage. Your bill gets passed."

Hiram grunted. Then his eyes relaxed a trifle as he said, "My satchel has gone to the depot. I planned to take this train."

A buggy stopped before the hotel and Hiram walked to its step without a word of good-by; but before he settled in the seat he turned his broad face with its heavy jowls and beetling brows toward the man who stood staring on the stoop above. "Don't forget me, Wade," he said.

Wade expelled a breath. "I ain't apt to," he said to himself. And then presently, "What a man!"

Hiram Bond was at his desk when Amasa Worthington arrived at the mill next morning.

"Ah, Hiram, so you have returned. And what success did you meet with?"

"The bill will pass," said Hiram succinctly.

"Without resort to bribery?"

"Without bribery," said Hiram.

"Indeed! Indeed! And how did you accomplish it, my boy? I would have deemed it impossible."

"Every chain," said Hiram, "has its weak links. I looked for them. There's at least one act in every man's life he fears will come to light.

"For the most part, sir, I just sat and let them speculate. An apprehensive man is easy to deal with."

"Ah—precisely," said Mr. Worthington, who did not understand at all but whose dignity would not permit him to admit it—a fact with which Hiram was acquainted and which was useful to him. "Ah—exactly. I congratulate you. You were not, I trust, lonely away from your wife and family?"

Hiram did not answer that question at once; indeed he never answered it directly. His mind was grappling with a problem. Why was it he had been so lonely? Why was it he had missed Bessie so poignantly? It was illogical. He did not love her. Why, then, should her presence be necessary to his peace?

"We never know," he said, "why we are lonely. It seems to me, sir, that we know very little of anything. . . . With your approval I shall close the purchase of the Morton timber."

"Do so," said Amasa P. Worthington, in his impressive, almost pompous way. "It has my approval."

"Thank you, sir," said Hiram Bond.

BERSERK

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"Something better than good news," said Thurlow, sitting. "I've got half a million for you, this time. Phil Huddleston'll let go of that tract of his for eighty-seven and a half and take a mortgage for all over sixty. That gives us the whole piece, from City Line Avenue clear out to the pond, but we've got to be darned sudden about it. I got a three-day option out of Huddleston, but you know he wears his mouth unbuttoned and if Walter Jung finds out we're after the Huddleston tract he'll change his mind in a minute about letting go of his acreage at any such figure as he's been asking. We've got to close with Jung this morning or take a long chance of spoiling the whole deal."

Doolittle, sobering a little, still exhibited the aspect which Thurlow Dill had learned to recognize as the buyer's face. Faint, pleasurable shiverings tingled at Thurlow's wrists and knuckles, the buck ague that warned him of impending crisis.

As he focused his faculties intently on the task of beating down the crumbling remnants of Doolittle's sales resistance, Thurlow Dill was aware, in a far background of his brain, of a penitent and kindly thought of Uncle Elbert. It wasn't really Thurlow Dill who was about to coerce Doolittle's submissive fountain pen to the dotted line, but a proxy Uncle Elbert. Except for Uncle Elbert's sagacity and patience and affection, Thurlow Dill would probably be trying, this moment, to hick somebody bigger and more gladly pugnacious than Mike McSweeney. All that Thurlow Dill was, all that, vehemently, he hoped to be, he owed to Uncle Elbert.

He became suddenly aware of his voice, summing up the cogent reasons for swift decision; he seemed to hear it as it would have sounded to Uncle Elbert's ear; he could almost believe that Uncle Elbert was present, shaking his head, wearing that April look of gladness thinly overcast by pained regret.

It was the voice of the old Thurlow Dill that spoke, the self-same voice which had advised Mike McSweeney to keep his health while he still had it, a voice utterly stranger to goodwill. It used words as innocent of kindliness as its rasping bite.

"This town's lousy with burglars who'd boil a baby for the tallow," this voice was saying. "And you know just how long a skate like Walter Jung would stand by an oral promise if he saw a chance to make a nickel by breaking it. If we don't get this nailed down today——"

He stopped. It was almost as if Uncle Elbert's gently reproving hand had been placed against his mouth. Doolittle regarded him with eyes vaguely filmed and glassy. His hand lay on his blotter within an inch of the green-handled pen. Thurlow Dill drew in a deep breath. There was still time to undo the damage of that false step; he hadn't yet alienated Doolittle's respect and confidence by talking like a sulky thug. The smile refitted itself to his mouth.

"Of course, I didn't mean that," he said. "They don't come any straighter than Walt Jung, and his word's as good as his bond, any day."

Doolittle's face did not brighten. Indeed, with a sense of panic, Thurlow Dill detected in it the unmistakable diminution of that buying look. It came home to him that Walter Jung was in some attenuated fashion, Doolittle's kinsman. And on the heel of this recollection trod another; it was no commonplace blood tie that linked them. They shared cousinship with J. Clifford Osterbeck himself!

Too easy, now, to interpret that ebbing of the buyer's look! Thurlow Dill called desperately upon invention to snatch a lost cause from disaster's closing teeth. Only an Uncle Elbert could have coped, he thought, with catastrophe like this. The magic of association fell upon his mind: Uncle Elbert . . . goodwill . . . kind words about a man behind his back . . . J. Clifford Oster—a flash-light flare exploded blindingly in Thurlow's brain.

"I've got it!" He struck his thigh. With such a shout must Archimedes have risen from his bathtub in old Syracuse. "I've got it!"

Question dawned in Doolittle's eye. The decomposition of the buying look was at least arrested.

"Got what?"

"The name! The name that's going to sell those lots so fast we'll get writer's cramp signing the deeds! Wow! Just——"

"What's the matter with Binchester Heights Manor Park Gardens Estates?" demanded Doolittle. "If I went into a scheme like this at all, that's what I'd call it."

Thurlow Dill refused to heed the ominous, forbidding "if." He flung out a dismissing hand at the name which, minutes ago, had seemed the ultimate achievement in nomenclature.

"There's only one name for this subdivision," he declared. "What's the use of fooling with a gang of words that don't carry, altogether, one per cent of the selling punch we get can get with just one? Manors and parks and gardens and estates are all right, but we can crowd everything they stand for and a whole lot more into one word, a word that'll say, at a glance, to anybody that's ever thought of building a home, that here's the place to build it, a word that stands for success and wealth and social position, a word that guarantees solid value and a square deal and——"

"Well," interjected Doolittle, with more than a hint of fretfulness, "shoot, will you? Boil it down, for Pete's sake. This is Saturday."

"We're going to call this subdivision," said Thurlow Dill, solemnly radiant, "we're going to call it"—his uplifted hand scribed the word in signboard capitals—"OSTERBECK!"

He beat earnestly on metal which should have glowed in acquiescent malleability.

"Just think what it'll mean! We'll have to get his permission, but my uncle and you certainly ought to be able to do that. I think he might even take it as—as a sort of compliment, and it is. If any subdivision's fit to be named after J. Clifford Osterbeck this one is, and just see what a name like that would do toward making people crazy to buy there! It—it says it all! We won't have to put anything else into our ads! Here——" He placed the contract compellingly before Doolittle's hand, proffered the jade-handled fountain pen. "Sign it, and let me beat it out of here and sew up Jung before——"

Doolittle shook his head.

"I'm not going to be strong-armed into a deal as big as this," he said. "It's a lot of money to tie up, and I'm going to think it over a whole lot before I decide."

His hand arrested Thurlow Dill on the threshold of fervent oration.

"And I'm going to do my thinking without trying to listen at the same time to any hurray-boys ballyhoo, Dill. Never mind striking up the band again. I've heard enough. I'll think this over and let you know; and if that isn't good enough, why, you know what to do about it."

Thurlow Dill knew better than to persist. High-pressure salesmanship upon a prospect in Doolittle's present humor would only throw away whatever chance there might remain of putting through the deal. He made a brave show of retreating in good order from the field of deserved defeat; Uncle Elbert could have accepted

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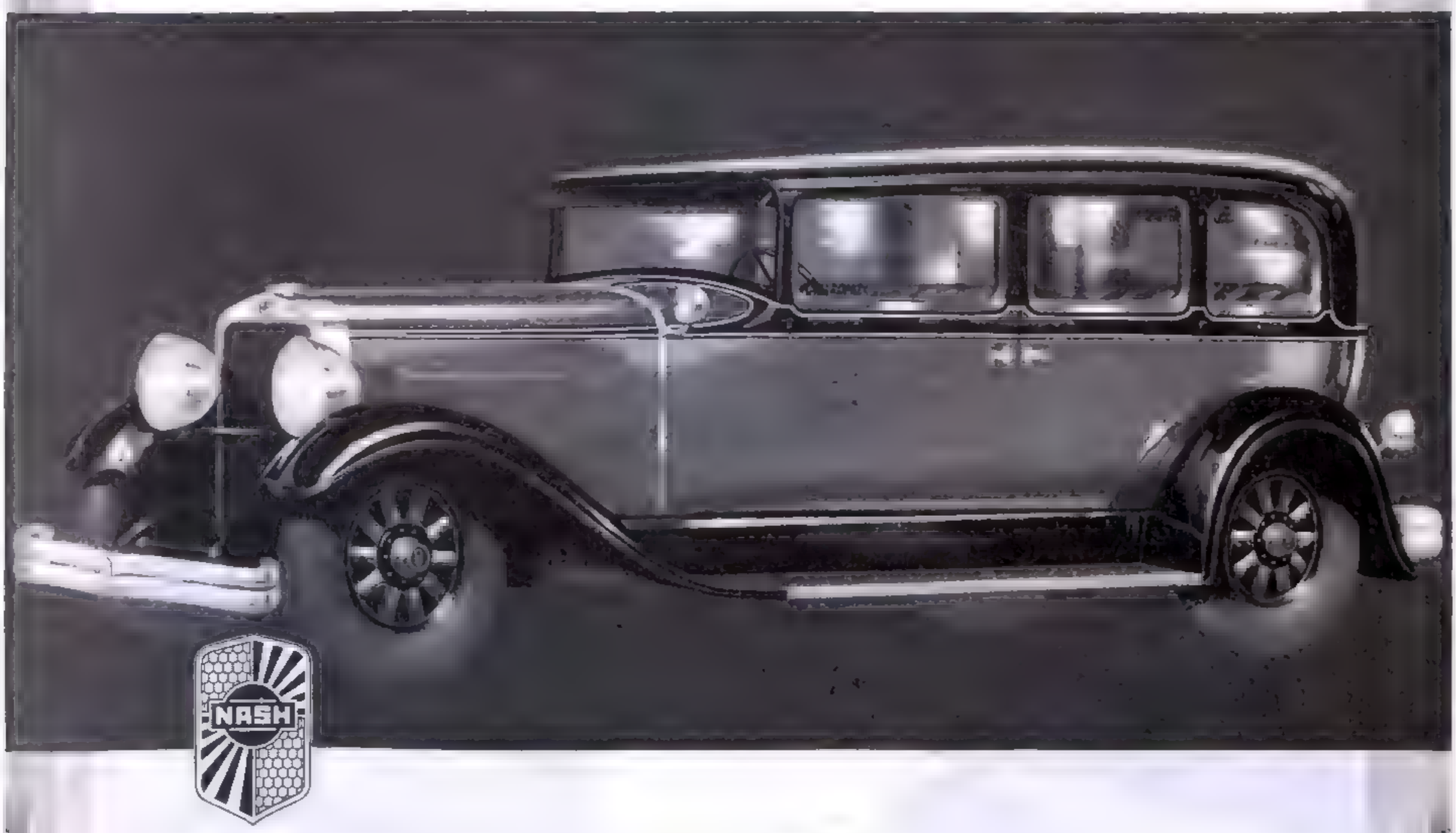
THE CAR WITH THE TWIN IGNITION MOTOR



WE SUPPOSE there isn't anyone interested in motoring in America today who doesn't know that the Nash "400" is the car with the Twin-Ignition motor.

But do you know just what that means, in terms of performance and motoring satisfaction?

There is more to it than simply two spark plugs per cylinder, instead of the customary single plug.

The two spark plugs fire simultaneously—double the fire produced by one plug. Combustion is quicker, smoother, more thorough. This makes possible and practical a much higher compression.

And the result in engineering figures, is that the same Nash motor with Twin Ignition, instead of single ignition, produces 22% more power, 5 more miles per hour top speed and 2 extra miles from every single gallon of gasoline you buy.

It is a new experience for experienced motorists to drive this Twin-Ignition-motored motor car. Words are really inadequate to give you an understanding of the smooth, quiet, responsive rhythm of this new type of power—of the strength, vigor and decision in Twin-Ignition getaway—of the instantaneous, unhesitating change of pace from one road speed to a higher one.

Therefore, don't let anything prevent you from driving and knowing the Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400", *before you buy your new car.*

(924)

NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Comfort, too!

Mental comfort. You know for sure that you can travel a soft seed bed without harmful packing, without wasteful slip. Wide tracks under you to ride over sand and dust, to bridge the soft spots, to grip on the slopes.

Physical comfort in the big "Caterpillar" seat. Soft cushions, deep springs, well-balanced design. For driving comfort is a big factor in hurried harvest days. Out on the road job too, or traveling 'cross country, or up in the woods.

What a comfortable feeling when a dependable engine is purring contentedly and everything is set for a day of profitable, comfortable work!

Caterpillar Tractor Co.

Executive Offices:
SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA
Sales Offices: Peoria, Illinois
50 Church St., New York
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Holt Combined Harvesters
Russell Road Machinery
"Caterpillar" Tractors

Prices f. o. b. Peoria, Illinois

TEN	$1125
FIFTEEN	1500
TWENTY	1975
THIRTY	2475
SIXTY	4300

CATERPILLAR
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TRACTOR

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rebuff with no more dauntless cheerfulness of visage; even Uncle Elbert might have retired without that deft, final reference to Mr. Osterbeck which Thurlow Dill contrived to leave behind him.

In the corridor, however, and in the ripening sun of River Street, Thurlow Dill forwent the vain endeavor to deceive himself. He'd lost his golden chance; he'd richly deserved to lose it. That unguarded lapse into his old, evil habit had made Doolittle draw back in the very act of reaching for the green pen. Just forgetting, for twenty seconds, Uncle Elbert's teaching, had cost Thurlow Dill the commissions from Jung and Huddleston, the profit and prestige of managing the resale of their conjoined acreage in high-priced homesite front footage. He could see the dimming gleam of gold as it was withdrawn from the fingers that had all but seized it. And, wider and deeper than ever, the gulf that separated him from Edna reopened at his feet.

It was across this chasm, rather than the little width of River Street, that Thurlow Dill beheld and knew the unmistakable blue runabout parked in front of Uncle Elbert's office; remote and unattainable he saw the lift and waggle of a sunburned arm, the innocently beckoning flash of smile. The asphalt upon which he walked toward her was unreal, a malicious illusion, no more. He knew that instead of coming nearer he was, with every step, less near her than before.

"Yay," said Edna. "Climb in and we'll go out to the club for lunch and get first pick of the courts."

The lump in Thurlow's throat subsided, but the pain of it remained. The prospect smiled upon him all the more compellingly for the lowering storm clouds beyond it, and these, by the same force of contrast, were more blackly sinister than ever.

"You talked me into it," he said, with spurious levity. "Wait till I duck inside and square myself with Uncle Elbert and we're on the way."

"Make it snappy," said Edna. "There'll be a mob out there a day like this."

Thurlow made it snappy. It required only an affair of seconds to sign the letters on his desk. In the act of blithe departure he was halted by a hail from Uncle Elbert and his conscience indicted him on two counts: It was ungrateful and curmudgeonly to resent that cheerful summons as he found himself resenting it; to accept its affectionate approval, after this morning's costly crime, was to profit by false pretenses. He stood in Uncle Elbert's doorway, however, concealing both his guilt and his impatience.

"Guess," said Uncle Elbert gladly, "who just called you up!"

Thurlow shook his head. He had learned the uselessness of hoping for brevity when Uncle Elbert had good news.

"You're invited," said Uncle Elbert, affecting to speak carelessly, "to play golf, at two-thirty sharp, with a man by the name of"—he pretended to refresh his memory by referring to his telephone pad—"of J. Clifford Osterbeck."

The phenomenon of split personality was not strange to Thurlow Dill, but he experienced it now in a new variation. Both hostile halves of his divided spirit were stricken by the same paralyzing amaze. J. Clifford Osterbeck had condescended to be aware of his existence on several occasions, had even addressed him, once or twice, by name, but nothing in the record explained this miracle. One-half of Thurlow Dill was dumbly overawed and disbelieving; the other, as blankly astounded, hated J. Clifford Osterbeck with a slow fire of fury.

"I—I was going to play tennis with Edna," he heard himself saying in the voice of one who speaks through a fog of sleep. "She's waiting for me, out front, right now."

Uncle Elbert smiled. "It's lucky it was Edna," he said. "She'll be glad to excuse you." He looked supremely sage. "I shouldn't wonder if she had a hand in it, Thurlow. I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Osterbeck had heard a few things about you from her. You couldn't have showed any better judgment in—in choosing your friends."

Thurlow Dill contained a stupid yearning to refute the innuendo. Even his better nature resented the suggestion that his feeling about Edna Finch owed anything to her kinship with anybody. For an instant, too, he entertained the fantastic notion of calling up J. Clifford Osterbeck and explaining that a prior commitment would prevent that game of golf; this madness, to be sure, was very brief; the baser self admitted that there wasn't any way out of it.

Uncle Elbert, rising, laid on the undeserving shoulder a hand of pride and benison.

"Good work, Thurlow." He sobered ever so slightly. "I don't need to tell you, do I, to keep it up?"

The tone caught Thurlow's straying attention, intruding upon a dim uneasiness about Edna's reaction to this change in plans. Uncle Elbert meant something more than just a general suggestion. Thurlow's glance asked for light

"Mr. Osterbeck," said Uncle Elbert, "is a mighty big man. And big men are—well, they get sort of in the habit of winning, Thurlow. It might be a good idea if you ——"

"I get you." Thurlow nodded. "Don't worry about that. He'll beat me, all right"

"I shouldn't overdo it, though," said Uncle Elbert. "You know what I mean—make it close but ——"

"Close, but no cigar," quoted Thurlow with false flippancy. Darkly in his soured spirit rose the impious thought of giving J. Clifford Osterbeck the sweetest licking of his life. He stood aghast at it. "He'll beat me on the eighteenth green. I know my olive-oil well enough for that."

Uncle Elbert was reassured. His approval felt warm on Thurlow's departing shoulders. Edna, extending slender silk to reach the starting button, somehow inspired Thurlow to defer the revelation for a more suitable moment. The runabout squirmed through the noonday traffic, darted into the elm-roofed tunnel of Maryland Avenue; instinct prompted Thurlow Dill to prepare her for his tidings by drawing her attention to their august cause.

"Keep a secret?"

A shrewd gambit, he saw. It sufficed to divert Edna's glance from the crowding scurry of homing cars. In that pale green blouse, Thurlow Dill discovered, there was some queer trick of color which found a faint reflection in the blue sky of Edna's eyes.

"Shoot," she commanded.

"You know that subdivision stunt I've been working on ——"

The eyes widened to eager excitement.

"In the bag? My boy!"

"Well, not quite." The lump swelled up again in his throat. Thus, had he earned it, she would have looked and spoken her applause. "But something just as good," he went on quickly, craving at any price to check the fading of that look. "I've got a name for it that'll put it over with a bang." The name, suddenly, seemed even to its inventor a little less than perfect. "If we can get the right to use it," he said. "I'm counting on you to give me a boost about that, Edna. You've got a downhill drag with Mr. Osterbeck and ——"

"How," she put in, "does Uncle J. Clifford crowd in on this picture?"

Thurlow Dill explained. Edna listened, now, without yielding to her usual weakness for interruption.

"Just give it a think," he urged. "Just imagine what it'd mean to be able to sell a Binchester man a homesite in a place called"—he employed an emphasizing pause—"called Osterbeck!"

"I'm trying to imagine it," said Edna.

"Probably you can't," Thurlow told her. "Being related to him the way you are, you wouldn't see him as he looks to outsiders. Probably you don't think of him as the biggest man in Binchester, the smartest and ablest and—and finest ——"

"Probably," she admitted, "I don't." She grazed the wheel of a truck and, twisting, directed upon its driver a glance of acute disfavor.

"No," said Thurlow. "You wouldn't, of course. You can't realize what just—just knowing him as slightly as I do means to a fellow fixed the way I am. Or you take my Uncle Elbert, for instance. Why, he'd sooner handle the little bit of renting business that Mr. Osterbeck gives us than sell all the other property in town twice a year! He's done pretty well in the real-estate business, Uncle Elbert has, but the only thing he's really swell-headed about is being your uncle's agent." He chuckled. "I suppose that doesn't look reasonable to you."

"I never thought about it very much," said Edna. She increased the speed of the car so abruptly that Thurlow was obliged to clutch at his hat. Clinging to it, as they sped through the parkway and out upon the windswept reach of River Drive, he did his best to make her understand the propriety of Uncle Elbert's attitude. Somehow, though, he discovered in himself a want of sympathy toward that position. The more earnestly he paid tribute to J. Clifford Osterbeck, the less sincere these declarations became. Somewhere back in the darkest cranny of his brain he found a reviving of this morning's blasphemous thought of toads, fat toads, puffed out with ridiculous conceit, clammy-flippered toads, whose touch would give you warts.

A sense of guilt for his disturbing inability to cast out this sinful meditation constrained Thurlow Dill, as they parked the car behind the clubhouse and found a table under the green-striped awning of the veranda, to a steadily more reverent outward attitude.

"Say," Edna demanded presently, "what's the large idea? You've got it across to me, at last, that you love me mostly for the uncles I have made, but why rub it in this way?"

He managed to laugh. "I guess I've been sort of single-barreled, for a fact. I've got him kind of on the brain, right now, partly because I just hit on that notion about naming the subdivision after him, and partly because, well, you see, Edna, I've got to play golf with him this afternoon, and ——"

"I'll say that's breaking it to me gently," said Edna. "Hence all these flowers, eh? I hope you haven't wasted too much pity on me, Thur. You surely didn't dream for a second that I'd want to stand in the way of a chance like that? I may not hate myself the way I ought to, perhaps, but I certainly wouldn't want anybody to waste an afternoon on me when he could spend it with my Uncle J. Clifford!"

Thurlow Dill's ear was not deceived by the fairness of the words. He knew that Edna was displeased; after all, the female mind couldn't deal logically with things such as this. Edna just didn't understand, that was all. He attempted to make it altogether clear.

"Save it," she urged. "Don't waste it on me, Thurlow. Spring it on Uncle J. Clifford, where it'll do some real good. Yoo-hoo, Lonnie—dated up for tennis?"

More offensively squirrel-toothed than usual, Lonnie proclaimed that he was not. He pulled a chair to the free end of the table and basked as provocatively as possible in the glow of Edna's too evident esteem.

Unwarily Thurlow Dill suffered himself to release a thin spurt of pent malevolence toward Lonnie. Instantly he discovered that he had broken down his dikes; out through them rushed a sullen, raging flood of hatred which streamed past and over Lonnie Meeker like a freshet past a pebble, to fling itself furiously upon a worthy obstacle. Again, insanely, Thurlow Dill detested no less a personage than J. Clifford Osterbeck

To reconquer and confine this madness preoccupied him so that he scarcely felt the pang of Edna's blithe departure under Lonnie's tittering escort. Changing, in the locker room, to knickers and spiked shoes, he gave valiant battle to himself. Slowly, doggedly, he ruled his spirit. Waiting beside the notice board for Osterbeck's arrival, he was able to stretch his mouth into the semblance of a grin, to nod cheerfully to earlier starters as they passed him.

There was, as usual, a five-dollar sweepstakes for the prodigal. Thurlow Dill, observing the blithe carelessness with which names were scrawled upon the entry list, tried to resist raw envy. Except for this morning's fatal lapse, he told himself, he might have been able to risk five dollars as recklessly as these light-hearted spendthrifts. Not that he would have done it, to be sure—there would have been far better ways, if that deal had blossomed on its dotted line, in which to spend its profit.

Resolutely he forbade his fancy to enlarge upon the thought. He was able to grin affably at Jake Stieffel, swaggering out to the first tee; he contrived to hope doggedly for the best as he beheld Doolittle and Don Gresham in the act of making up an impromptu foursome with Stieffel and his partner. Jerking to his feet as J. Clifford Osterbeck's bulk appeared in the doorway, he exhibited an aspect of respectful gladness which Uncle Elbert himself might have been proud to wear.

There was a depression among the chins as J. Clifford Osterbeck conferred a condescending nod.

"Huh, Dill. All set?"

"Yes, sir." Thurlow stood aside. Osterbeck, preceding him as of right, halted before the notice board.

"Hold on. Quite a mob in the sweepstakes today." Thurlow Dill observed the hint of mental arithmetic in the eye which deliberately descended the list. "It might be worth while," said Osterbeck. "Fourteen in it, so far." He blue-penciled august initials, not below the earlier entries, but above them, proffered the pencil to Thurlow Dill with an effect unmistakably imperative.

In the darker depths of Thurlow Dill there woke the reflection that J. Clifford Osterbeck's handicap was appropriately big. Still more basely he remembered that Mart McMaster, chairman of the committee, worked in the office of the knitting mills, that Ray Horner, another member, was employed by the law firm which handled Osterbeck's legal business. Signing perforce, he tolerated an ugly sense of paying tribute.

Stieffel's foursome had already driven from the second tee when J. C. Osterbeck, after the three ceremonial practice swings with which he prefaced every shot, propelled his ball in a prodigious bumping scurry to the trap in the near foreground. There were therefore no witnesses except Thurlow Dill and two negligible caddies to observe the serenity with which the great man teed and drove another ball.

"Five for me," announced Osterbeck presently, disdaining to dignify by putting it out, the ball which lay within a beggarly four feet of the cup. "You had a six."

Thurlow Dill's fingers inscribed these figures on the scorecard with unworthy reluctance. He endeavored, as he watched three more preliminary swings, to relax a mouth which sought doggedly for grimness. A brilliant slice punished the spitefulness with which he allowed himself to attack his ball, and he seemingly gave grateful ear to higher criticism as he moved in oblique pursuit.

"Give me that, I guess," suggested Mr. Osterbeck, on the second green, tapping his ball out of the path of Thurlow Dill's eight-footer. "Too bad. You took your eye off that one. Let's see—on the green in three, down in four. Right on my game today."

"Four," repeated Thurlow Dill, his voice nobly overcoming a tendency to creak. After all, that dubbed brassie hadn't traveled far enough to merit the honor of going down in the reckoning as a full-grown stroke. A man of J. C. Osterbeck's spiritual bigness couldn't be expected to clutter his memory with trivialities such as that extra pitiful shot either. Smiling, Thurlow Dill

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The fact that CROMAR is scraped, sanded, filled, double varnished, and treated to resist moisture—*at the factory*—offers you a number of amazing advantages. Advantages which can come to you in no other way—and which, moreover, are yours whether you are planning to build a New Home or whether you want a new floor in one or more of the rooms in your present home. In either case, CROMAR brings you the greatest dollar-value in the oak flooring market today.

The work of CROMAR finishing machines cannot be approached in thoroughness, or uniformity, by the most patient, strongest or most skilful human hand. CROMAR finish is beautiful; it outlasts hand-finish; its beauty endures. And yet a CROMAR floor costs no more than a hand-finished floor of acceptable quality.

All of these CROMAR advantages—and many others—are described and illustrated in detail in an interesting booklet which we shall be glad to mail you upon request.

Charming interior of a suburban residence where CROMAR was nailed right over the old floors—at the speed of a room a day.

CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers. Carpenters and contractors install it at the speed of a room a day—since there is nothing to do but nail down the strips. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

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CROMAR is Laid and Used the Same Day! We [illegible] CROMAR strips reach you [illegible] easy to handle damage [illegible] there is [illegible] to [illegible] them down [illegible] [illegible] The complete [illegible] remember) is done at the speed of a room a day. Started after breakfast [illegible] before dinner.

CROMAR is a tongue and groove flooring which is nailed through the finished surface [illegible] the tongue and are thus concealed. The [illegible]

After breakfast—the room cleared and the carpenter ready to nail down the finished CROMAR Flooring

Laid and used the same day

In the Evening *of the same day*—the last nail driven and the new CROMAR Floor in use

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING

lashed down a safety-valve beginning stupidly to hiss and quiver.

Vaguely, long afterward, he observed that there were other witnesses to follow the play of the final hole. The preceding foursome, beating the rough in search of somebody's hooked drive, made waving signals to play through and stood warily on watch. Their attention served to inspire J. Clifford Osterbeck to his one worthy tee shot of the round. A shout of applause which Thurlow Dill's ear identified as emanating from Jake Stieffel, floated back. A dozen times, with far less warrant, he himself had murmured a careful counterfeit of admiring envy, and this yell of Stieffel's seemed somehow to link them in a fellowship of sly servility. Malice went smoothly into Thurlow's drive at last; it paused fifty yards beyond J. Clifford Osterbeck's.

"What did I tell you? If you'd paid attention to me sooner you might have given me a little opposition."

Osterbeck waddled forward, developing the theme. Thurlow Dill, hearkening, wondered dully at a curious color-blindness which made him see the cropped fairway turf as darkly crimson. He passed the waiting foursome without even a pretense of apology or thanks, his teeth locked, his hand aching from the desperate constriction of its grip. Five minutes more, or maybe only three—two hundred seconds, say—he heard the click of Osterbeck's iron, played a blind mashie, stumbled over red sward toward a whipping flag. Through a red mist he putted wide, stood back while J. Clifford Osterbeck interminably prepared to attempt, for the first time, an actual putt. There was, at last, a plunking sound.

"Eighty-nine!" The throaty croak of triumph quickened in Thurlow Dill's mental seethe a maniac association of ideas; through a fog the shape that squatted over the cup ceased to be human.

"Why—you—toad!"

Somebody certainly had said it, said it in a lifted voice that jarred like hammered brass upon a breathless hush; somebody was continuing to address, in that clanging tone, a dazed, gaping, pop-eyed fat man who still squatted on red grass.

"What kind of a crook do you think you've been playing with?" this voice was demanding. "Think you can get by with a burglary like that with me signing your card, you fat, piking pickpocket? You think I'm one of the cheap bootlickers you've been picking out to help you sting the other suckers who're so afraid of you that they stand for it? Eighty-nine! You shot a nifty hundred and sixteen, and you gave yourself every putt under ten feet and started out with an extra drive on Number One! You ——"

Those were Thurlow Dill's fingers that were tearing up a card. That had been no voice but his which suddenly fell mute. Beyond the blank, purpling countenance of J. C. Osterbeck, dim blurs revealed themselves, now, as the faces of the following foursome, faces turned unbelievingly upon sacrilege.

The eyes of Judson Doolittle bulged even more dangerously than those of Clifford Osterbeck himself. Jake Stieffel's open-mouthed amaze, however, already revealed a dawning of pure delight. Thurlow Dill's gaze sought escape from that triumphant malice; it swept toward the clubhouse porch, to discover, turned upon him in frozen horror the ghastly stare of Uncle Elbert. And, again taking flight, it saw Lonnie Meeker's squirrel-teeth and—and Edna.

Thurlow Dill found the dignity of stark despair. His head held itself high as he strode toward the door of the locker room; even when Uncle Elbert stood before him, wearing the aspect of a soft-hearted headsman, Thurlow did not flinch.

Uncle Elbert didn't matter; nor the certainty that Thurlow Dill must be cast overboard to lighten his doomed ship; the forfeited esteem of Binchester, the wasted gains of two years' dogged striving for goodwill—these didn't matter. Nothing mattered any more to Thurlow Dill except Edna, Edna who would never speak to him again, to whom his memory would be the memory of one shamefully dead.

Only remotely he heard Uncle Elbert's voice, felt the kind weight of the hand that rested on his shoulder. Edna. She'd heard it. Every word. Her blank, unbelieving eyes seemed to gaze upon Thurlow Dill straight through a blurred, misty phantom of Uncle Elbert.

"You don't have to fire me," said Thurlow. "I'll get out without waiting for the boot."

"Fire you?" Uncle Elbert spoke almost with heat. "Do you think I'd do a thing like that just because you lost your temper for a minute and told J. C. Osterbeck where to get off? I guess blood's thicker than water! He can take his renting business and tie it around his neck if he wants to, but ——"

Forlorn hope stirred in Thurlow Dill, stirred feebly and straightway died. Uncle Elbert had gone crazy, too, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except ——

"Well, well, well! Little Bright-Eyes himself!"

Judson Doolittle stood beside Uncle Elbert. Thurlow's under jaw resumed its jut under a gaze that could only be a heartless, mocking affectation of approval and regard.

"And I thought you were just another handshaker, like E. P.!" Doolittle wagged his head. "The only man that's ever had the guts to look Cliff Osterbeck between the eyes and call him by his right name!" His handclasp would have done credit to Uncle Elbert. "What were you trying to do, this morning—kid me? You came mighty close to kidding yourself clean out of the deal. I thought you meant it. Yes, sir—I thought you really wanted to pass up a wow of a name like Binchester Heights Manor Park Gardens Estates and cripple the sweetest little subdivision proposition in the state by calling it Osterbeck! I'll own up, Thur—I was all set to give you the air and team up with Jake Stieffel on that deal."

He stopped short. "That reminds me. Walter Jung's out on the porch. I'd better get to him and close his end of it before he sees Phil Huddleston." He called back over his shoulder something about Monday and getting busy.

Uncle Elbert's rapt, speechless delight failed to kindle even a feeble reflection in Thurlow Dill. Doolittle didn't matter, any more than Uncle Elbert; Binchester Heights Manor Park Gardens Estates didn't matter. Thurlow dressed by subconscious rote, paying no heed to Uncle Elbert's breathless patter of felicitation. The countenance below which he knotted his tie looked out upon him from the glass with bleakness and despair. He wore it as he moved out toward the rank of parked cars at Uncle Elbert's elbow. It did not lighten even when it was turned toward the hail that reached him from the clubhouse steps, even as Edna Finch came toward him.

"We're going to stay here and dance," Edna's voice informed him.

The lump in Thurlow's throat reduced an attempt at speech to a kind of gargle.

"Come on," said Edna. Her hand took possession of his elbow. Under its urgency he turned, dimly aware of Uncle Elbert's fatuous beam against his back, and suffered himself to be escorted toward the green-awninged porch.

"To think," said Edna's apologetic whisper, "to think I actually fell for the idea that you were giving me a big deal just to butter up to bad news like Uncle Clifford!"

The hand tightened its clasp on Thurlow Dill's sleeve. A bleat of saxophones came from the clubhouse.

"I thought"—it was possible, now, to push words past the swiftly dwindling lump in his throat—"I thought you'd be sore at me, Edna."

"What for? Calling the family foul ball a—a flabby-flippered toad?" Edna laughed softly. "Oh, be your age, word painter! Come on—let's dance!"

The Foam Does It . . .

Cleans teeth better . . . by penetrating deep into every tiny crevice, where ordinary brushing cannot reach, and washing away impurities.

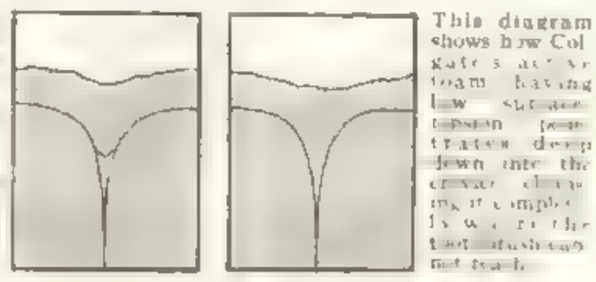
THE difference between Colgate's and ordinary toothpastes lies in the active foam released by Colgate's the instant it is brushed on teeth.

For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly . . . *it does more!* It possesses a remarkable property called low "surface-tension" which enables it to go down to the very bottom* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums. There, it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay . . . and *washes* them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

Colgate's acts in this way because it contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man. This cleansing agent makes the famous Colgate foam whose action is described above and it is the presence of this particular ingredient which makes Colgate's a better cleanser; a more economical cleanser . . . different in action and in results from ordinary, sluggish toothpastes which fail to penetrate deep into every tiny crevice.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste; more people use Colgate's than any other kind. This overwhelming leadership has been carried for over twenty-five years . . . proof positive that Colgate's gives the extra degree of cleansing power which people prefer.

**How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam having low surface tension penetrates deep down into the crevice where tooth decay may start.

More economical, too . . . the 25¢ tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter. This is true because Colgate's is the largest seller.

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

"Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free."

UNIVERSAL has not been stampeded into absolute surrender to sound and talking pictures. By abandoning the silent drama altogether, it would take away from thousands their favorite form of entertainment. For there are thousands who do not like sound pictures and included among them are thousands whose hearing is defective. Producers have been accused of ignoring the public which made their success possible. Universal, however, is not ignoring it and will continue to make both versions until such time as the people decide that they want the new idea exclusively. Meantime, I want your opinion. I want a veritable avalanche of replies to this question: "Which form of picture do you prefer?" Moreover, I would like your comments, suggestions and your reasons pro and con. This whole matter is a thing for the people at large to answer.

-C.L.

A Few Forthcoming Pictures:

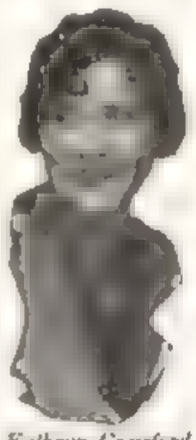
LAURA LA PLANTE in "***Hold Your Man,***" a delightful comedy-drama—aided by an excellent cast.

Mary Nolan in "Mademoiselle Cayenne"

KEN MAYNARD, greatest of all outdoor stars in the "***Wagon Master,***" as stirring and exciting a he-man picture as I have ever seen. He sings, too, in the talking version, and I know you will like his songs of the plains.

MERNA KENNEDY and GLENN TRYON, fresh from laurels in "***Broadway,***" in a swift moving comedy, "***Barnum was Right.***"

REGINALD DENNY in "***Embarrassing Moments,***" a new comedy which will add much to his popularity.



Kathryn Crawford in "The Cameo Girl"

Above All Don't Forget:

"***Show Boat,***" which is electrifying audiences all over the world.

"***Broadway,***" the one and only Broadway, a magnificent and bewildering spectacle with an all-star cast.

"***King of Jazz,***" featuring PAUL WHITEMAN and his famous jazz orchestra.

"***College Love,***" that fast, furious, peppy, jazzy story of youth on the campus, with all the old "Collegians" favorites, including GEORGE LEWIS and DOROTHY GULLIVER.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

BREAKING IN

(Continued from Page 41)

I was sent in as a relief man with Columbus leading 5 to 4. I wondered if I could win this game as I had the game in Missoula.

The first man to face me was the Columbus pitcher, Cook. I took my time and threw my fast ball. He didn't even swing at it. The umpire called it a strike. My next was a bit wide. Then I put over another fast one. The batter swung late. I gave him a curve. He missed it and I had fanned the first man to bat against me in the big leagues.

That day Lady Luck was with me; it was my good fortune to have one of my good days. My arm felt loose and my fast ball was working fine. I had plenty of stuff on the ball. I bore down with everything I had to make a good impression. I held Columbus to one hit in the last four innings. In the first half of the ninth, the A's got busy with their bats and scored four runs, so we won the game 8 to 5. I had won my first game in the big leagues.

Ben Egan caught me that afternoon. I remember he had a well-worn catcher's mitt. Every time a ball would smack into the pocket of the glove it would sound like an explosion of a cannon cracker. The report could easily be heard in the stands. The ball popping in his glove as it did, gave the fans the impression I was really faster than I was; though, bearing down at the time, I did snap them in at a pretty good clip.

This cannon-ball delivery in that game was recalled to me a number of years later when I went to the White House to meet the late President Warren G. Harding. Sam Jones and his wife and Mrs. Bush were with me. We were waiting with a number of others to meet the President, when his secretary, Mr. George Christian, walked through the reception room. He recognized Sam, who like himself was an Ohioan, and came over to us. Sam introduced us and Mr. Christian invited us into his office. He remarked he had seen me pitch my first game against Columbus.

"I remember that game," he said, "for I never saw so much speed as you had that day. We in the stands could hardly see the ball from the time it left your hand until the catcher had it. All we got of it was the smack in the catcher's glove."

Limbering Up

A few days afterward, Connie called me to his office in Shibe Park tower in Philadelphia. He told me I could go on home and that during the winter he would send me a contract for 1913. I was to report at the San Antonio training camp the following spring. Boy, that was sweet music to my ears!

Early the following March I left for San Antonio. Spring training for all ball players is, essentially, to get their arms, legs and bodies in first-class physical condition and to get their batting eyes in trim for the season. We'd jump out of bed about eight o'clock each morning and after a light breakfast we'd go to the San Antonio city ball park.

The first few days consisted of limbering-up exercises—that is, the players would toss balls back and forth the greater part of the day, ending up by running around the diamond a number of times before taking their showers. There were two practice sessions, morning and afternoon.

After a few days, the pitchers started lobbing them up to the hitters in batting practice. When the pitchers' arms had limbered up sufficiently and the sore spots were gone, they started cutting loose. After about ten days in camp we began playing exhibition games. The days passed quickly, especially for me. It was all new and glorious.

Connie had no special training table, nor did he demand his men be in bed at any certain time. All he asked was that the members of his club keep themselves in good playing condition. That, of course, meant that we had to get the proper amount of rest. In the evenings we'd play cards or go to the movies until around 10:30 or 11 o'clock, and then we'd hit the hay. It was a wonderful experience for a kid of nineteen.

That spring I learned a lot about pitching. I went to Danny Murphy, the coach, and asked him to give me the low-down on what I should do to develop my arm and to give me some pointers on how to get into the best possible playing condition. He told me the best thing I could do would be to get acquainted with and follow the training methods of Chief Bender or one of the older heads and to work along with them and to ask them the different things I wanted to learn.

To Avoid a Glass Arm

The Chief warned me that one of the troubles with most rookie pitchers was that they tried to get into condition too quickly, consequently they would frequently strain and ruin their arms before they had a chance to show their real worth. This tip is still good. It helped me then and it has helped me ever since.

I had been instructed by Eddie Plank and Thomas to take good care of my arm and not to pitch hard in batting practice until I was sure my arm was in proper condition. As I look back now I realize how valuable this apparently simple advice was, for the manner in which I rounded myself into shape had everything to do with my eventually making good.

The young ball player who fights his way to the top is the chap with some natural playing ability, the right kind of playing temperament, and the guts to keep right on plugging, day after day, despite bad breaks against him.

To play, naturally you must be in first-class physical condition and your body must be strong enough to stand the wear and tear of long and arduous campaigns. It might seem romantic to travel over the country and do nothing but play baseball. Well, perhaps it is—I'll admit I love it—but it's not so easy as it looks. Remember, the other fellow's job always looks the best.

A player must have a good throwing arm and the ability to get the ball away from him fast. He must know what to do in every situation, and, boy, there are plenty of tough spots which give you mental gymnastics.

It doesn't pay to be too temperamental. If you've had a bad day in the field or at bat, don't let it get your goat. Come out the next day resolved to do better. Never stop trying to improve your game. Above all things, don't be a cry-baby. No one has any use for a cry-baby on a baseball team. If the boots are put to you, take it with a smile and go on with your work. It's all in the game. Don't be fresh. If there is anything the veterans dislike in a rookie, it is his attempt to tell and show the world how good he is. The high-hat line is poison.

Recruits are found all over the country—in the colleges, on the city sand lots, in the sticks, and in the bush and minor leagues. Friends of players on the various teams write them of promising youngsters and the players in turn pass on the information to the manager and, if he thinks it worth while, he will send a scout to give the boy the once-over. Managers and owners of the big-league teams watch newspaper accounts of ball games in the minor circuits and in semi-pro ball. Scouts are busy trailing possible recruits and looking up promising material throughout the ball-playing season.

There always is a demand for top-notch players. This should give the ambitious youth something worth fighting for—that is, if he is anxious to become a big-league ball player. Don't for a minute get the idea it's a snap. If you have the class you will be heard of, and no doubt the big leagues will give you a try-out. You can't force yourself on a club just because you think you're good.

Some youngsters are wows in the minor leagues and are washouts when they hit the big time. They are unable to control themselves. They are nervous. They lose confidence in themselves. They forget to think.

There's an old trick pulled on rookie pitchers to discover whether they are thinking. With a man on third, the coach near that bag will yell to the recruit on the mound to throw him the ball so that he can look at it. If the rookie tosses him the ball the coach, of course, lets it go by and the runner jigs on home. This might sound simple, but you'll be surprised how many men will throw the ball without thinking in the heat of battle.

Many a good recruit has been shunted back to the bushes because the manager of the team himself has been unable to cope with the boy's nervousness and temperament. Managers often fail to judge the different types of players because they haven't the proper temperament themselves or they haven't the ability to instill confidence into the kid trying out. I'll admit it's no easy task to manage a team with so many different personalities.

Some managers like the extremely aggressive player while others prefer the quiet type. Wise managers watch the actions of players off the field as well as on the field. You can learn a lot watching the reactions of a man with his friends or in a game of cards. A manager can't know too much about the man playing ball for him. He never knows when a thoughtless stunt or an error will cost him a game or a championship!

The deciding factor in my staying with the A's came about after we had returned to Philly after our spring barnstorming trip. I was elected to pitch the second game in the city series with the Philadelphia National League Club. I went the full route and won 2 to 1, holding the Phillies to five hits.

I had my first baptism in the 1913 season which was to culminate in our winning the world's championship, when I was sent in to relieve Chief Bender in the third inning in our opening game with the 1912 world champs, the Boston Red Sox.

Seeing America First

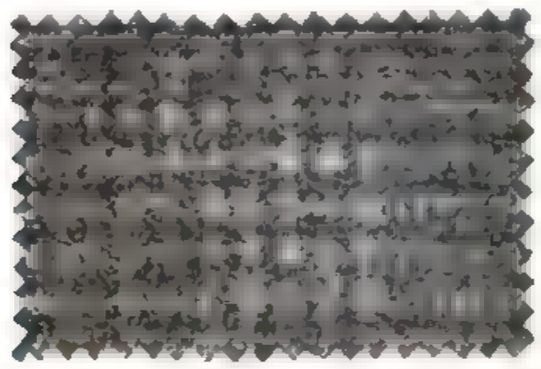
Naturally, I was excited and nervous about being sent in to relieve the great Indian against the world champions before the greatest crowd I had ever seen up to that time in any ball park. Ira Thomas was catching, and his experience and wisdom had a lot to do with steadying me. I succeeded in shutting the Sox out the rest of the game and we rallied in the ninth to win our first game of the season, 6 to 5.

That spring was a great one for me. Nineteen years old, pitching and traveling with a big-league ball club—and headed for the World Series! The different big cities—New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit—on the league circuit, and the others in which we would visit for exhibition games gave me my first taste of Seeing America First. We had two special Pullman cars, and the hurry and bustle of leaving one city for another gave me many thrills.

But don't get the idea that my first season with the A's was a bed of sweet peas. Not hardly! Connie has never had any time for loafers. Not that I ever wanted to, but I soon found that the going was a great deal tougher with a big-league club than it was with the minor Missoula team. I took life much more seriously. I knew if I wanted to stay in big company I had to work hard, study hard, and play hard. The baseball player who thinks he can go to sleep on the bench when he isn't in the game will stay on the bench until the manager kicks him off.

Louis F. Horn *is well dressed in* #1820

Mr. Louis F. Horn—*Treasurer of the Union Cooperage Company, Inc., St. Louis, Mo. —is representative of the thousands of executives whose names appear repeatedly on our order-books*



A glance at the photograph of Mr. Horn will show how nicely pattern No. 1820 tailors. And, as everyone knows, Nash Twist Suitings are noted for the way they hold a crease and stand up under hardest wear.

AN ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, wise to the ways of the tantalizing trout, Mr. Horn is equally well informed on the fine points of good clothes. As witness his new, two-button suit, with smart, high-peaked lapels.

And, for this, Mr. Horn selected pattern No. 1820—a fancy brown twist fabric, with stripings of lighter brown and faint green—quite ideal for Fall wear.

Indeed, so attractive is pattern No. 1820 that 687 men—in almost as many cities—took to it on first sight.

But this is only one of 307 patterns now being offered by more than 1800 Nash tailor-trained resident representatives, everywhere. A phone call to your local Nash man will place them before you—on your office desk or your living-room table. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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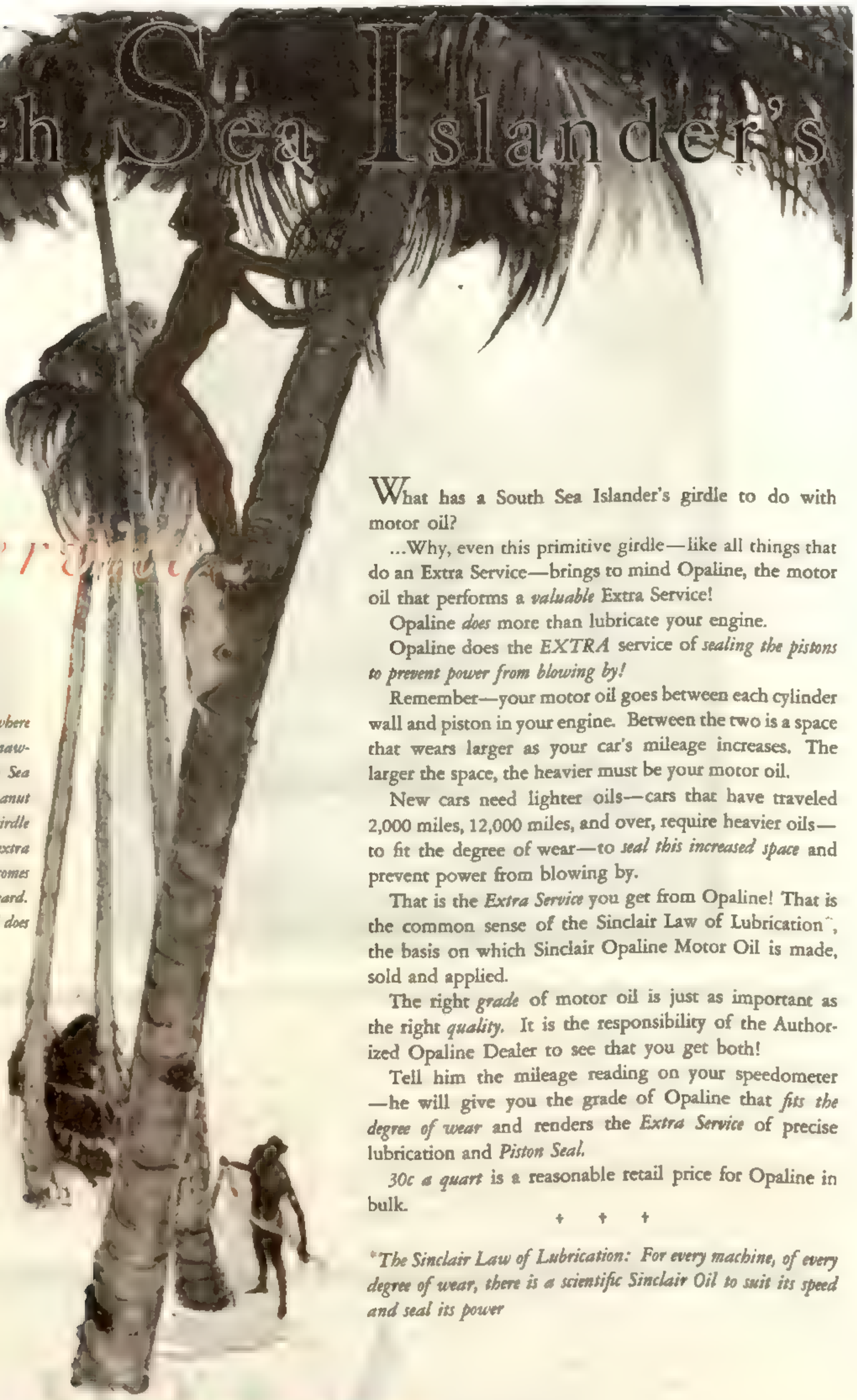
THE South Sea Islander's Girdle gives an Extra Service



A girdle may be just a girdle everywhere else in the world, but when there's a gnawing feeling at the bottom of a South Sea Islander's stomach, and there's a cocoanut to be had at the top of a tree, the girdle stops being a girdle and does an extra service! Tied ankle to ankle, it becomes the support for a hungry climb skyward. The girdle helps get the cocoanut, and does an EXTRA SERVICE!

What has a South Sea Islander's girdle to do with motor oil?

...Why, even this primitive girdle—like all things that do an Extra Service—brings to mind Opaline, the motor oil that performs a *valuable* Extra Service!

Opaline *does* more than lubricate your engine.

Opaline does the *EXTRA* service of *sealing the pistons to prevent power from blowing by!*

Remember—your motor oil goes between each cylinder wall and piston in your engine. Between the two is a space that wears larger as your car's mileage increases. The larger the space, the heavier must be your motor oil.

New cars need lighter oils—cars that have traveled 2,000 miles, 12,000 miles, and over, require heavier oils—to fit the degree of wear—to *seal this increased space* and prevent power from blowing by.

That is the *Extra Service* you get from Opaline! That is the common sense of the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*, the basis on which Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is made, sold and applied.

The right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as the right *quality*. It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get both!

Tell him the mileage reading on your speedometer—he will give you the grade of Opaline that *fits the degree of wear* and renders the *Extra Service* of precise lubrication and *Piston Seal*.

30c a quart is a reasonable retail price for Opaline in bulk.

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Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MOURNING THRUSH

Continued from Page 21

He raised his hat, even though he knew he was too late to have her see the gesture, and then pigeonholed all speculation as to the motive behind her greeting in order to concentrate on his powers of observation, for she was about to come face to face with the Leffingwells, accompanied by Ellis Boughton.

It seemed strange that Mr. James Tupper Leffingwell, Jr., should be wearing with apparent pride certain decorations in the way of adhesive plaster and a patch over one eye, but the colonel had no time for that item now. He was too keenly interested in the meeting itself, as its degree of warmth or frigidity could not help but influence his own subsequent conduct. But even so, he was scarcely prepared for what happened

Had not Miss Gordon Hammill sighted Colonel Rivers almost at the instant he distinguished her, and grown inwardly excited; had she not noticed the way he dropped his eyes to the empty saucer on the table before him, and misread his motive in so doing; and finally, had she not walked with her head turned over her shoulder with the deliberate intention of giving him a cheery nod of recognition, then she would have seen the group coming toward her in time to collect her wits

As it was, at the very moment of her becoming immersed in plans to get hold of Rivers before he should grow too inquisitive as to the fate of his satellites, Meacham and Bertrand, she found herself face to face with the three people in the world she least wished to meet.

Conscious that Rivers' eyes might still be upon her and that she must appear to be on bad terms with his enemies, she met the tentative glances of Boughton and Leffingwell with an unseeing stare, but broke down when it came to giving Kit the cut direct. Instead she tossed her a sideways nod, which seemed to say, "We're friends, but stay off."

Then began a comedy which intrigued Colonel Rivers only because he had missed the first act. Leffingwell turned livid and Boughton white with rage, for they had just been discussing the advisability of avoiding Miss Hammill in future, and to have her thus avoid them was in the way of insult added to bodily injury. Had they not fought for her last night? Somewhat unwillingly on Leffie's part, it is true, but had he not actually bled for her?

Kit's reaction was entirely different but no less interesting. Her hand flew to her mouth in a gesture that was becoming a habit, and she stopped stock-still. She thus produced the effect of having slipped out from between her escorts, who plowed along up the avenue at about the same pace that Miss Hammill was striding down it. Kit's head began an amusing birdlike movement as she looked after the men, then after Gordon, without being able to make up her mind which way to go. In the meantime Leffingwell and Boughton had come within earshot of Colonel Rivers, though they were far too absorbed in their own affairs to notice him.

"I tell you, Eli," Leffingwell was saying, "it's no go. In spite of her appearance, the girl's an out-and-out rotter. Wouldn't you have thought Gee! When I think Oh, I was the fool, all right, and so were you. If anybody - "

"But I've been made a fool for a long time," interrupted Boughton, "and I don't like it. It's all right for you to talk about quitting, because she made a fool of you only once, and from what you tell me, while it lasted you had plenty of satisfactory action. You've got to admit my case is different, Leffie. Unless I'm less than half a man I'm bound to break her neck or mine. What I mean is ——"

"Heigh! Where's Kit?" broke in Leffingwell angrily. "If she's ——"

They turned and started walking back rapidly toward Mrs. Leffingwell, who continued to present the appearance of one stranded on an island, looking at two retreating ferryboats. When they reached her there was a moment of sharp parley, but Boughton had evidently arrived at an inalterable decision, for after only a slight pause he kept on going. The Leffingwells, however, came back and stood waiting rather indecisively at the corner for a chance to cross the avenue toward Fouquet's.

"What was in your head?" Leffingwell was insisting. "Something must have been in it to make it act that way like one of those tumbling beans. Were you going to run after her and ask her please to speak to us, or weren't you?"

"I don't know," said Kit with spirit. "If I'd known I would have done it, wouldn't I? I didn't do anything; I just stood there, but let me tell you it may make a lot of difference to you that I didn't run after her "

"Me? What possible difference could it make to me?"

"Oh, about forty thousand dollars' worth."

"Kit, what do you mean? What are you talking about? I knew there was something in your head, so you might as well come out with it."

"My pearls -she's got my pearls "

"Your pearls!" gasped Leffingwell "You mean she took them stole them?"

"Not at all; I let her take them. They're insured, aren't they?"

"Not against your throwing them overboard or making a present of them to a crook. Good Lord, Kit, are you mad""

"No, are you?"

Colonel Rivers had knocked many a man speechless with a phrase, but he had never seen it happen in just this way before. For a moment it seemed as if Leffingwell would explode through his eyes or ears, but never through the set line of his lips. He stopped a cab by stepping in front of it with upheld hand, lifted Kit in, and signaled to the driver by a motion like the stirring of a cup with one's finger, to turn around quickly and proceed down the Champs Élysées

From the standpoint of entertainment the colonel would have enjoyed taking another cab and following, but he realized instinctively that his playtime was indeed over. Here was work to do, and the first thing was to discover where Miss Hammill was stopping. Judging by her fresh appearance and the hour of the day, she had probably only just issued from her hotel, and the fact of her walking down on his side of the avenue gave him another clew.

The reputable hotels located in the angle formed by the Champs Élysées and the Avenue de Wagram, with the Étoile for an apex, are not many, and within a few minutes he had gathered a working list from two of the older waiters. It then became merely a matter of telephoning until he received the information that Miss Hammill was registered but had gone out for the day. There could be no more opportune moment for a reconnaissance; he consequently betook himself to the address, studied its approaches approvingly, sauntered into the lobby and left his card.

In the meantime Mr. Ellis Boughton had caught up with Miss Hammill just as she turned off below the Rond Point into the narrow Rue du Cirque on her way to the Faubourg St. Honoré. Was it possible that in spite of her apparent abstraction she had chosen a one-way street in order to foil pursuit by anyone in a cab? The question had barely time to register in his mind when a hoarding caused her to step off the sidewalk directly in the path of an advancing truck. He reached out, caught her arm and drew her violently back.

(Continued on Page 65

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GENTLEMEN

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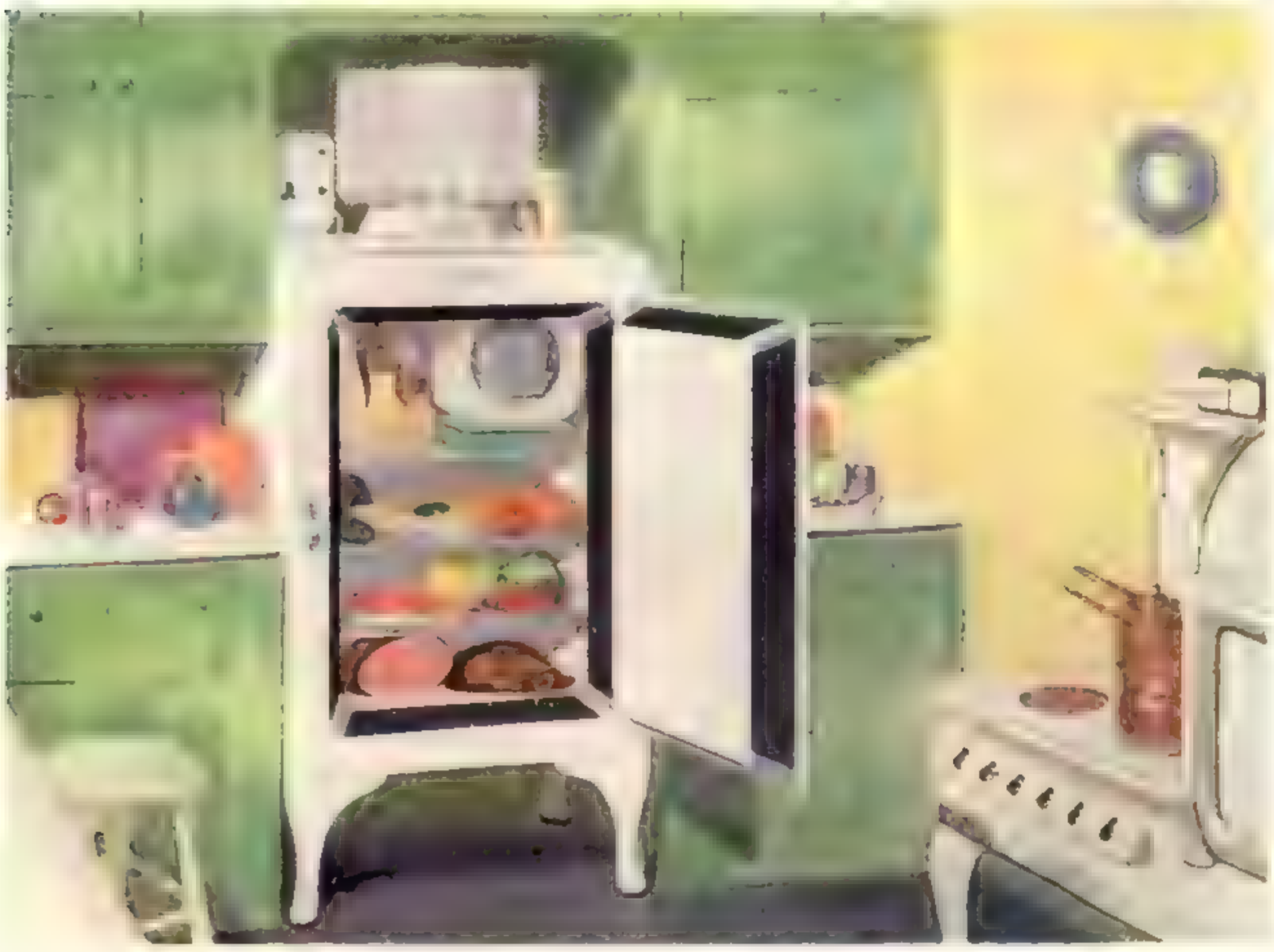

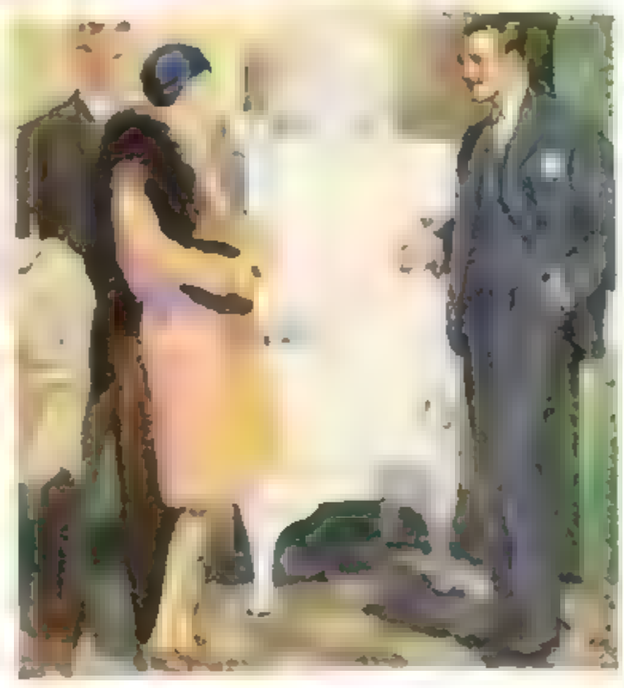

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(Continued from Page 63)

For the first time he beheld Miss Hammill, the imperturbable, startled out of her poise, and it took no exceptional powers of deduction to decide that it was himself and not the truck that had frightened her. Her whole body was trembling, her cheeks were abnormally white save for two spots of bright pink, there was distraction in her usually steady gaze and her lower lip quivered with minute vibrations.

"Please," she managed to whisper—"please leave me alone."

"Anything but that," said Boughton promptly. "What's the matter with you? What are you so scared about? What are you up to anyway?"

Her fright changed abruptly to anger. "I'm not scared," she said firmly. "I may have been, as who wouldn't be, but I'm not. As for your other questions, is it any of your business what I do or where I go? By what right have you been meddling in my affairs?"

"That's so," said Boughton, his expression undergoing one of the transformations which made him so difficult to handle. "I have no right whatever short of banditry. I had a right to pull you out of the way of that truck, though."

"What truck?" asked Gordon.

"My word! No wonder you were surprised. Don't you know that if it hadn't been for me you would have been run over?"

"No, I didn't have time to know anything except that my arm was being pulled out by the roots. I suppose I ought to thank you, and I do."

"You're entirely welcome," said Boughton, "and since that incident is closed, I gather you have no further use for me."

His words sounded casual, but as their eyes met, she felt his plunging into hers in a desperate effort either to tear some secret out of her or to move her to trust him at least to the point of accepting his companionship. If he had been stirred only by inquisitiveness it would have been easy enough to repulse him, but she would have been a fool had she failed to realize he was being driven by a force far deeper than mere curiosity. However inexcusable his actions, it was idle to think of them as arising from any insincere motive, which only made her line of duty to herself all the harder.

"I'm really sorry I was so rude," she said with a tentative smile, half at him and half away. Then she added quickly, fearing she had already been too kind: "I've got so much to do today I'm hardly responsible."

He did not take advantage of her smile even to the point of answering it; instead, he turned serious and searched her with the questioning eyes of a puzzled dog. He was assuring himself for the tenth time that he was not an idiot; that this girl, directly endowed by Nature with amber hair, a skin that changed its color unaided to match her emotions, and a manner which could become regal on the slightest provocation, was his kind of person, and, being himself, he could say no more.

Nor was there any snobbish implication. It didn't mean that he assumed a royal line for her or himself, but simply that, all known facts regarding her to the contrary, she ought to talk his language, see with his eyes and hear with his ears. They might disagree heartily and eternally, but hang it all, what he meant was that if he and she didn't naturally look out from the same world toward the same perspectives, then his judgment had certainly gone blooey!

"It was pretty rough the way you treated Leffie and me," he murmured.

"You don't understand," she answered too quickly. "I had to."

"Had to?" he frowned. Would she never give an answer that was an answer? Did she always have to come out with one more aggravating bit of bait to lead him deeper into the maze which had been closing in behind him with every lagging step of their acquaintance? His frown deepened. "Of course it's none of my business, as you pointed out, but then again, perhaps it is."

"What? How could it be?"

"If somebody slaps you in the face you've got a right to be interested, haven't you? You're not on the loose, Miss Hammill, or Gordon, or whatever you feel I ought to call you; I'm not so dumb as to think that. Consequently I've got to think something else, and what I think is that after such a lesson as you got last night, it was a slap in the face to have you treat Leffie and me as you wouldn't have dared treat your rotter friends."

"You've gone a little too far," said Gordon, trying to keep her lip from trembling. "Neither you nor Mr. Leffingwell was of any assistance to me last night; you especially were a distinct nuisance."

"I—a nuisance!" stuttered Boughton, coloring violently. "Why, if it hadn't been for me ——"

"I know," interrupted Gordon, conscious that she herself had said more than was wise. "You were very noble, and quick, and masterly, but the point I'm trying to make is that I hadn't asked you to be. What you can't seem to grasp is that if I can't look after myself I really prefer to crash and take the consequences."

"Excuse me for saying so," said Boughton icily, "but you've got a nerve—every known kind of nerve. Are you trying to tell me that in my place you would have let that skunk dancing partner of yours get away with robbery? Do you really mean that five minutes ago I ought to have let you get smashed by a smelly truck?"

"No, no!" said Gordon, glancing desperately up and down the street. "I didn't mean the truck—of course I didn't—but please, please go away. I'm grateful to you, I like you, but as I told you from the first, that's all there is to it—that's where it begins and ends."

"The devil it does," muttered Boughton, raising his hat. She half put out her hand, but he declined to accept the timid gesture. "No, thanks; I'd rather part as enemies, and if you think I've been a meddler, heaven help you from now on."

She raised her eyes pleadingly to his face, started to say something, but changed her mind and left him. As soon as she had done her errand, which was to leave Kit's necklace with the second-best jeweler in Paris to be restrung, she entered a tightly closed cab and gave for an address the back door of her hotel. Arrived there, she looked up and down the quiet street, handed the driver a generous fare and darted into the courtyard.

She had barely reached the foot of the stairs when a voice from the lobby hailed her by name. She gripped the banister for a moment to steady herself, wondering at the sinking feeling in her heart. What had she done to be so tired? Had it come to the point where a quiet stroll downtown and a ride back could exhaust her strength? But her fears of another trying interview were unfounded; it was only the concierge, who wished to hand her Colonel Rivers' card.

"Did the gentleman leave any message—an address or his telephone number?"

"No, miss; only his card."

She went up to her room, closed the steel Venetian blinds, dragged off her hat and threw herself on the bed, where she lay with arms outstretched, staring at the shadowy ceiling. What had come over her that she should feel so bruised and beaten? What better luck could she have asked than the chance to toss Colonel Rivers the smile which had provided the incentive to make him call? If things had happened any differently, wouldn't she be racking her brains at this moment for some means to reach him without his knowing he was being reached?

As it was, there was nothing to do but wait, and she waited for hours. She did not wish to read, she could not sleep, and she dared not go out, for all Paris had become crowded with four people. Now she knew what had depressed her—not only the talk with Boughton, ending on a threatening note, but the unfortunate encounter which had preceded it. What had Leffingwell thought? What had he said to Kit, and what might Kit not have answered or done under pressure?

She would have been far from reassured could she have been present at the scene which was staged in the Leffingwell suite when the pursuit in a taxi had failed, and yet it had embraced certain saving elements; Kit's defiant attitude, for instance, and her sturdy refusal to say more, simply because she had said too much.

"But, Kit, I want to get this straight," Leffie was saying rather stridently for at least the dozenth time. "Don't you understand? I simply want to help you, but I've got to get it straight."

"And I tell you, leave me alone. Try letting me help myself."

"You're sure you handed her the pearls—just like that—handed 'em to her?"

"Yes, I'm sure. Do you think I'm going to lie about it?"

"If only you weren't sure," he wailed. "Kit, this is awful. Coming on top of the other thing, what do you suppose old Sabertooth is going to say?"

"The old dear won't have a chance to say anything, but if he does he'll say you and I are even."

"Do you think that's fair? Because I get stung for three thousand, does that make it all right for you to throw forty more out of the window?"

"But I haven't, and I didn't. As a matter of fact, I only did it to help you. I loaned them to her because I knew there would be more chance of their getting stolen, and then the insurance money would help you out. There you are; now you know everything."

"Everything! Ye gods, everything! Why, you don't know where she's staying! You can't even give me her telephone number!" Something in the face he knew so well aroused his suspicion. "By heaven, you do know! Out with it, Kit. Come on, now; spit it."

"Don't be nasty, Jim," snapped Kit, wondering if he was going to read her thought to the effect that his best friend, Ellis Boughton, was in possession of the information he so much desired. "I told you I don't know, and I don't."

"But you can find out. Don't lie to me, Kit. Please, Kit."

"If you call me Kit again I will spit. I'm tired of being called Kit, and I'm tired of bowing down to the wisdom of men—you and Eli Boughton. Fish—that's what you are—fish! You meet a girl like Gordon, you fall for her, you rave over her lovely hair, her clothes, her card sense, her manners, her this and that, and the longer you look at her the less you see. You're dumb. I loaned her my pearls because I jolly well felt like it, and if I see her again I'll give her your shirt studs and your letter of credit to keep for you until you come in out of the rain to put on your shoes and stockings. You ought to grow up, Jimmie, but if you can't grow up, try chinning yourself on the mantel and look around while I go out for a fitting."

He stood like one mortally wounded, watching her make good her threat, gaping at her trim retreating form, wondering if his ears had heard aright or if this was merely a nightmare from which he would presently awake. But whether it was or wasn't a dream, thank heaven he remembered the way to the bar. It remained only to find out whether he could walk. He could walk.

All things considered, Miss Hammill as eavesdropper might have listened with palpitations, and yet ended up with stifled laughter. But in the retreat of her darkened room she could only guess at Kit's indiscretions and could know nothing at all of her valiant stand at the last ditch. Marie, the floor maid, opened the door and entered, then started to withdraw noiselessly.

"Don't go, Marie; I'm awake. Are you very busy?"

"No, mademoiselle; not at this hour."

"I wish you'd sit down and talk to me, and if anybody telephones, ask who it is and say you'll find out if I'm in."

"I understand, mademoiselle."

"Now tell me where you were born—what was your *petit pays*—and what did you do as a little girl?"

"I'm Franche-Comtoise, mademoiselle, of a village in the Doubs. We lost all our vines in the great blight, and became a poor country. Things were not very gay. I went into service when I was fifteen."

"How did you start? I've often wondered how a girl gets her first place."

"It is always the same. A sister or a cousin or a friend who has gone ahead sends word that the house needs a helper. My first position was like being in prison; for twenty months I never went out."

"But that's incredible," exclaimed Gordon, her eyes opening. "You would have faded away for lack of sun and exercise."

"Ah, no!" laughed Marie. "One could walk a mile in the main building and cloisters alone. It was in the ancient Abbaye de St. Denis, mademoiselle, the Maison d'Education of the Legion of Honor. There were five hundred young ladies when I went there, and a staff of a hundred, beginning with the *surintendante* at the top and ending with me at the bottom. The *basilique*, the tombs of the kings of France, the park; it was huge, but we never went out except in a chain gang, a *corrée;* even the marketing was done wholesale. The young ladies wore their broad ribbons—a color for each of the seven grades—under the arms, over the shoulders, and back to the waistline, then flowing in two streamers. It was like a great rainbow in the refectory when they sat at the long marble tables. But we—the *bonnes*—we had the loveliest costume of all—plain, but Bordeaux, the color of wine."

"It must have been especially becoming to you, Marie."

"Too becoming, mademoiselle."

"Then there is a story? But how could there be without any men? Please tell me, Marie."

"A very short story. With the war came the soldiers. They were quartered in the dependencies, the cloisters, the park, but it is understood that between us and them there were iron grilles and locked doors. When danger threatened, the *demoiselles* were sent home; when the danger passed they came back, but heaven knows, in that place there was room for all, only by misfortune the high little window of my cell looked out on a corner of the cloister, and that is the end of the story. When the war was over I married him and I've been supporting him ever since."

"Poor Marie! Was that the best you could do?"

"It is easy to choose one of two or three men," philosophized Marie as the telephone rang, "but to pick one out of a thousand by the voice alone is like buying a ten-franc ticket in the Christmas lottery." She took up the telephone. "*Allô!*"

After a minute or two of animated back talk she announced that it was a Colonel Riviere, and a moment later Gordon was talking to Colonel Rivers in a tone of mild surprise. How on earth had he found out her number? . . . Yes, she had his card. Where was Senator Meacham, and did he know what had become of Mr. Bertrand? Of course she had run into a few of the passengers—hadn't he seen her collide with those Leffingwells and that Mr. Boughton? . . . Well, she had—just after she'd seen him. . . . Yes, she was quite busy. . . . No, she couldn't dine, but she might lunch tomorrow, as she had to go downtown anyway. . . . The very best food in Paris? She would say the Caneton. . . . No? Well, perhaps. . . . All right, then; the Café de la Paix at half-past one.

When she set the receiver back on its rack Marie was still standing beside her as if waiting to speak.

"What is it, Marie?"

"I was asking myself if mademoiselle picked that man by his voice."

Remembering the colonel's voice as by far his most attractive attribute, Gordon

Continued on Page 68

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(Continued from Page 65)

was genuinely startled and stammered foolishly, "It isn't by any chance the same voice that talked below your window?"

"Nothing so fantastic as that anyone who would telephone mademoiselle could ever have made love to me," declared Marie, "but it is the voice of such a man as mademoiselle would do well to avoid."

"Why, Marie!" exclaimed Gordon, half in reproof and half in wonder. "But you have a cheek ——" She stopped herself. "No, you are a good girl. I ask you only to tell me what made you say a thing like that."

"I am not a fool, mademoiselle; I wouldn't have said it unless I was prepared to tell you why. Your friend Monsieur Beauton talks poor French learned among gentlemen; this Colonel Riviere talks good French learned among crooks."

"But ——"

"I know, mademoiselle; you would say I had not conversed with him sufficiently to judge. One word of argot is enough the turn of a single phrase." She snapped her fingers, and suddenly smiled. "*Eh bien*, will mademoiselle be dining out?"

"No, Marie. Bring me up something about eight. I shall dine in bed."

The hours were long until Gordon could start at one of the following day for the Café de la Paix by way of the jeweler's in the Faubourg St.-Honoré. She had passed a bad enough night, but the morning had been worse, and now she was reasoning with herself patiently to prevent a panic. She was going to measure swords with the suave Colonel Rivers for the first time, but what of it? Wasn't it merely the preliminary engagement? If she felt like this on the occasion of setting the trap, how did she think she was going to feel when it came to the actual springing of it?

It was cool inside the closed cab—when would she be through with closed cabs?—but the palms of her hands were actually moist. How silly; but why had she said lunch? Why couldn't she have put it off to dinner—that hour when lovely woman feels most secure of her charms? Reason answered sturdily: "Because you haven't time—because things are closing in on you from four sides and the middle, and already you're riding on your nerve. Here's your one big test; take the water jump and be done with it—nail him at lunch today that you may break his back at dinner tomorrow."

Anyone observing her as she stepped into the jeweler's and presently out again, wearing the recovered pearls so necessary to her enterprise, would never have credited her amber head with such sanguinary thoughts. The dress she had on was one of those filmy prints which have made their designer famous, a thing apparently as delicate and transitory as the first flush of spring leaves. Such pearls in the morning against any other background might have reeked of ostentation, but they nestled into that frock with such smiling rightness as to satisfy even Mr. Ellis Boughton's fastidious eye.

It was with full consciousness he was displaying far less taste himself that he stood almost in her path as she came out, and pretended to be lighting a cigarette. He had at least the grace not to speak, but was there any need? Did not his mere presence at that spot, together with the implication that he had spied on her yesterday and now had been lying in wait, shout louder than any words? She glanced at him with a gasping dismay which turned almost at once to flaming anger. If that was the way he was going to fight, she would save him trouble, she would name the field of battle.

"Café de la Paix," she said to her waiting cabman in a clear voice.

One end of this excellent restaurant, some of whose waiters are rumored to have forgotten the sound of the French language, faces the Place de l'Opéra and takes up the short block between the Rue Auber and the Boulevard des Capucines. It contains four doors, three leading into the main dining room, and the other placed just short of the obtuse corner of the Rue Auber, opening directly on a stairway. The principal entrances, however, are on the Boulevard des Capucines, and it was at one of these that Gordon alighted, to find Colonel Rivers already waiting.

He had reserved a table facing the length of the restaurant. Directly before them was the buffet with its tempting display of cold joints, fancy dishes and gorgeous fruits. Just beyond, a graceful stairway sprang to the regions above, and after its interruption, the room widened out again to its full breadth. They had at first sat side by side, but almost at once Rivers moved to the chair opposite her, and he had no sooner done so than she saw Boughton enter to take a seat out of hearing, but well in sight, half facing her.

So be it. She leaned toward her companion with the touch of eagerness so flattering in a pretty woman.

"I do hope you're hungry, because I'm simply ravenous."

"Dear lady ——" murmured the colonel.

Not only was he of the type who say "dear lady"; he was so much of it that to have failed to use the phrase would have savored of affectation. It so fitted him that on his lips it became an accolade, confidently uttered, generously bestowed. His penetrating eyes softened for the moment and passed over her rapidly with what would have seemed a caress had it not vaguely suggested too keen an observation, as if it were trying to kill two birds with one stone—frisk her for weapons while complimenting her on each and every of her many charms.

"Seriously, Colonel Rivers, anything you order will be all right for me, and I wouldn't say that to every man. You have an air about you of knowing what you want and the power to get it."

His eyes ceased their wandering and seized on hers for the fraction of a second. "You really feel that, do you?" he asked half mockingly, and promptly turned to the hovering maitre d'hôtel. "Henri, old friend, I trust you; bring us some lunch."

In its small way it was a masterly stroke and Gordon, who had forgotten her fears in the actual encounter, felt an inward tensing of all the nerves of her body. She flashed her eyes over the round little man, so dapper without being correct, so at ease without really belonging, and realized that what she had said about his air of power was no soothing jest; subconsciously or not, she had uttered the simple truth. He had power, and it exuded from him all the more menacingly because its sources seemed so insignificant.

Again he began studying her, not insolently but with a patient deliberation intent on reducing her as a problem to elementary terms. There was something baffling about her. Believing as he did that all human beings were composed of the same ingredients, and that only the proportions varied, he sought Miss Hammill's index number and was mildly disturbed to find that it evaded him. Something was in the way—something indecipherable because it was out of sequence, illogical. The nearest he could come to naming it was to ask himself, she being what she increasingly appeared to be, and he what he was, why was she here at all?

Occasionally the formulation of a question brings its answer, but not in this case; and the more they chatted, the further did the colonel's dreams of a superlative partnership recede. By nature and training he was as sensitive to a new situation as gunpowder to a spark. Instantly his fancies of yesterday morning—leased tombs, subterranean get-aways, the incarceration of his present absent aides, and the emulation of the great Comte de la Proie—became absurd, as puerile as last year's toys to a ten-year-old boy. That he did not know why he could never hope to reduce Miss Hammill to the subjection of an Izade Ferault was of no importance; what was important was that he knew it.

What about all the leads he had had—her sticking by Meacham, Leffingwell's asseveration that she was an out-and-out rotter, Boughton's acquiescence, Leffingwell's calling her a crook to his wife—was he going to scrap them all simply because half an hour's chat with the girl seemed to point the other way? He certainly was.

Such being the case, his attention turned a corner. He never lost sight of essentials and consequently was able to grasp what ninety-nine out of a hundred of us fail to realize—namely, that the fact that one's power plant proves inadequate to turn the turbines of a Leviathan does not reduce one's efficiency at pedaling a bicycle in the slightest degree. He had planned, if Miss Hammill was in funds, to reduce her to penury for large purposes; it now remained to be seen whether she was worth rifling as a matter of routine business. Should he begin with her surprisingly excellent pearls, or was there a proportionate pocketbook behind them? The tiny hammer of memory tapped in his brain—if they weren't hers at all, but Mrs. Leffingwell's?

Meantime Gordon had been no less puzzled than he. He had been amusingly gracious, frankly intent on arousing her interest and winning her sympathy, but by neither word nor deed had he given any sign of that cupidity upon which depended her success. She was convinced that if he had seen the pearls at all, it had been merely as one item in the *tout ensemble* of a smart woman to whom he was showing the maximum of deference—as he saw her lovely frock, for instance, or her lovelier skin.

A doubt assailed her. Was it possible the stocky little man liked her for herself alone—and that in a quite nice way—or was this the quintessence of finesse? She liked him! She liked his leisurely approach to each subject as it came up, his shrewd though ungrammatical observations, his masterly adaptation of cynicism to the everyday business of life. "You and me don't have to lie to each other, because we've got brains enough to know everybody's a liar. It's only when folks are trying to throw an honest front for somebody to look at that they have to think out what to say. But you and me can talk nice and easy—let the lies flow to the natural fall of the land." All this to a twinkle in his eye which was somehow not a twinkle but a glow.

"But, Colonel Rivers, honestly, I don't remember telling you a single lie."

"Don't, eh? Dear lady, you can lie without opening your mouth, and so can I; and yet you're one thing and I'm another. We're as different as a winter cabbage from the first bunch of sweet peas in the spring, and it's too bad."

"Why?"

"Because if ——"

It was at this point that he decided to scrap all the leads which had encouraged him to think of Miss Hammill as a possible Izade Ferault the Second, and hitch his wagon to a lower star.

"Because what?" insisted Gordon smilingly, as she leaned forward, elbows on table, the fingers of her right hand twisting in and out of the necklace.

Would he never see it, never weigh it, covet it, and then begin that crafty measuring for a copy which she had already seen in two sets of dazzled eyes? Her time was flying, and what had she accomplished? Nothing—not even the suggestion that they should dine together soon, and without that definite engagement she could not make her all-important arrangements with her friend the *sous-préfet*. All failure is humiliating, but must she admit the irrelevant absurdity?—what made it particularly bitter at the moment was the consciousness that she had been vainly exercising her wiles under the scornful observation of Mr. Ellis Boughton.

Still another phase began to haunt her, adding to her perplexity. If this man were as kindly as he seemed, if by even one chance in a hundred he was not the leading spirit in a cowardly ring which gorged itself on other people's money, always without incurring a risk, then success on her part might mean only a lifelong remorse to follow.

"Oh, what's the use!" exclaimed the colonel in reply to the question she had almost forgotten. He smiled ruefully as she looked up with a start. "What's the use of wishing that while you might remain exactly what you are, I might change into something a lot different than me? You're the real thing, Miss Hammill." His eyes caught on the pearls and held; there was no evasion, none of the furtive examination of a Meacham or the sneaking calculation of a Bertrand. "I was going to say," he added calmly, "as real as your pearls, but I must be wrong. You'd hardly ——"

"Of course it's an accident," interrupted Gordon, actually flushing. "It just happened. I got them back from the jeweler's where they were being restrung, on the way to lunch, and as you know, the safest way to carry pearls is to wear them."

"You mean they're real?" exclaimed Rivers wonderingly.

"Actually!" she laughed, and at his frown, added: "You don't believe it?"

"Naturally I do, if you say so, but ——"

"But what?"

"Perhaps you've been fooled yourself. Why, a string like that ——"

"Do you know anything about pearls?" she asked, raising her hands to the back of her neck.

"Do I?" He smiled benignantly. "I don't often mention it, Miss Hammill, but I was an assayer in the New York customs for ten years. If you care to have me weigh and feel them, I won't only tell you whether they're real, I'll tell you their value to a dollar."

As she let them ripple into the palm of his outstretched hand she felt none of the thrill of taking a risk; in fact, it was all she could do to avoid a sigh of relief. Whether she really wished to crush the colonel or not could wait; at least her plans were back on the track, back to schedule, and remembering Meacham and Bertrand, she could almost predict each move that was to follow—the fixing of a next meeting, her suggestion of this very evening, his embarrassed refusal to gain the necessary time to secure a copy of the necklace, her acquiescence and the final settling of the day and hour. Routine.

Her peace of mind was destined to be short-lived. She came up out of it with a gasp as he returned the pearls, after only the most cursory examination, with the single word: "Beads."

Tears of chagrin rushed to her eyes, but she forced them back.

"How can you say such a thing? I tell you I know—I know!"

"So do I," said Rivers dryly. "I'm sorry, but you've been stung, Miss Hammill. They aren't even cultured; they're just beads, like I said, and I can prove it." He arose, picked up his hat from the seat beside her, and then sat down again, remembering he had not paid his bill. "*Garçon, l'addition.*"

"How can you prove it?" she asked, her voice as dull with disappointment as if she had indeed learned that Kit's pearls, lying in her listless hand, were worthless. "I tell you ——"

He turned from paying his bill, leaned over, picked up the string between thumb and forefinger, flipped it up and caught it, all with the air of handling a bauble; then he jerked his head backward.

"Seen our friend Boughton?"

It was the second unexpected and strangely unsettling blow, but she took it between the eyes without blinking.

"Hardly my friend," she said coldly, "but why?"

"Well, anyway, he sets up to be honest, a crook catcher, and all that. Just beyond him is Deju Kahn, the biggest individual pearl dealer in the world. Here's my proposition, Miss Hammill: Come on over to Boughton, explain the thing to him, and then let's the three of us put it up to Deju. He hates me, but he won't lie, especially not in front of Boughton. Come along."

(Continued on Page 70)

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Continued from Page 68

He led the way, and she necessarily followed, feeling secure among so many people. She was dazed by his astonishing assurance and excited at the thought of witnessing his encounter with Boughton. Would the colonel actually carry it off, and if he did, would not his impudent victory entail perforce the downfall of Boughton's pride? In her absorption by that fine point, the pearls as the major issue almost slipped from mind, but not quite.

As they reached the foot of the stairs the colonel paused, murmured in frowning embarrassment, "You'll have to excuse me for a moment. Go ahead and put Boughton wise," and without appearing to hurry, disappeared up the steps, leaving her face to face with Boughton's scowl.

Here was the third blow, descending with the snapping crack of an ax handle. Gordon saw it coming, knew instantly that she was being robbed, and yet could do nothing. She was not held in momentary coma, nor stunned, nor even confused. If she had had an hour to think, she still could have done nothing, for diabolical cleverness invariably makes use of the mechanism of simple little things, of only the most natural conditions, because they are so pliable and yet so strong.

Say she cried out, say she rushed after the colonel and seized him, wouldn't he merely turn with a look of amazement and then with angry protestations make her utterly ridiculous? How did she know he wasn't coming back, how could she ever prove it? Perhaps he counted on her following him for his own shrewd ends. How did she know where the stairs led or into what trap she might fall? Say those stairs were not an exit, after all? Couldn't she hear Rivers exploding into voluble French? "Gentlemen, ladies, your names! I call you to witness a deliberate blackmailing p[illegible]"

Then there was Boughton. How natural to appeal to him, and how easy to win him over—in half an hour! For was not the scowl on his face just one more of those all-important little items in a masterly calculation? How far could not the agile colonel walk or run in the seconds which, at best, it would take her to change an angry man into a willing aide?

Perhaps she was all wrong—it was almost a prayer!—perhaps in a moment he would reappear. But no, never! How could she have been such a fool! It was the old, old game—the identical antiquated triple-action trap which had closed on her father, on Leffingwell, and on a thousand other dupes!

She walked straight to Boughton. "Please help me," she whispered.

Though her face was paper white and her eyes stricken, never had she looked more beautiful, yet he rose only slowly to his feet. He had been going through a miserable hour and a great weight still oppressed him. What an ass he had been to hang around, and now did she think she was going to use him for a cat's-paw—make a mark of him as she had of Leffie? Let her fight her own dirty battles.

Still scowling and with no pretense at courtesy, he asked shortly, "What do you want?"

"Can you tell me what's upstairs?"

"Certainly; the Louis XVI private dining rooms. Cover charge, thirty francs extra."

"Is there any way out from there except by these stairs?"

"I don't know; at least, I don't remember. Do you want to go up and see?"

"Please, if you don't mind."

He took it as a command, dropped his napkin and accompanied her. At the top of the stairs there were dressing rooms on either side, and an old woman, knitting. When asked which way the last gentleman to come up had gone, she pointed to a long corridor leading off to the left. They followed it, looking through open doors on their right into a series of luxurious empty dining saloons. They came to another corridor at right angles to the first, and at its end discovered the stairway leading down to the Place de l'Opéra.

"There you are," said Boughton. "It looks to me as if this time ——"

But Gordon did not wait for him to finish. She hurried down the stairs and he after her, only to be called back by a waiter waving his bill and the *chasseur* bringing his hat and stick. As Gordon emerged her eyes swept the Place de l'Opéra, and by taking only a step or two, the Rue Auber opened to her view. No sign of Rivers anywhere, and with a sinking heart she nailed a passing taxi. Before Boughton could discharge his obligations and reach the street she was out of sight.

The chauffeur drove through and around traffic as only a Paris cabman dares drive, but far from discouraging him, she slid back the front window and urged him on. He took it for sarcasm, grunted furiously, and threw both hands in the air as he slowed down. She protested angrily in such expressive French that he could not help but believe her, and from that moment on joyfully broke all records.

Even so, she had more than time enough to think. There were two things the man who had so outwitted her could do—he could either peddle the pearls in Paris in haste and consequently at a loss, or he could catch the first train for the border and thereafter take his time. No, there was a third course he might follow. Secure in the belief that she could know nothing of the Grive en Deuil, he might bury himself there for weeks like a hibernating bear—he might even make a deal at his leisure without ever going out! In any case, he would almost certainly dash there, with or without the pearls, to pick up his bags.

Ten minutes later she was stuttering to Monsieur Boudin, "Please, *Monsieur le sous-préfet*, yourself and five men. Please!"

"But, mademoiselle, you ask for an army and the general to boot?"

"Please, dear Monsieur Boudin, so I can tell you on the way. It's because there are two doors—two men for each door, and ——" Tears rose to her eyes; she reached out one hand quickly to the corner of his desk to steady herself. "M'sieur," she continued quietly, "if you fail me now, everything fails—all we have done crumbles to nothing."

He stared at her long fingers, fascinated by their violent trembling, now in such contrast to her even voice; then he wrenched his eyes away to shoot a glance at Sergeant Gaspard, already in attendance.

"Gaspard, you have heard! But we can't be absurd; one man and yourself will accompany me. Order the car."

Gordon straightened. "My taxi is waiting with the engine running. It may mean only a minute gained, but there are times when a minute is worth ten years."

"Live and learn, Gaspard," said the wiry subprefect as he snatched his incongruous bowler hat from a peg beside the door.

A moment later Gordon was giving her directions to the driver. "By the Boulevard Delessert into the Rue de la Tour, turn right when I tell you, and this time don't let the grass grow under your tires!"

Monsieur Boudin had the air of one out for a holiday as he handed her into the cab and sprang in beside her, to be followed by Gaspard and his aide, who perched themselves on the two *strapontins*. But in proportion as the eggshell vehicle gained speed his expression changed until it verged on the lugubrious. However, he controlled himself admirably up to the moment when, turning on the little cobbles of the Quai de la Conférence, the cab skittered broadside for twenty yards, bounced like a cat, and then resumed its vertiginous way.

"*Sacré nom d'un nom!*" he exploded. "Am I a flat flint to be skimmed across the rippling water?"

"*Dépêchez-vous donc!*" called out Gordon, lest the driver slow up; then she turned to Monsieur Boudin with a smile. "M'sieur, has it not been your custom to laugh loudly at foreigners who complain of the speed of the Paris cabs?"

"True, true, but never again! Mademoiselle, you confound me. I have admired madly the color of your hair, the light in your eyes, the inimitable texture of your skin, the slenderness of your fingers and the strength of your soul, but as for your courage in the hour of danger, permit me on the threshold of the tomb to make before witnesses a formal declaration of love!"

In spite of the strain she was under, Gordon could not restrain a gasping laugh, and strangely enough, its effect was not only to sober her but to clear her mind. She knew that now she could tell him in a few words exactly what had happened in the Café de la Paix, and when she had finished, it was his turn to laugh.

"You felt yourself generous, *hein?* He gave you the lunch and you gave him the pearls."

"Oh, I can't blame you for laughing: I was a fool, but no bigger a fool than my father before me, or Mr. Leffingwell, or a thousand others." Her face grew tense and her eyes began to smolder. "I warn you, and Sergeant Gaspard, and m'sieur, that if we catch up to this soi-disant colonel, you will not be dealing with a clumsy Meacham or a stupid Bertrand."

"And where is it proposed to catch up with him?" asked Monsieur Boudin gravely.

"You will soon see; but wait." She leaned over and called to the driver to change his course and stop at the foot of the stone stair leading up to the Rue des Réservoirs from the Place du Trocadéro. He obeyed, and telling him to wait, she showed the way up the steps, past the cemetery, and along the street to a strong small door, set flush with the wall. "It is here," she whispered, "that he may rush out. Unfortunately, the door opens inward, or one man could easily hold it."

"But why not break it in?" murmured Monsieur Boudin.

"If you were so foolish he would get a longer start on you than he did on me out of the Café de la Paix. We will drive half a mile, around to the other door, which, nevertheless, is only a few yards away."

"Surely we could walk quicker," rumbled Sergeant Gaspard, glancing along the deserted Rue des Réservoirs and making a rounding-the-corner motion with his cap.

Gordon glanced at him impatiently. "An approach in the cab would have more of the element of surprise, would it not? Besides, I can only go there as I went before."

Monsieur Boudin nodded shortly and stood frowning at the door; then he turned to Sergeant Gaspard's aide. "You will stay here, François. Do not attempt to hold the door. If such a man as mademoiselle has described comes out, call 'Halt!' If he starts to run, take your time and shoot him down. I shall accept no excuse for his escape."

When the rest of them were back at the cab, Gordon started to redirect the driver, but Monsieur Boudin, who carried the map of Paris in the front of his head, took the matter out of her hands. "Listen, my brave. The Rue de Franklin is split like a serpent's tongue, and we are now on the main branch. Follow it to the Rue Scheffer, and there turn right. After the Rue Vineuse, you will come to the Rue Pétrarque, but here is a strange thing: Continue on the Rue Scheffer and the next street on your right is again the Rue Pétrarque. It is there you will turn, but instead of following around the loop of the Rue Pétrarque, you will proceed straight ahead to the bottom of a blind alley."

"It is understood, *M'sieur le sous-préfet*, to the door of the Hôtellerie de la Grive en Deuil."

"Ah," exclaimed Monsieur Boudin, "I perceive we have been wasting time." He did not speak again until they could see the faded sign of the hôtellerie glimmering as though at the bottom of a well; then he muttered, "You understand, Gaspard, that practically the interior will present to us a total darkness?"

"I do, my chief."

Continued on Page 72

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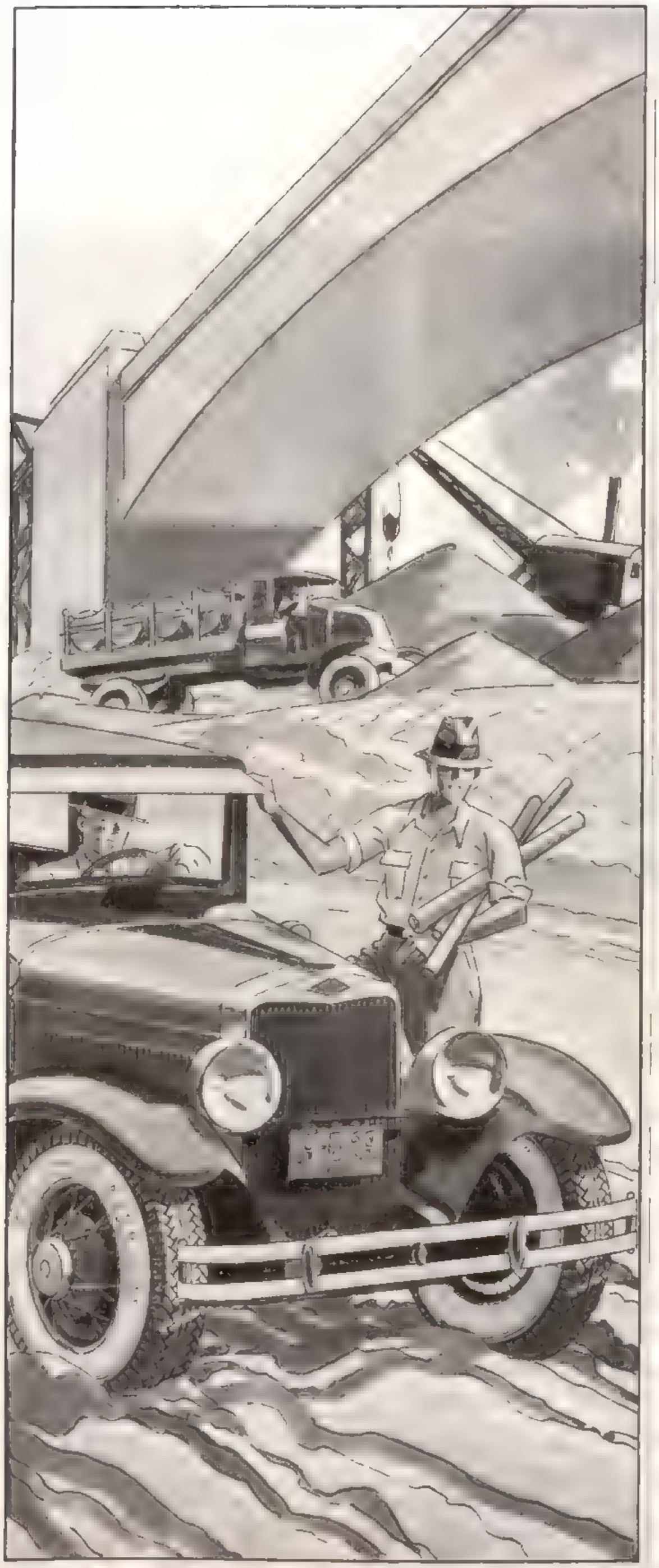


"Those Kelly Registered Balloons are some tires, aren't they? They look as if they'd stand almost anything."

"That's just what they will do—they're engineered to stand extra stresses the same as this bridge is."

Continued from Page 70

"When we enter the door I will jump to the right and you to the left. Miss Hammill, you will stay in the taxi."

Gordon said nothing, but no sooner had the two disappeared from sight than she sprang through the door, left wide open from their passage, and made straight for the stairway beyond the open fireplace on the left. The proprietor was already running toward it, but, owing to his natural stupefaction, she was able to forestall him. She was conscious of a few scattered afternoon customers half rising threateningly, but they sank back as she said clearly though in a low voice:

"This way, *M'sieur le sous-préfet.*"

It was too late to order her back, to do anything but follow close behind her as she groped noiselessly down the stairs and along a corridor, trailing her fingers lightly on the walls. She discovered one door, then another, and finally a third. There she stopped, found a number plate and traced it out. It was the figure 8. She searched for a knob; there was none, but her hand found a latch.

"Who's there?" barked a voice she certainly had never before heard.

But nothing could have stopped the impulse already given to her brain; she raised the latch and threw open the door. In the light of a heavily barred window on a level with the courtyard above she saw Colonel Rivers, hat on head, and a valise dangling from each arm, but like the voice, it was a Colonel Rivers she had never before seen.

He was livid, and his shoe-button eyes had turned to garnets. The bags crashed to the floor and almost in the same instant she had a queer suspended vision of a chair coming hurtling through the air. But before it could hit her, Gaspard hurled her violently to one side, the chair to another, and leaped forward, hands outstretched. There was a report, a muffled thud, and the colonel went over backward, Gaspard on top of him; but it was Rivers who had fired.

Gordon had another vision—a horrible vision of the catlike figure of Monsieur Boudin pouncing on Rivers' head, seizing it by the hair which was plentiful enough at the sides and pounding it—pounding it steadily, rhythmically on the tiled floor. It seemed to her as if this second thudding sound would never cease, but when at last it did stop, she was more terrified than ever—too terrified to ask the reason or to look. "You have killed him!" she heard herself stating in a hoarse whisper.

Monsieur Boudin did not answer at once. With his thumb he opened the colonel's shut eyelids, then held his hand over his heart, and after that searched him methodically for the pearls. He found them lying loose in the left-hand lower jacket pocket, just where the colonel had dropped them when he had started up the stairs in the Café de la Paix.

Monsieur Boudin arose, went to Gordon, opened her bag, tucked the pearls into it and closed it. "Fortunately no, mademoiselle, because killing would be too good for him. May he live long to pay for what he has done, for it is he who has killed my faithful friend and comrade, Sergeant Gaspard."

Gordon felt an unbearable stinging in her eyes. "Gaspard!" she gulped. "Gaspard!" and started to throw herself down beside the crumpled body of the sergeant.

But Monsieur Boudin stopped her; he seized her by the arm, turned her around and led her carefully along the dim passage she had threaded behind Bertrand only two nights before. As they went he talked to her:

"It is better so, mademoiselle, for there is nothing you could do. No need for you to look or to appear afterward. We will not even need the pearls, for the man has committed a murder, and that will be the charge against him." They reached the end of the passage and he called out, "François, are you there?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

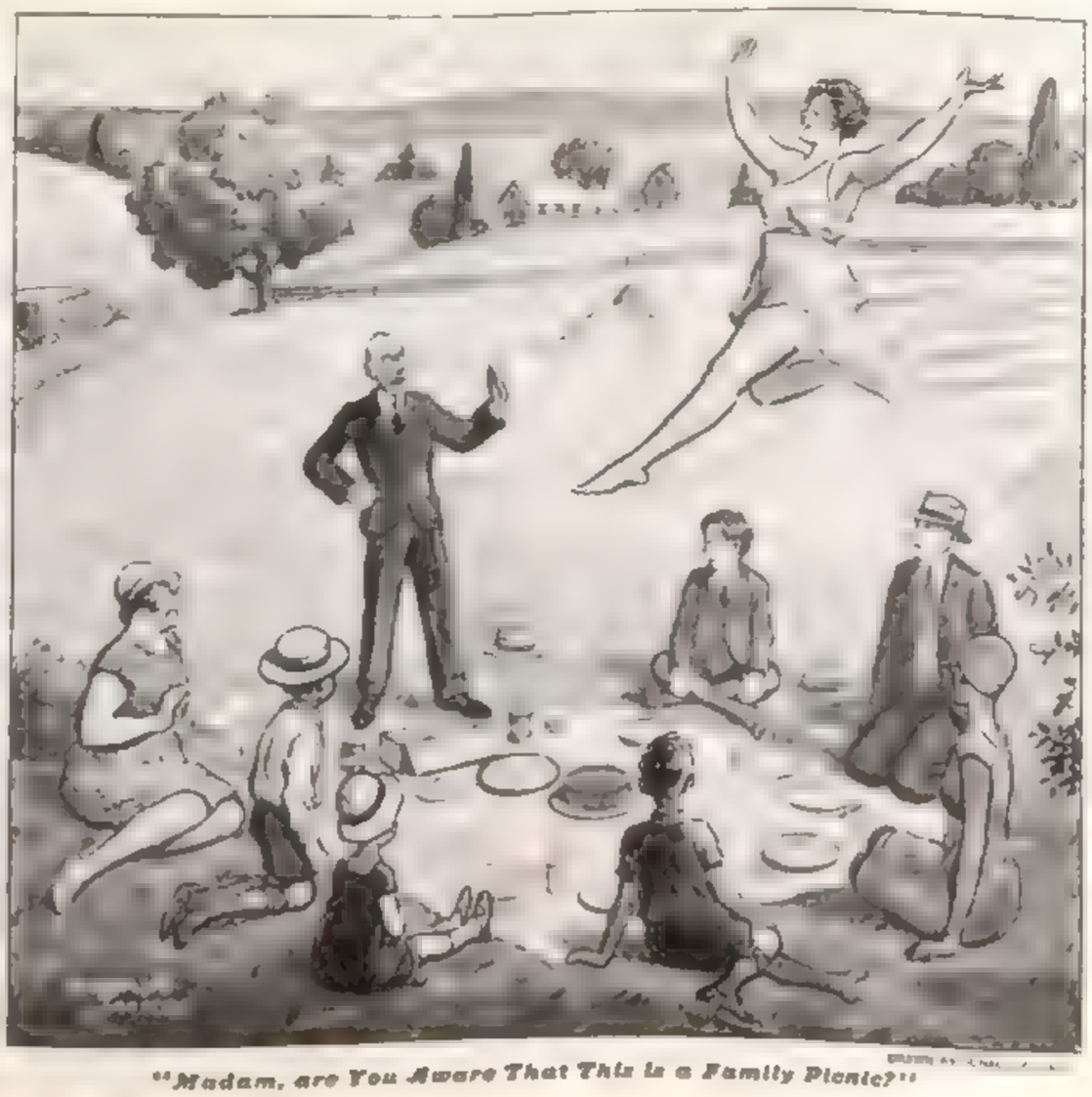
"It is I who open."

Monsieur Boudin unbarred the door and beckoned to François to enter; then he turned to Gordon. "Mademoiselle, our separate duties demand from you one more display of courage. Have you the strength to go home alone?"

She straightened, but her eyes continued to stare blankly before her. "Of course, m'sieur. I thank you."

She heard the door close behind her, leaving her alone in the silent Rue des Réservoirs, through which cabs so seldom pass. She walked along it slowly to where it meets at an acute angle the upper lash of the bifurcated Rue de Franklin, and because her knees were still trembling, supported herself heavily on the iron rail as she went down the two flights of steps, and so into the busy sun-drenched Place du Trocadéro.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Chamberlain. The fifth and last will appear next week.



"Madam, are You Aware That This is a Family Picnic?"

The one true friend she has

You probably can't imagine yourself in this woman's predicament — yet the possibility is far from being remote.

Not so many years ago she burst upon Chicago like a blazing star. In the rich homes of the Gold Coast, violins played long and lights burned late in her honor. She counted her friends by the hundreds, her suitors by the dozens. Assuredly she would marry brilliantly and live well.

Yet today she is rather a pathetic figure despite her wealth and her charm. Old acquaintances seldom call and she makes few new ones. Of all old friends only her bird seems true. Only he is always glad to see her.

How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

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IODENT NO 1
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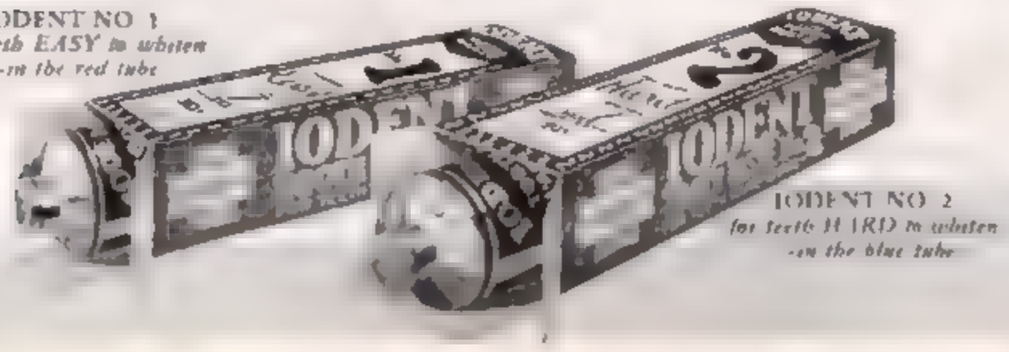

IODENT NO 2
for teeth HARD to whiten
—in the blue tube

A PLATOON MISSING

(Continued from Page 11)

you come in. Gee, it's a lot of fun having a divisional staff in your back yard. 'Colonel Banks' compliments, and have you got any razor blades?' 'The general's compliments, and he's just out of pipe tobacco. Could you lend him a little?' 'The chief of staff wants two of your men for kitchen police right away!' That ain't all. They draw on this outfit as if it were a labor company! Any fatigue to do, send over to the machine gunners and get a couple of men!"

The captain glared at the wall and then viciously shoved a cigarette into his mouth and lighted it.

"You'd better be going!" he went on. "He's probably watching the door to see you come out. If you're too long about it he'll put it on your record!"

"Listen!" said the lieutenant desperately. "Give me a couple of men, will you? Where's Sergeant LeBlanc?"

"He's busy," said the captain evasively. "There's nobody here to send with you. Only Bataraceau—you can have Bataraceau. He's a good man. Speaks French!"

"Might as well go alone!" grunted the lieutenant.

Bataraceau, known as Bad Tobacco, occupied the dual position of company barber and captain's dog robber.

"Well, go on!" cried the captain. "You remind me of a guy trying to get up courage to take a cold bath. Jump in and get it over with! You've got the luck! You'll be away from this divisional staff all day and maybe get hit and spend the winter in Nice or Marseilles or somewhere down south! I've got to stay here and furnish amusement for G 1, 2, 3 and 4 all day!"

"Yeh," agreed the lieutenant sadly, "and maybe I'll be showing my travel orders at the pearly gates, too, before the day is over! Where's Bad Tobacco?"

"Outside, in the cellar. Holler for him when you go out!"

The cellar of the farmhouse, partly filled with the wreckage of the house walls, was a few steps from the dugout. In a corner, under a shelter built of beams, was a field range—that is, a sheet of cast iron laid over a hole in the ground, with a pipe to carry off the smoke. Breakfast having been served and the last mess kit washed, the cook and mess sergeant were now sitting down to a steak or two in comfort. Two K. P.'s were idly drinking something out of their cups that gave them too much evident satisfaction to be coffee, and a third man, his back to the warmth of the stove, was peeling potatoes, helping himself from time to time to something in his cup.

"Bad Tobacco!" called the lieutenant. "Lay off those potatoes and come with me."

"Eh? No. Can't do hit. I got for shave de captain at ten o'clock."

"Never mind, I've seen the captain. He told me to get you."

The man that had been peeling potatoes arose, threw the last one with a splash into a tub, drained his cup, smacked his lips, and climbed out of the cellar to the lieutenant, where he halted, reeking of lemons.

"What you want, lootenant?" he inquired.

"The second platoon is lost," said the officer, "and I've got to find them. You're going to go with me."

"Eh? Not to find Shoe Workers!" said Bad Tobacco emphatically, and he started back to the cellar again.

"Yes, to find Shoe Workers!" cried the officer, seizing his arm. "Don't buck with me, Bad Tobacco, or you'll go to the Rock Crackers, and shave 'Not in line of duty's' for nothing for three or four months! Understand? No ketchum fire water nor lemon extract nor nothing else."

"What for you wanna fin' Shoe Workers?" demanded the other sullenly.

"Never mind! Yours not to question why! Follow me!"

Half an hour later the lieutenant and Bad Tobacco halted. The road they had been on followed a gully between two ridges, thus screening them from observation, but the gully was about to end. From the distance they had come, Lieutenant Maxwell decided that once around the turn, they would be on the lower slopes of the heights that led up to the Chemin des Dames, and in full sight of the enemy.

"*Faut pas descendre!*" said a voice. The officer turned.

Behind him, in a niche in the bank, was a French sentinel. The woolen helmet that he wore framed a mass of beard, from which appeared a red nose and a thick pipe. His long blue overcoat was plastered with mud from the waist down, and the steel helmet that he wore on top of the woolen one had a kind of plume on it, where many candles had been stuck, and their grease had run down the side.

"Ah, pipe down, you!" muttered the officer, and returned to his thoughts. He and Bad Tobacco could get in a ditch and wait for darkness, but then Bad Tobacco would have it on him, and the first time he got inebriated the whole outfit would know it.

But suppose the chief of staff was watching from some vantage point with a field glass to see them appear in the valley? He realized suddenly that Bad Tobacco was conversing with the sentinel.

"Lay off that chatter!" snapped the officer. "I can't hear myself think! Ask him if he's seen anything of a machine-gun platoon around here."

"I hask him," replied Bad Tobacco. "He ain't see it. You go on. I wait for you here!"

"You'll play hell! Come on! Let's go!"

"You t'ink I goin' to walk dis hill two, t'ree miles down in front de whole boche army jus' for fin' de Shoe Workers? Well, I ain't!"

"All right! You for the honey and the rock pile for the rest of your life!"

"I don' givvadam!" replied Bad Tobacco firmly. "I be alive!"

The lieutenant hesitated and was lost. Was it worth it? Suppose he returned and reported that the mission was impossible of accomplishment? Whatever they did to him, as Bad Tobacco said, he would be alive.

The whole company hated the second platoon. No one would blame him. That platoon, yclept the Shoe Workers, all worked in the same factory in the town whence came the old militia outfit that had been joined with a troop of militia cavalry to make up a war-strength machine-gun company. The Shoe Workers stuck together in a clan, gambled together, got drunk together, and made common cause against anyone, officer or man, that had any quarrel with any of its members. The privates all had nicknames, such as "Laster," "Puller-Over," or "Nigger-head"—names appropriate to their particular task in the manufacture of footwear, and Sergeant Bianchette, who ruled them with an iron hand, was cutting-room foreman.

Bad Tobacco particularly hated them, for they had all had their heads clipped with a horse clipper and induced most of the company to follow their example, which procedure removed all necessity for hair-cutting and about nine-tenths of Bad Tobacco's revenue

Bad Tobacco? The lieutenant came out of his reverie with a jerk. Bad Tobacco had disappeared.

"Hey!" shouted the officer. "Hey, you! Bad Tobacco!"

"Sh-h-h!" hissed the sentry. "Boche!"

He pointed dramatically down the road. Appeared Bad Tobacco's head over his shoulder.

The officer leaped across the muddy road, seized Bad Tobacco, and dragged him forth.

"Listen!" he whispered hoarsely. "You see this gat? You duck on me again and

(Continued on Page 77)

"for the business man who is a heavy eater... *yeast*," recommends noted war surgeon

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St. Louis, Mo.

"I HAD TRIED ALL SORTS OF REMEDIES in a vain effort to bring my system back to normal

"I am factory representative of the Kilgen Organ Company and must prepare specifications, confer with prospects and check work through the plant. After a midnight committee meeting I am back on the job early next morning. I need plenty of energy

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(At right) *Mr. [illegible] of the St. Louis factory of the Kilgen Organ Company*

(Left) *Miss Margaret Alexander's mother writes*

Philadelphia, Pa.

"My doctor had prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast cakes for me, so when Margaret became troubled with constipation it was the first thing I thought of. At first I gave it to her dissolved in milk, but later she ate it just like candy. In about a month's time she became perfectly normal again. Now, whenever we go into a store she says, 'Don't forget the yeast cakes, mother

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Below

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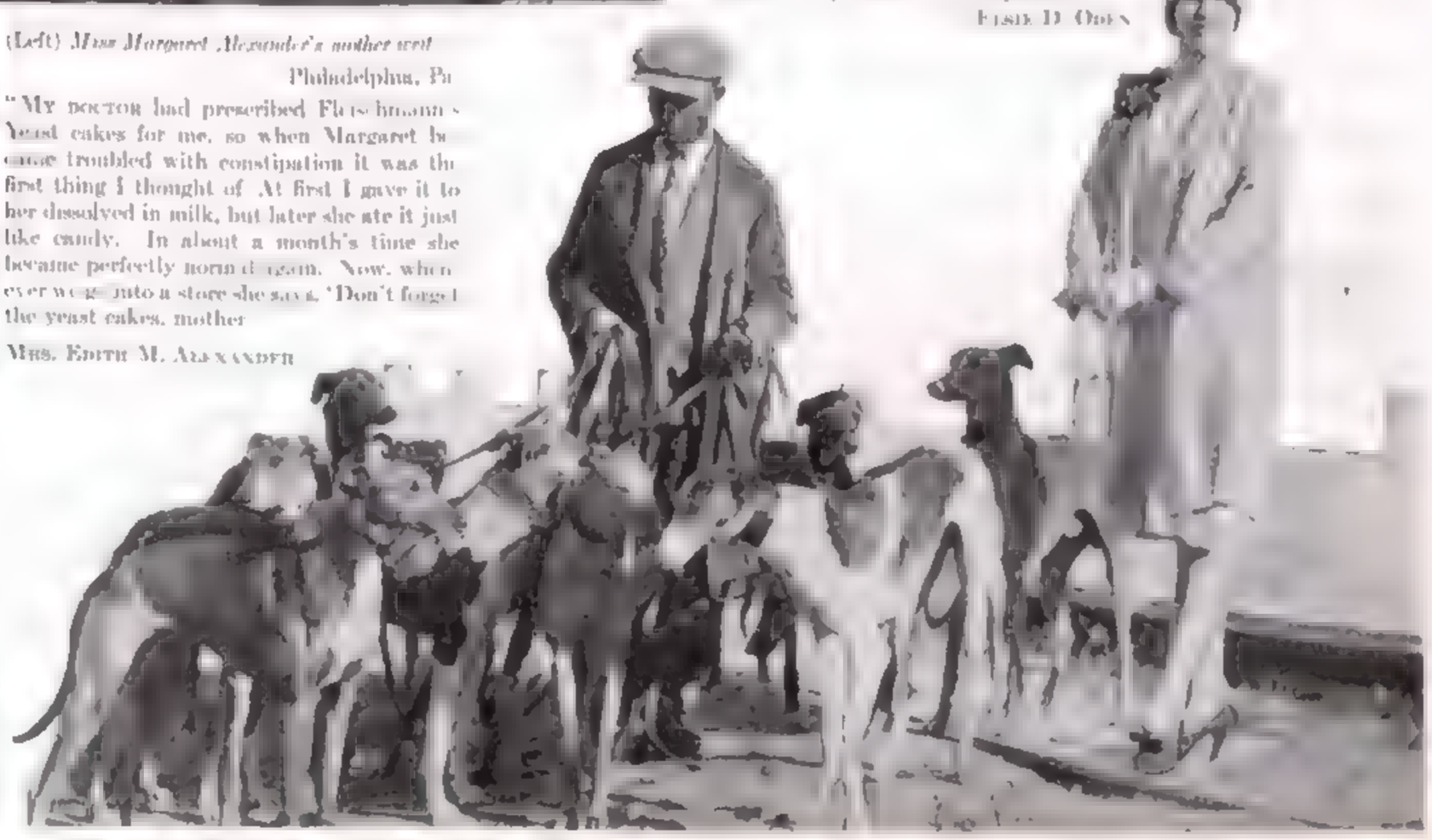
Ethel D. Odell



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HEINZ PEANUT BUTTER

(Continued from Page 74)

you get a huge great big slug out of it right through your anatomy! Savvy? We're gonna find this platoon, Shoe Workers or angel choir, and go back and report which! And no more monkey business!"

"Keep on your shirt!" said the other. "I talk to my frien' an' when I tole him for we got to go down de road, he say, 'You put on de gas soot, what we got for de gas; hit blue, an' you look jus' like French soldier. You can walk dis sector all over hit an' she not shoot at you, becos she tink you French.'"

"Hey! What's this?"

"He say dat de boche won' shoot at him, becos he don' shoot at de boche. Waffer de boche want to bodder him when he don' bodder her?"

"And what do we put on?"

Bad Tobacco extended his arm. There were two pairs of pants and two long shirts with hoods, made of some blue material like oilcloth. Lieutenant Maxwell had seen them before. The French had them lying about everywhere to be put on in case of mustard-gas attack.

"We'll put 'em on," he decided. "The Jerries won't shoot at us any more quickly. Maybe this was a bright thought of the old Frog's. Er—you, '*merci bien*.'"

That being about all the French he knew, the officer was rather embarrassed at the stream of language that the sentinel issued from the depths of his beard, but he smiled and put on the gas suit. Then he seized Bad Tobacco by the arm, and pulling the hood over his American helmet, departed out of the gully.

It seemed suddenly as if the air became very cold. Before them the ground dropped gradually to the river bottom; then, beyond range after range of hills, rose the enemy lines. White ruins dotted the landscape, marking the site of towns. They could see, like a broken toy, the last two arches of a destroyed bridge, and the third that jutted out into emptiness.

The lieutenant's heart beat rapidly. Where was he to go now? He fought off a desire to dive to earth, to get into any of these hollows in the ground that hundreds of shell holes all running into one another had made. It was so different to look at this thing on a map! A town. A church. To the left. Yes, that must be it. He began to go that way, walking like a man in a dream, his feet dragging. From the hills across the river a thousand eyes must be watching him. He did not dare to look to see if the balloon he had seen that morning was still aloft.

"Who's that on the road?"

"Frogs, probably. Have a look."

The lieutenant halted abruptly. Where had those voices come from? Apparently from the ground. He looked again. A rod stuck out of the ground like an old wire post, and as he discovered it, it turned in his direction and disclosed a glistening eye.

"Yeh, Frogs," said the mysterious voice. "Gwan, get out of here! Don't go choppin' no duds around here!"

"Allay oop!" said another voice, its accent more refined. "Drag off!"

"What are you doing down that hole—playing snake?" replied Lieutenant Maxwell nervously.

He walked a few steps and peered into the hole whence the rod with the glistening emerald eye emerged. Three Americans therein looked at him mutely.

"I thought you were French!" said one in confusion. "They wander around here hunting duds to chop the copper off and make rings and things out of. Go back on the road, will you, because you'll give us away? This is an artillery O. P."

"Have you seen anything of a platoon of machine gunners?" asked Lieutenant Maxwell, having retired to the road again.

"No. Nope. No. Ain't seen anything of 'em. No, we wouldn't notice anyway, because in the dark every son of a gun and his brother goes up and down this road!" Thus a chorus from the hole.

"You want to look out you don't get shot up!" concluded someone.

"We're going down to the town," said Lieutenant Maxwell with chattering teeth. "I'm trying to find this platoon of mine. How's the going down there? There a communication trench or anything?"

"No, because the Jerries could see right into it. No, there's nothing. No more road, either. The road ends at the wire. Go on. Don't be scared. The Frogs run around there all the time with no gas mask or helmet or anything. We'll watch you in the periscope and if you get hit we'll telephone back where you are."

"Would they come after us?" asked Maxwell wistfully.

"Well, not before night anyway."

"Ha! Well, thanks, anyway."

"Say," called the voice from the hole, as they moved off, "if you should get through all right, and you locate any choice targets down there, let us know about 'em when you come back, will you?"

"I'll see you in a worse place than this first, you woodchuck!" muttered the lieutenant fiercely.

He went on like a man on teetering ice, thinking each step would be his last, and Bad Tobacco followed him.

The muddy ledge they followed began to lose all semblance to a road, and in a short time it disappeared altogether, merging imperceptibly into a billowing waste of mud and weeds, and tufts of rank grass. The silence was like that of the desert. No song of bird, no sound of wagon, or of horse, or of man's voice. There was not the slightest doubt that they had been seen by the enemy, but if they had been allowed to come that far, it was very probable that the Germans would allow them to go the rest of the way.

Why? Was there really some kind of unofficial truce between the French and the Germans in this sector? He had heard that they fished together! Or maybe the enemy waited to take him and Bad Tobacco prisoners! Ah, no! No danger of that! The enemy would have the Aisne River to cross, and the canal beside it.

A narrow-gauge track! Ah! He remembered that on the map! If he followed it, it would take him to Mauchamp from there. He looked down at the ground. There was the unmistakable mark of hobnails there. Would the platoon keep on? Yes. Blanchette and six out of eight in every squad were of French-Canadian ancestry, and speaking the tongue of their ancestors fluently, could inquire their way of French troops they might meet. They would keep on, for the fools they were, right to the edge of the canal, and set up their guns where the enemy could make Hamburg steak out of them at will.

They slunk now, in and out of hollows made by old shell holes, across what seemed to be remnants of houses, overgrown with briers. They waded through icy pools, ankle deep in mud, or painfully clambered over tumbled blocks of masonry at the risk of twisting an ankle. The enemy hills rose before them like a rampart.

"Past!" Bad Tobacco hissed like a snake. The lieutenant first hurled himself against a sheltering bank, bruising his ribs on the junks of brick and stone with which the soil was impregnated, then looked to see what was bothering the other.

Bad Tobacco pointed silently. There was a narrow path, such as a goat might make, that wound in and out of the hummocks, skirted the uneven heaps of stone, and disappeared below a real house wall that still had a window frame in it. This path was speckled with hobnail marks.

"They've been this way," whispered the officer. "A house, huh? We're in Mauchamp. Quiet, now."

The two of them went on, following the narrow path. It passed under the house wall and mounted again on the other side into a sort of amphitheater of crumbling walls, fallen beams and thorns. There was straw there, and a huge pile of rusty machine-gun clips.

Beyond, on the other side of the thicket, they crawled under a great beam, and found themselves before the door of a roofless house. The path went in and they followed. Both suddenly recoiled. A flight of stone steps led down from the old floor to an arched door, beyond which water glistened. That was the canal. The path they had followed ended at the water's edge.

"I've gummed it!" whispered Lieutenant Maxwell. "I should have found the church and got my direction from there. This is something else. Maybe this is where the French come for water or something. We've got to go back. We've come down too far! The Shoe Workers would be on a kind of hill back of the church!"

Then his chest tightened. He remembered that Mauchamp was not on the canal bank. The only place on the bank was Hautrive Cheminées, a foundry. He and Bad Tobacco had come into Hautrive. But he remembered that the dots and dashes on the map that showed used path or occupied hut about Hautrive were blue. Hautrive was German.

"Git!" husked the officer, waving his hand at Bad Tobacco. "On your way, man!"

But the other did not move. He stared, white-faced, at the surface of the canal. The officer turned again and followed the line of Bad Tobacco's gaze. There was a snake—a rope! It flapped up and down in the water. Why? The prow of a small skiff appeared at the right of the doorway, the rope flapped again, and the skiff slid into full view.

The lieutenant, frozen with horror, leaned back against the wall of the arch with some vague idea of making himself invisible. His pistol was under his blue gas mantle, but even had it been ready to his hand, he would not have had time to use it.

There were three Germans in the skiff. They looked solemnly at the lieutenant against the wall, and at Bad Tobacco halfway up the stairs. They smiled.

"Bon chour!" said one, and made a loop in the rope about an iron hook to hold the skiff against the doorway.

There was a long embarrassed silence.

"*Bon jour*," said Bad Tobacco finally. "*Parle français!*"

"*Oui!*" smiled the German. "*Savon?*"

"*Savon?*" gasped the two Americans.

"*Ja, ja*," grinned the other two Germans. "*Safon!*" They made motions as if they washed their faces.

Lieutenant Maxwell, leaning back against the wall, his arms outstretched as if he had been crucified, suddenly realized that these Germans were not hostile. They wore their little round fatigue caps, and none of them had any weapons in sight. Tales he had heard of this sector crowded into his head—of German and French officers inviting one another to dinner, going on rabbit hunts together in all friendliness. These Germans must think that he and Bad Tobacco were French! Why not, in their blue outfits?

Ah! Bad Tobacco was speaking French to them! And the man in the bow of the boat evidently spoke it fairly fluently, for the conversation was animated.

And then, suddenly, the man in the bow cast off the rope, the Germans smiled and bobbed their heads in farewell, then the skiff slid out of sight, as an imitation one in a theater might disappear into the wings.

"Gone?" husked Lieutenant Maxwell.

The rope slapped the yellow water once or twice, then finally sank out of sight. The ripples died away. The lieutenant simply pointed with his finger, back up the stair, out the way they had come. Bad Tobacco understood, for his gas mantle rustled, his hobnails scraped on the stones, and leaping like a deer, he was gone. The lieutenant was not far behind.

Five minutes later, out of breath, gasping, unable to run another step, the two threw themselves down behind a hummock.

"What did he say?" asked the officer, when he could find breath to speak.

"He say dat he wan' to know how's chances for soap. I tole him we ain' got no soap. Well, he say dat he got some fines' beer what ever you drink an' if you give him some two, three' cake huv soap, he give you some huf bees beer. He tole me dat he an' dem odder fellar was cook for some general what live by de railroad station jus' de odder side de canal. So den he say he see us come down de hill an' he t'ink we come for to swap soap wit' heem, an' so if we ain't got no soap, why, he'll jus' be off home where he got stew cookin' on de stove, an' so long, see you de nex' tam."

"Uh! Tobac, we better dust out of here! Those krauts broke off the interview too quickly. They spotted us for Americans! Couldn't they see helmets that weren't French under these hoods? You might pass for a Frog; I never could! Home, now, before they run a steam rolier over us!"

Instead of going, however, he groaned and rested his face in the mud. He had forgotten the platoon. He must find it first. Suppose he went home and said there was no trace of it. Ah, but the chief of staff might see him come in, and would say bitterly that he should have hunted a little longer, that he should have stayed out until dark.

What would he give to have the man that had assigned a divisional staff to quarters a hundred yards from the P. C. of a machine-gun company with him at that moment! He would powder his nose for him, if it cost ten years in Leavenworth!

"No!" said Lieutenant Maxwell, raising up on one knee. "We've got to find that blank platoon! Let's make for Mauchamp. It's off to the right there somewhere!"

He waved his hand vaguely toward the wilderness of muddy hillside to the west. How cold and desolate and forbidding it looked! Hey! What was that? There was something black out there in the hummocks that had moved. Now it was gone! What could it be? A dog? A big rat, perhaps.

Bad Tobacco laid his hand on the officer's arm, and when the other turned, pointed silently to the left. The lieutenant at first could see nothing but the same tumbled, uneven sea of clay, but Bad Tobacco jerking his arm, his vision improved.

Three boche! Three! Not fifty yards away, kneeling, apparently listening. One of the three had his arm drawn back, holding a grenade ready to hurl. And that black object that he had first seen? Was that another German? Probably.

"Listen, Tobac! Those soap-hunting cooks have tipped their friends off! The boche are after us!"

He tore off his blue gas cloak and after it the pants.

"Enough of these!" he panted. "They won't see us so easily in O. D. against the mud. Let's lay here a second and see which way those birds go."

The three Germans on the left disappeared behind the uneven ground in front of them. Maxwell, peering over his own elbow, watched for any sign of an enemy on the right. He suspicioned that the black object had been a coal-scuttle helmet. He was right. He saw it again, and this time he could see the face under it, pale and nervous, peeking anxiously from a shell hole. The helmet was withdrawn.

"Come on, Tobac," whispered the lieutenant. "They're twice as scared of us as we are of them."

Lieutenant Maxwell's first plan was to go sharply to the left and pass behind the Germans he had seen there. But if the Germans on the hills should discover him? They would be bound to fire at him now. Yet he was in olive drab, and not blue, and was becoming rapidly so plastered with mud that the enemy might step right over him and not recognize him. He discovered, though, that there were more Germans in that direction. Both he and Bad Tobacco saw them—a half dozen or more—skip one by one across the sky line. The two Americans turned and went the other way.

For an hour they crawled, listened, lay still, crawled on again. They saw no Germans, but at one time they were so close to a party of them that they heard them talking, muttering gutturally in low tones.

A second hour they spent, almost without movement, hoping the enemy would give up the chase. The third hour began, and Maxwell began to hope that he and

(Continued on Page 80

Tread and carcass: t
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the Goodyear All-We
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Carcass. *Evidence?* I
will demonstrate. *Pro*
on Goodyear Tires th

GOOD

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is greater *traction* in
ather Tread. There is
Goodyear Supertwist
Any Goodyear Dealer
of? "More people ride
an on any other kind!"

YEAR

(Continued from Page 77)

Bad Tobacco would stick it out until dark, but that hope seemed a little premature. Both of them heard Germans coming up behind them. They went on carefully, working away from the sounds.

The Germans, also, could not move too fast or put their heads up too long. There were Americans on the opposite slope and not too far away for accurate shooting by a good rifleman.

"Hi!" gasped Bad Tobacco suddenly. "Wire!"

One look was enough. Just beyond the next wave of ground was a belt of wire, old, rusty, but as near as could be told by a hasty peek, several yards wide and unpleasantly thick.

"To the left!" the officer said quickly.

They went to the left, but the wire continued. The ground began to mount. Suppose they turned and went back the other way?

A halt, while they watched for signs of the enemy in that direction. A bunch of rushes in a flooded shell hole suddenly became opaque, then once again the sky could be seen through them. Someone has passed behind them. Man, that shell hole was not very far away!

"Hustle!" choked the officer. "They're after us!"

But then, as they hastily slid along beside the wire, it bent upon itself in an angle, and herded them downhill again. And then it struck the lieutenant what had happened.

The wily Germans, knowing the sector as they did the palms of their own hands, had not dashed hurriedly out into that waste of shell holes at risk of running by their quarry, but had simply gone methodically to work to herd the Americans toward the wire, where, with one patrol closing in from either end, and one or two from behind, they were certain of ultimately finding the men they were after.

Then, as he looked desperately around, he saw the patrols appear. Behind them, a man lay right against the wire, perhaps watching them. To the left, downhill, a row of black objects that moved and disappeared and reappeared were helmets.

Why, thought Maxwell, had they not been killed long ago?

Because a live American at that time was worth any number of dead ones. The Germans wanted American prisoners to question as to their training, how many of their compatriots were in France, and as to what they thought of the war in general.

Then up rose calmly four men a little way in front. They saw the Americans at once, and three again lay down, where they produced extremely short and thin rifles with which they covered the two Americans.

The fourth man, who had remained standing, beckoned to Bad Tobacco and the lieutenant. Seeing that he was observed, he grinned, and waved his arm more imperiously.

With a heart of ice, Lieutenant Maxwell drew his pistol to make a fight of it.

Tut-tut-tut-tut!

The waving German collapsed like a punctured balloon.

The two Americans ducked. Yet both, being machine gunners, knew that it was a Hotchkiss that was firing—the slow, methodical, reliable Hotchkiss. They would never again hear a sound so welcome. And the gunner that was firing knew his business, for he was firing short bursts, which gave the opportunity to shift his aim.

The lieutenant's mind for the next few minutes became confused. He remembered that he shouted to Bad Tobacco, that he leaped from one hole to another for a long time, and that he fired his pistol at a running German. He discovered simultaneously the body of the man who had waved at them, and beyond, a gap, several yards wide, in the rusty wire.

Those Germans had been posted at that gap in case the Americans made for it, and while the lieutenant went through the gap in wide, hurdling leaps, he could not help but feel that the Germans had better have stayed at home to their dinner and left the gap unguarded.

Once through that nightmare band of wire, the two Americans ran up the hill as far as they could go, then hurled themselves into a hole and gasped like landed fish.

There was somewhere about there a friendly machine gun, and so they were safe. Finally the lieutenant recovered his breath, and the taste of blood in his mouth began to fade. Things becoming clearer, in this fashion, he remembered the platoon. He was no nearer to it than when he started. He groaned heavily from very weariness of spirit.

"Yah! So it's you, huh? What hell d'yuh mean by it, huh? Who give you authority to go shootin' off that gun in broad daylight? Wanna get us all killed, huh? I've a mind to knock your front teeth out the back of your skull! Jever think the boche'll shell this place now 'til its own mother wouldn't know it? No! Never thought o' that! Never thought o' nuthin' but coneyac an' wenches! Awright! Wait 'til we get relieved outta here; I'll give you somethin' to think about! If you don't dig holes enough to reach from here to Hoboken an' back six times I'll bite my name in a green bough! Jerk that gun offen the tripod! Get t'ell outta here with it!"

"There were some boche out there!" stammered another voice. "Chasin' some of our guys!"

"Gwan!"

"I tell yuh I seen 'em, sergeant!"

"Seen 'em? Lemme smell o' your breath!"

At this moment Lieutenant Maxwell and Bad Tobacco arrived, in search of the source of this language. They discovered the remnants of an old sap, its revetments rotting and fallen in, but still deep enough for protection, and joined to the trace of a long-abandoned communication trench. In this sap a man was making ready to dismount a hot machine gun, and a sergeant whose jaw fell down like a dead man's at the sight of the two newcomers.

"Blanchette!" barked the lieutenant. "What are you doing here? Where's your platoon?"

"Sir, the captain ordered ——"

"He didn't order you here. He ordered you to Mauchamp! What do you mean by being here? Where's the platoon?"

"The platoon's behind us in some holes, sir. This man here was on guard, with orders not to fire, an' he's fired, an' we'd better be lookin' out for rain!"

"Well, if he hadn't fired I know two men that would have been poppy fertilizer by this time. But why didn't you go where you were told? Where is this place anyway?"

"I was ordered to go to the front line, sir," said the sergeant, "an' I had a lot of landmarks and things, but we asked the French and they said this was the front line so we stopped here. You can see Mauchamp if you want to put up your head. It's a half mile farther down the valley. I wasn't goin' to take a platoon o' men down there! The boche would make skimmers out of us! Why, it would have put the Inter-City Shoe Company outta business!"

Before any reply could be made, the lieutenant heard, as one who walks a New York street, the approach of an Elevated train that fell from its track just above their heads with horrid fracas. It was a shell, which, striking somewhere on the mud, did not explode, but it had landed so near that they could hear it scratching like a dog as it still spun. All started to go away, but another shell arrived that was not a dud. They lay down where they were. The Germans knew the position of that old sap to an inch, and no time was lost by their artillery in trying for a bracket. As fine a barrage began to fall as a man would care to avoid.

"Sergeant," cried the lieutenant, "where's the road? I can stop this! Do you remember where the road is?"

The officer's heart beat high. He had escaped the boche and found the platoon, and nothing now could daunt him. The sergeant pointed.

"It's not far!" he yelled.

"Where's the platoon?"

"They're all right! I told 'em to take cover! I knew we'd get shelled the minute I heard that gun going!"

It was not easy to get through that barrage and to the road. And on the road the Germans were kind enough to give him two or three shells all for himself. But he went on, watching for a wire post with an eye in it, which he presently found.

"Hey, in there! Artillery! Fire some retaliation fire on the railroad station at Hautrive! There's a divisional staff in there! Get going before they flatten my platoon for me!"

"Hey? They shelling your platoon? Come in out of the rain! You'll draw fire on us out there! Get in the hole! . . . Railroad station? What's the coördinates? Oh, look! It's in the O. C. P. general area! I'll just order an 'Offensive counter preparation' general, an' that will hit it! I'm not supposed to fire except in case of gravest emergency, but this is it! . . . Move over, you, and let the lieutenant have room to breathe. Gimme the phone! Hello, P. C. Hello! Hello! Lieutenant Mathers speaking! O. C. P. general! O. C. P. general! Shoot it!"

An O. C. P. general is not fired except in case of attack, as a reply to the enemy preliminary bombardment. The signal has much the same effect as a general alarm of fire.

The Americans, weary with weeks of doing nothing, and eager to do a little something in this war that they had come three thousand miles to take part in, leaped to their guns of all calibers—trench mortar, seventy-five or *cent cinquante cinq*—and began to burn ammunition.

The Germans, after their first minutes of astonishment, ceased firing on the platoon, but having had their ration dumps, narrow-gauge switchbacks, cantonments and command centers hammered, they went to it to show those across the river, French or American, that two could play at that game, and that if they wanted war, they could have it now.

It was an hour before the French, some weeping and others cursing, had penetrated to enough American command posts to stop the firing. But the peace in that sector had permanently fled.

"Well, it's all over now," said the artillery officer soberly. "But I'm going to have some tall explaining to do. From what's been said over this phone, they'll want to hang me. The boche retaliation seems to have raised hell! Wagon parks gone up in smoke, ration dumps on fire, all the dugouts around Fort Malmaison knocked into a cocked hat! You'll have to stick with me and say it was to save your platoon! But you're not going to leave them there now, are you, after the boche have spotted them?"

"Hot dog!" gasped Lieutenant Maxwell. "I never thought of that! I was ordered to find them, but nothing was said about what to do when found. Give me that phone!"

He wound the crank. "Hello! Have you still got a line to Palm Beach? . . . Hello! Palm Beach, yes! . . . Well, give it to me. Hello, Palm Beach? . . . This is Lieutenant Maxwell. Say, I found the platoon. . . . No, they didn't go to Mauchamp. What will I do with them now?"

"Bring them home!" said the voice at the other end.

"Oh, never! You know our friend there, he'd see us come in, and they'd have a mission for us twice as nasty! No, I'd rather stay here."

"Bring 'em in!" said the voice. "The boche retaliation turned loose on that place knocked it for a gool. They went out of there from the general down like a bunch of rats. Come home! They've all moved down to Vailly! You know they shouldn't have shelled that railroad station. The French have had an agreement about that for years!"

"Yeh?" asked Lieutenant Maxwell happily. "Well, we'll be home for supper anyway."

He hung up the instrument and turned to the artillery officer with a smile. "Say, I can see now why the French have had this truce with the Germans all the while here. You know, those krauts aren't bad guys after all!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

"Nemmine, big boy! Wha at is us gwine to hyah dem agony blues?" I snapped my fingers, shuffled and crooned:

"Dat ole man ribber, de ribber he groans,
An Ahm all alone, an' Ah hones an' moans
Foh dat man o' mine,
Ah said, dat man o' mine,
Ah said, dat man o' mine,
Ah said, dat man o' mine,
Ah said ——"

"Oh, quite. You said that man of yours."

"Whut's ailin' yo', niggah? Lady Luck done been treatin' you dirty? Don' yo' boys sing no mo' 'long de Mississip?"

"Oh, dear, yes. We might pop in at the university club. Some old glee-club men are going to give a recital of *Lieder*—Schubert and Brahms, mostly."

"Yo' don' git me right, bo. Ain't dey no mo' black-an'-tan barrel houses like dey used to be, whar dey sings dem woeful voodoo blues?"

"Why," said my informant, "there used to be some resorts answering roughly to your description. But the national demand for the services of our entertainers was too compelling to permit them to remain here. White people are, of course, the great consumers of negro music, art, literature and comedy. We give them artistic productions, and in return we consume their cheap manufactured goods. It is a fair bargain, since it leaves them the drudgery they appear to enjoy, and provides us with leisure for our creative work. I am a novelist myself. But you were asking for an opportunity to appreciate that music which is the heritage of our race. If you will enter that building you will enjoy what is probably the best, up to the present, that we have produced."

Following his indicating finger, I looked at the display of a talking, singing, and dancing picture of the Old South which I had seen in a theater in New York the week before.

"Sir," said I, "pray accept, with my compliments, an author's notebook and a nicely sharpened pencil."

MORRIS BISHOP

Thoughts While Basking

A BATHING girl who turns her back on you these days may have the best intentions.

It is a wise son who knows his own mother with her back turned.

These days a girl must be head and shoulders above the crowd.

Her face may be her fortune, but if her back won't tan, she won't find it this year.

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"The fragrant companion of his solitude."

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A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe

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BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

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A priceless old-time tobacco secret—Wellman's famous 1870 Method—makes Granger slow-burning and cool; rich, mellow and fragrant.

Note how the "Rough Cut" burns—not hot and fast like finely cut tobaccos, but slower, cooler, down to a clean dry ash.

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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

...in more pipes every day!

WAR LETTERS OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

Continued from Page 36

theater of European action. But we are all convinced here that the President's desire for peace is based on a very concrete fear that the war which the United States so ardently desires to keep out of is coming daily nearer and nearer to them. Thus, the desire of peace has a very practical ground, and the more the country realizes the ground on which the President acts, the more I think it will sympathize with his action. This we should not lose sight of. It is not a question of sentiment or vanity, but of reason, and good reason. It would be a great mistake to treat his action as if it was a mere ebullition of hot air or an impertinent intrusion in matters that do not concern him. This would be as great a mistake as to suppose that because his mother was born in Carlisle he is English in heart and sympathy. His personal sympathies would naturally be with us, as he has been brought up on English lines. But he is President of the United States, and his guiding maxim is to carry out the popular wishes. Where possible and where consistent with his duties, I have no doubt that he will be friendly to ourselves. But we should not forget that our greatest enemies here have been men of pure British stock.

TO MR. BALFOUR

JANUARY 5TH, 1917.

It looks as if the President was determined not to give up his efforts toward peace. The reasons are the danger which the United States is in of being drawn into the war, if it continues and if the Germans execute their threat of destroying every neutral ship bound for Allied waters. Another compelling reason is the natural ambition of the President and the United States people to play a part in this crisis, and their feeling that the part they have played hitherto has not been distinguished. Many influences combine to make this movement popular. The fear of peace and the discontinuance of war orders seems not to be so great as the fear of war. And there is a feeling that if peace is concluded without the interposition or cooperation of the United States the result may be unpleasant. There is a fear that the Monroe Doctrine may cease to have the active support of the British and French democracies, and that Japan and Germany may be given a free hand in this continent. If the Allies give any reason for the hope that peace negotiations of some sort may be opened, the President will no doubt take full advantage of it. If the Allies close the door, it is quite possible that the President may try to force it open. It is almost inconceivable that this country should take sides with Germany against the Allies. But it is possible that they may put some pressure on the Allies in order to force them to negotiate. The fear of Germany is so great that almost any possible means will be taken to avoid the conflict. The number of people who desire such a conflict is small, but there is a growing number of people who are beginning to think that the conflict is inevitable. For it is believed that the object of Germany is to cut off all communication by sea between this continent and the Allies, and that Germany will do this at all hazards. A meeting of Germans took place in New York a week ago. It was decided that the war would probably continue till next winter, and that the United States would probably be involved within six months. What preparations this country has made is not very clear. It is believed that the Government is reluctant to take any precautions at all. I believe, however, that the fleet is to patrol the coast—at any rate, for a short time—and will look out for submarines. All cargoes of oil are carefully watched. . . .

When the United States entered the war it was announced immediately that Mr. Balfour, on behalf of the British Government, would come to the United States to concert policy and action. Spring-Rice, on receiving this news, wrote a letter of rejoicing and of guidance:

PROBABLY TO LORD ROBERT CECIL

APRIL 13, 1917

The announcement of Mr. Balfour's visit has given the greatest satisfaction here, especially in government circles. There are, however, certain considerations which it would be wise to bear in mind.

1. There is no intention to establish a coalition government or to accept the advice and assistance of the Republican Party, although in political, naval and military affairs the Republican Party, owing to its long continuance in office, undoubtedly possesses the most distinguished personalities. In finance the great leaders belong to the Republican Party and are on the very worst terms with the Democratic Administration. On the whole, what is generally known as society is on the side of the Republicans and opposed to the Democrats. The speakers and writers who have from the first taken the side of the Allies have violently attacked the President and are almost all to be ranked among his political enemies. It will, therefore, be essential that our mission should bear these facts in mind. The persons with whom they would naturally come in contact and with whom they would be naturally inclined to associate are precisely those with whom the President is on bad terms. Any intimacy with these persons would be regarded with suspicion. On the other hand, it would, of course, be dangerous to show any ingratitude to those who have borne the labor and heat of the day on our behalf. It is thought very fortunate that the British Government has selected a man who is known to be most competent to deal with this very delicate situation.

2. The President, in entering into the war, has probably taken the action which he has done at the earliest possible moment. If it had been taken before, it is extremely doubtful whether the country would have followed him. His political method is to ascertain from various sources of information what is the predominant sense of the country. He has never taken any action in which he was not moderately sure of at least the acquiescence of the majority. His tendency has been to follow very exactly the dictates of popular opinion. There is no doubt that this country desires peace and enters on the war with the greatest reluctance. Their reason for coming into it is not the desire to help the Allies but the conviction that neutrality is no longer possible, that they must fight Germany, and it is better to fight her in Europe with Allies than in America without. Congress is already showing very plainly the effect of the manifest reluctance of the people of the United States to take an active and physical part in the struggle.

3. One of the favorite lines of attack on the President by the pacifists and pro-Germans is that Great Britain for her own purposes has inveigled the United States into the war and is going to make use of this country for her selfish objects. It will be said, especially in the Hearst papers, that the British mission is sent here in order to carry out this object—to induce the United States to take action best fitted to promote British purposes, and is sending specialists to teach the United States how to raise an army and conduct the war. The best answer to this accusation is to point out that the conditions in the United States are very similar to those which prevailed in Great Britain, and that the United States has every reason to take advantage of the mistakes made by Great Britain and profit by our experience. We are sending a mission not to offer advice unasked for but to answer any questions which the United States

(Continued on Page 85)

This Investment in J-M Insulations *PAYS* 72% Dividend

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Fords Porcelain Works, at Perth Amboy, N. J., operate kilns for firing porcelain fixtures of all varieties. The kilns reach a temperature of 2390 degrees Fahrenheit at the end of each firing. Insulating these kilns with Johns-Manville Sil-O-Cel has resulted in saving fuel oil representing a return of 72% each year on the cost of the insulation. In other words, this means that the cost of J-M Sil-O-Cel Insulation was paid for in 16½ months. Also, the working space on the floors above the kilns was made available for a work room through the reduction of uncomfortable temperatures which had existed before insulation was applied—another direct saving.

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Annual charges for the insulation . . .	64.89
Net annual savings per kiln	298.11
Investment in the insulation	412.70
Net annual return on the investment—72%	
Investment is entirely paid for in about 16½ months	
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Name

Address

(Continued from Page 82)

Government may be inclined to ask us in order to promote the common cause and to enable this Government to avoid the errors into which we have fallen

4. The reason which no doubt is at the bottom of the antagonism of Americans to Great Britain is the fear of being thought to be relapsing into the condition of a colony There would be the very greatest reluctance to taking part in the war under British control or as a part of a British campaign. The United States Army and Navy and the United States Government would be very sensitive to the accusation, which will undoubtedly be made, that they are submitting to the control or dictation of any British officer. This is the danger which will have always to be borne in mind. The fact that Great Britain has taken the part she has done in the war and that the United States has come in at a later date will tend to promote the impression that the United States is following Great Britain's lead. For this purpose it is most important that every possible care should be taken to impress on the minds of Americans that Great Britain has no secret designs of this nature. Of course, it is also highly important that true recognition should be given of the very great services which this country has rendered and is now rendering to the Allied cause.

5. There can be no doubt that the President will speak of the Irish question. The Irish party are of very great political importance at the present moment. The question is one which is at the root of most of our troubles with the United States. The fact that the Irish question is still unsettled is continually quoted against us as a proof that it is not wholly true that the fight is one for the sanctity of engagements or the independence of small nations. The President is by descent an Orangeman and by education a Presbyterian. But he is the leader of the Democratic Party, in which the Irish play a prominent part, and he is bound in every way to give consideration to their demands.

Another dispatch of the same date testified to the excellent effect produced by the visit of the British and French admirals who came to concert action at sea

TO MR. BALFOUR

SEPT. 7, 1917

The indications are that the President is absolutely determined to carry on the war, but he is also absolutely determined to maintain his full and complete independence. He retains his original idea when he thought of being mediator, even now that he is a belligerent. He is not a belligerent among other belligerents, but something apart. It does not mean that he will not give every possible help and make every possible sacrifice, but he will not be bound by any sort of agreement, nor will he incur even the possibility of being supposed to have an agreement. He has clearly before him the ideal of a reformed Germany over whom there will be more joy than over ninety-nine just nations. With this Germany no measures of reprisal or repression or even of defense will be necessary. With no other Germany will he treat. . . .

One of the reasons why the President objects to have responsible agents abroad to keep him informed of military and naval and other matters is that he has a rooted distrust of military and naval advisers and that he has had an extremely disagreeable experience with various special commissioners. House turns out to be the only one that he can really trust to, and I suspect that he gets all his information of an unofficial character through House as general intelligence officer and editor of news. House is absolutely unselfish and quite devoted to the President. He has no political aim of his own; he is endlessly patient as a listener, and very clear as an informant. The President trusts him to give him what he hears without any color of personal interest. But the strain on House, who is almost without assistance, is becoming intolerable, and I don't know how long the present system will be able to last. You ought, however, to know one of the reasons why the President was reluctant to accede to our perfectly natural wishes that he should have a direct representative on the Allied council.

On September 14 Spring-Rice welcomed the news that an envoy even more important than Northcliffe was being sent. "There is every reason to anticipate that Lord Reading's visit will be a great success," he wrote. In addition to the reasons for such a mission which he had conveyed in his dispatch of July fifth he noted that Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, insisted on holding communication direct with the embassy, and the embassy, acting through the Foreign Office, was in no direct relation with the British Treasury. Lord Reading as a member of the War Cabinet was a better link.

It was essential to comply with Mr. McAdoo's wishes; he was, in Spring-Rice's view, all important; the first loan had only gone off through his personal exertions and now that a second was being launched he must undertake a new and oratorical campaign.

Two months later—November twenty-third—Spring-Rice was able to testify to the success of both the British and the American statesmen.

Several bankers told me that Reading's mission was most useful and that he was exceedingly adroit. His reputation for cleverness was very high indeed—so high that there was a good deal of anxiety expressed lest "he should put one over on Mr. McAdoo." The latter has made good, as they say here; he has floated his loan and considerably increased his prestige. He is now the strongest man in the cabinet. He is certainly most strongly for the war and has expressed himself with unmistakable plainness.

TO LORD ROBERT CECIL

OCT. 17.

There is no doubt whatever as to the attitude of the President and the Administration. It was fortunate for us that the Republicans were defeated, for had Mr. Hughes been elected and declared war, as he would have been forced to do, it is probable that the great mass of the Democratic Party would have opposed the war bitterly and that there would have been a strongly divided nation. As it is, the President was elected on a peace program which he did his best to carry out. . . . His entry into the war, which was necessitated by the German action, was seconded, though much against their will, by the great mass of the Republican Party. The election showed that his own party in part resented his breach of his peace promises, and this feeling is strong in many parts of the country. His hold over Congress is still very strong, but it is partly due to Republican support. He is unfortunate in the rather inferior caliber, not in the way of intelligence but of parliamentary experience, of his principal supporters in the House and Senate. Democrats of the greatest experience are personally opposed to him. His position is an embarrassing one and he is driven more and more into himself and his own resources. He is also very anxious to preserve his clarity of vision and his bodily health, in view of the immense strain which is thrown upon him. He is thus forced to avoid personal contact as much as possible. He regards most interviews, especially argumentative interviews, as a waste of time and mental resources. The emotions of his mind are thus wrapt in mystery, but there are no indications whatever of any change in his point of view with regard to the war. When it was rumored that he had accepted the request of the Allies for American representation on the War Council, he caused it to be known that the council on which he was to be represented was really a war council and not covertly a peace council. When representations were made to him that some arrangement should be made to facilitate communications with the Vatican, he insisted that nothing should be done that could be interpreted as a common move toward peace. There is no sign of a weakening of his resolution. The signs are the other way. On the other hand, it is abundantly apparent that this country, while intensely

Continued on Page 87

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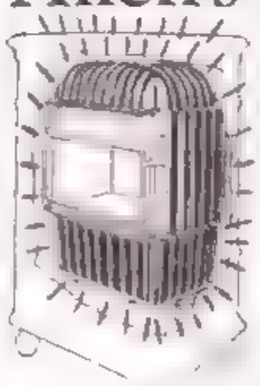

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The same principle embodied in the fin construction, used for many years by engineers to facilitate the radiation of heat from engine cylinder walls, has been adapted to the Allen, thereby increasing the heating surface by 100%. As a result, a greater volume of air is circulated more rapidly through the furnace and the heat is "brushed" from the fins. The Allen burns any kind of fuel. Wide doors accommodate cord wood. A special model is made for burning gas.

From Alaska to Florida—from coast to coast—thousands of ALLENS are giving satisfactory service in homes, schools, churches and stores.

Decide now for a comfortable home the ALLEN way. There is a responsible Dealer in almost every town who will be glad to demonstrate Allen advantages. If you do not know the name of one near by, write to—

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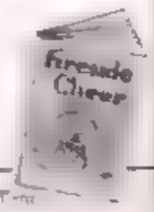

ALLEN MFG. CO., INC., Nashville, Tenn.

"Oldtime Fireside Cheer" Model

Name

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TODAY, take note of the many representative families in your community who invariably buy their table needs at the A&P Food Stores.

Take note, too, how many of them deliberately go out of their way, actually inconvenience themselves, and seemingly disregard the presence of other stores, just to shop at the A&P.

Have you ever wondered why they do this? 47 seconds more of your reading time will tell you. You'll find it profitable reading, too.

First, A&P Food Stores maintain such an excellent standard of service that they are regarded as America's Foremost Food Service . . . so it's natural to shop where service is good.

Next, no product is ever stocked in any A&P Food Store, until it has been declared genuinely good by A&P's critical staff of food-buying authorities . . . so it's natural to shop where you are sure of good quality.

Finally, no other system of food stores buys such vast quantities of fine foods, and gets these foods to America's families so quickly and economically as does A&P. Consequently, A&P Food Stores offer America's finest foods at prices so attractive, that seldom if ever is it more profitable to buy elsewhere . . . and so it's natural to shop where you are sure to save.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

(Continued from Page 85

anxious to finish the war in a manner likely to secure a permanent peace, will never consent to embark in European politics or even to take much interest in a policy of territorial give and take. The conception in the general mind is a peace with a territorial *status quo*, but a constitutional revolution. The Germans are perfectly conscious of this, and if they could do so without danger to the situation of the governing classes they would certainly effect an apparent constitutional revolution which would be sufficient to deceive the American people. . . .

It is, perhaps, as well to have in our minds what is the President's conception of his position and duties, so far as we can guess at it. He has entered into the war by necessity and compulsion, while doing his best to preserve peace. No more preparations had been made, and the United States enters into the war at a great disadvantage. But it has its immense resources, due to its peace policy, and it proposes to use them, not for any selfish object but for the vital question of its own self-preservation, which is a necessary part and consequence of the preservation of the world and the world principles on which America is founded. A defeat practically means the destruction of the American idea and of America itself. He will, therefore, continue to the end. But the end has nothing in common with that state of things which existed before the war, and which made war possible.

The interest of these letters is that they enable us to follow the slow but formidable spread of warlike spirit in America. On October twenty-third Spring-Rice wrote to Mr. Balfour:

. . . . The loan went badly at first, but it is going better now. There are various reasons why a very large section of the people thought that its failure would result in increased taxation of those who are perfectly able to bear taxation. There are many signs that the antagonism of South to North and West to East is still in full vigor. But there is a gradually growing feeling that if the loan fails after the German loan has succeeded, it will be counted as a great German victory, and there is a growing determination that there shall not be a German victory. One of the Justices of the Supreme Court, who has just been down to see his son at a camp in Virginia, has described to me in very moving terms the wonderful feeling which prevails in the camp among all classes. The same account in slightly different language comes to me from all parts of the country and the Secretary of the Interior, who has just been all through the West, describes the same state of feeling as prevailing there. I am sending a dispatch from Chicago describing what occurred in that very cosmopolitan city at a patriotic meeting attended by all classes and sections of the population. When these accounts which come with little difference from all parts of the country are compared with the prophecies made a little over six months ago it is hard to believe that the accounts are real. The change is almost fantastic. But while this is true, you will see from the military reports sent home by your military attaché, and in some degree also from the naval attaché, that there is a great want of coördination between the civil and the naval and military authorities. The old jealousy of military domination inherent in the race is very visible in Washington. The naval authorities do not even control the anchorages in the naval ports. The military authorities have got no power to requisition without recourse to a complicated civil procedure. What is most serious is that there is no coördinating power which can determine with authority how the resources of the country can be best used for a single purpose. There is no coordinating authority here, nor has this country any certain means of becoming informed, not only of their own war needs but of the war needs of the Allies as a whole. The war is still conducted by pigeonholes in departments. There is no central direction except the President, and he is a single man.

German propaganda here takes the form of pointing out that if Germany is beaten the hegemony of the world will pass to the hated British. I see that in Europe it takes the form of pointing out that if Germany is beaten the hegemony of the world passes to the hated American. This is being realized as a fact here, and it certainly adds to the vigor with which the war is being conducted. There is, of course, an undercurrent of feeling that by the end of the war America will have all the ships and all the gold in the world and that the hegemony probably of the world and certainly of the Anglo-Saxon race will pass across the Atlantic. Whether this is the case or not, it is certainly true that there can be no comparison whatever between German and the American hegemony. There can be no doubt that the great mass of the people here are sound in their instincts and feelings and that what they all desire is a fair show for all the world.

On November seventeenth he mentions the emergence of a demand which has since been met, and his attitude to it shows his anticipation of Imperial reorganization on the lines of greater status for the dominions. Canada had appeared to desire special representation by a High Commissioner at Washington. The American state parties would be very glad, Spring Rice said, to have a department thoroughly cognisant of Canadian affairs to deal with, and would welcome a special officer attached to the British Embassy, but it did not like "such complication as would be caused by the separate representation of Great Britain and Canada." Also, there were fishery negotiations in progress, and a change would be undesirable at the moment.

The question of the more direct representation of Canada will thus be held over for a time and I presume it will be raised at a later date in connection with the whole imperial question. Australia and New Zealand will, of course, demand separate organizations also, and if it is granted to Canada it could not be refused to them as they have very direct interests here, which equally require direct representation. The question is one mainly of convenience. If the present system is inconvenient to any sensible extent the self-governing colonies are sure to object. If arrangements can be made better than those prevailing at present for the transaction of business, it would be perfectly possible to combine this with unity of diplomatic representation on all imperial questions. The lines on which an arrangement could be drawn up would be business lines—that is, it would be necessary to define precisely the nature of the local interests affected and the best manner of dealing with questions arising in connection with them. These would not be entirely of a commercial nature. Some of a political character would also be local, as, for instance, internal waterways and internal fisheries. But most fishery questions would affect other nations like Japan or independent colonies like Newfoundland. It ought not to be impossible to draw up a formula which would be workable and which would insure the separate and independent treatment of local questions without affecting the general unity of representation.

To Mr. Balfour

Jan. 4, 1918.

The President gave me an audience yesterday. I communicated to him your telegram announcing Lord Reading's appointment here. He read it and said he fully understood the circumstances. I pointed out to him how necessary it was to have someone who had been in close touch with the British Government to be present here, and that he must have full control. He expressed himself in the kindest language to me personally and, in fact, nothing could exceed his cordiality. We passed at once from the personal question to wider topics.

He said that when he had first seen me, after the war began, he had told me that his chief preoccupation was not external, but internal. There was imminent danger of civil discord; the country was divided

Continued on Page 89

Why are you so *sure* . . your brakes are equal to an emergency like this?

MAYBE you have good brakes . . . even as good as you think they are. But you can't be too sure.

One thing is certain. If your brakes ever slip in wet weather . . . grab, skid, or squeak, no matter how little . . . they are not good brakes.

Any one of these conditions can lead to an accident. Yet, all are easily remedied. Simply an application of Line-O-Brake to your present brake lining. That's all.

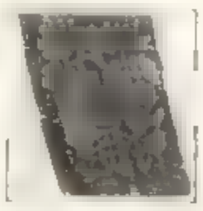
While you drive, the spinning brake drum moulds this plastic asbestos to each wheel, filling every depression and pore, and forming a new, safe, waterproof, heat-resisting braking surface, giving you 100% braking contact.

Gone all slipping, squeaking, grabbing! Instead . . . velvety-smooth, split-second stopping in any kind of weather, on any kind of pavement.

So, for safety's sake, use Line-O Brake. A $1.00 tube treats eight brakes, open or enclosed.

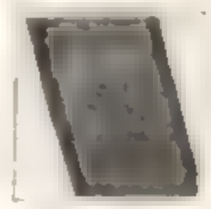
Apply Line-O-Brake yourself. Or — better yet — ask to have your brakes Line-O Braked and checked for adjustment. See your garage, filling station, or accessory dealer today. If your dealer can't supply you, use the coupon.

LINE-O-BRAKE DIVISION
LIQUID VENEER CORP.
Buffalo, N. Y.



Left — Section of a brake lining that slips and squeaks. Notice rivet depressions, low spots, and exposed rivets and reinforcing wires.

Right — Same lining after Line-O-Braking. New true-circle moisture-proof braking surface with 100 per cent contact. A safe brake, silent and dependable.



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PLASTIC ASBESTOS LINING

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Clogged radiators, like sluggish bodies, need cleansing. Purgo is the scientific purge for cooling systems. It dissolves and flushes away the sediment and rust that clog and gum up cooling systems—It pep-ups your motor. 75 cents for a can that treats any size radiator. Get a can today. See your jobber or use the coupon.

Liquid Veneer Corporation also makes Radiator Neverleak, for stopping leaks permanently; and Washine, the wonderful new time-saving, labor saving cleaner polish.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed is $. Send me.
tubes of Line-O-Brake @ $1.00 (in Canada, $1.25 per tube)
cans of Purgo @ $0.75
(Print name and address)

Name .
Address
City
State

Burroughs

ADDING

BOOKKEEPING

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SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Accounting Machine

Typewrites, multiplies, adds, subtracts and, by a single key depression, prints accumulated totals. A machine for billing, ledger posting, statement writing and general accounting work, including the writing of several related records in one operation.

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6208 SECOND BOULEVARD DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 87)

into groups which did not understand one another, which were of different origin, and which at any moment might fly at each other's throats. There was evidence of long-planned agitation which might at any time lead to most serious results. The nation was only nominally united. That, at least, was the substance of the reports which had reached him. That was his main preoccupation during the first year of the war. Now he said the country had not been so thoroughly united for years. Except for a small and no doubt dangerous minority, the whole country was united in defense of the flag. . . . He went on to say that the problem which an American President had to face was, in the main, a psychological one. He had to gauge public opinion. He had to take the course which commended itself to the great majority of the American people, whose interpreter he was bound to be. No action could be taken, or at least usefully taken, unless it received the support of the great majority. It was not so much a question of what was the right thing to do from the abstract viewpoint as what was the possible thing to do from the point of view of the popular condition of mind. It was his duty to divine the moment when the country required action, and to take that action which the great majority demanded. It was from this point of view that certain considerations had lately presented themselves to him with great force. He himself, with the full consent of the American people and with their express approval, had made an appeal to the German people behind the back of the German Government. The Bolsheviki in Russia were now adopting the same policy. They had issued an appeal to all the nations of the world, to the people and not to the governments. He was without information at present or at least without certain information as to what reception had been given to this appeal. But there was evidence at hand that certainly in Italy, and probably also in England and France, the appeal had not been without its effect. In the United States active agitation was proceeding. It was too early yet to say with positive certainty how successful this agitation had been. But it was evident that if the appeal of the Bolsheviki was allowed to remain unanswered, if nothing were done to counteract it, the effect would be great and would increase. The main point of the appeal was this: War should not be waged for purposes of aggression. The war should be brought to an end, but not on a basis of conquest. The proper basis was satisfaction of legitimate desires of the separate peoples who had a right to satisfy those desires. They should be allowed to live their own lives according to their own will and under their own laws. In point of logic—of pure logic—this principle, which was good in itself, would lead to the complete independence of various small nationalities now forming part of various empires. Pushed to its extreme, the principle would mean the disruption of existing governments to an undefinable extent. Logic was a good and powerful thing, but, apart from the consideration of existing circumstances, might well lead to very dangerous results. These were only general considerations. He would not enter into details. But he could express the following general conclusions, which I must not take to be enunciated by him as President but merely as the interpreter of certain phases of opinion which had recently come before him: The American people were engaged in this war with all their heart. They were convinced that no course was open to them with honor except to engage in the war. But they would not engage in a war in which America was involved, except on American principles. They would not fight this war for private ends, either for themselves or for anyone else. Their object was a stable peace, and they did not believe that a stable peace could be based upon aggression. The German people had been worked upon by their Government, which had persuaded them that they were fighting not for conquest but for defense and that the object of the Allies was to crush and disrupt the German Empire and place German peoples under foreign rule. A formidable weapon was in the hands of the German Government as long as the German people could be brought to believe that such was the object of the alliance which they had to face. It was also very widely felt here that the Allies now fighting in Europe would find it extremely difficult to agree on any definite program which did not look on the face of it as if its object, and its main object, was aggression and conquest. In any case, it was felt in this country that an agreement among the Allies would be a very difficult thing to bring about and in the process very serious differences of opinion would develop themselves. There was considerable fear here that should the Allies agree upon a common statement of claims, the effect in Germany and Russia of the claims agreed upon would be such as to create the impression that the Allies were prosecuting the war for conquest.

Thus, speaking in general terms, it seemed to him that the American people were inclined to receive with favor a statement of a moderate and unaggressive character, and would welcome such a statement. He had already, in general terms, indicated the general lines on which he thought American policy should be based. These statements had met with general approval. Each one had been more detailed than the last, and it might become necessary, as the war continued, to define even more clearly those objects for which America was waging war. In drawing up this statement it would be necessary not only to follow the rules of logic and to draw reasoned conclusions from accepted principles but also, so far as was possible, to give due consideration to the circumstances and the facts which actually existed.

I made at once a telegraphic and more detailed report, but I put the above on record as an indication of what he said was passing in his mind. He begged me to remember that our conversation was wholly unofficial and that he was not speaking as President. I said that as soon as Lord Reading arrived he would have the advantage of speaking freely with one who could interpret the policy of the British Government. Speaking only for myself, I said that I knew quite well what your personal wishes were and what was your personal conviction. I knew that you believed the hope and salvation of the world lay in a close and cordial understanding between the free nations, more especially between those who were of the household of our language. I said that we could almost endure with equanimity all the horrors of this terrible struggle if they led in the end to a close, sure and permanent understanding between the English-speaking peoples. If we stood together we were safe. If we did not stand together, nothing was safe.

The conversation ended with renewed and most cordial assurances from the President.

In the close of his last dispatch Cecil Spring-Rice puts into the mouth of President Wilson what had been with increasing clearness the guiding belief of his own diplomatic career — that the English-speaking peoples must stand together for the safety of the free nations of the world.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of letters by Sir Cecil Spring Rice.

LADY CAN DO

(Continued from Page 5)

At dinner claret was served with the fish, Burgundy with the game, sauterne and champagne after that, cognac with the coffee. It was a curious experience to sit there, icily sober, and note the effects of this flow of liquor. She'd never seen anything like it. The Chinese serving men moved gravely about, pouring, pouring, pouring. Elsie wondered what they could be thinking—descendants of the oldest civilization in the world, catering to the idle pleasures of the newest. The one they called Sin in particular interested her—the tall one—evidently the butler. She noted that John Dane merely sipped. Thank God, there'd be one reasonably sober person to talk with later in the evening. Mr. Cuppy, on the other hand, drank and drank and drank everything that was put before him, and held it amazingly. His eyes seemed to grow gradually deader and more puffy. The lines in his face appeared to deepen, his double chins bulged out over his collar and his skin took on the yellowish tinge of parchment. Mrs. Cuppy talked a little thickly, but lost none of her vivacity. The actress, Miss Eames, leaned on Mr. Ettlethwaite, her arm about his shoulders.

A man across the table, whom Elsie hadn't met, called, "Don't let her vamp you, Etty!"

"Vamp me? She can go as far as she likes. I'll tell the cockeyed world this is my idea of heaven."

Promptly, at this, Miss Eames drew his head over, kissed him and murmured, "Isn't he sweet?"

When they rose from the table Elsie considered the possibility of escaping. She could slip out. Very likely they wouldn't know. Perhaps just go up to her room. But she knew, from a nervous tightness that had seized on her, that it wouldn't be easy to get to sleep. She felt oddly unhappy. A sensation not unlike a poignant homesickness. If she went to bed she'd just lie there and cry. She thought of the rock garden she'd glimpsed through the porte-cochère—a dim, cool spot. She decided to flee out there. On the way she saw those Chinamen carrying the now recumbent Mr. Cuppy into a den behind the Chinese room. They were perfectly matter-of-fact about it. She paused by the door, an unsteady hand pressed to her quick-beating heart, and watched while they laid the lumpish thing on a sofa. Wondered again what their thoughts might be. You couldn't tell. Their faces told nothing. Then she fled.

The rock garden did offer sanctuary. She mounted one of the high-arched bridges. It pleased her, that bridge. She didn't know why. Excitedly, at the point of giggling—that would be sheer nerves—she went back over it. Six or eight times she crossed it. The last time she leaned on the parapet and looked down at the darkly dimpling water. She saw a goldfish faintly. Watched it move slowly against the current. Then, with a catch of the breath, she wandered along and sat on a stone bench, looking up through the foliage at the sky.

She heard a step. A tall mandarin came over the bridge—John Dane.

"Room for another stray?" he asked.

She moved over and he sat beside her. He didn't appear to think conversation necessary. She felt grateful for that. You could see that he was an understanding person. And he wasn't drunk. He pushed back the black cap he wore, drew a handkerchief from his wide sleeve and mopped his forehead. Then stared moodily at the twinkling light in a stone lantern across the path.

"It's beautiful here," said she.

Before replying he lifted his head and sniffed the night air. "If only it didn't smell of oil," he said.

She laughed softly. "Aren't you a little naughty?"

"Always was. Can't help it. You see, I've been living here a week. While I was making that drawing."

"The Cuppys are friends of yours?"

He considered that. "I never heard that they had any friends."

That surprised her. "But all these people ——"

"Oh, Hazel collects 'em. People. That's her game. Always getting new lots. Throwing personalities at each other—real ones and fakes. People live off her, of course. Take Stromberg. There's an adventurer for you. No, I didn't come here out of friendship. I came for exactly five hundred dollars."

"Oh, you ——"

"The price of my services. One pastel portrait, five hundred. I'm leaving tomorrow. Take my check and go on my way."

That was, vaguely, a disappointment. With this man gone, there wouldn't be—well, anybody.

She felt his quizzical eyes on her. "How about yourself? Think you can stick it?"

"Well, I ——" Really, she must be careful. Secretaries mustn't talk. But one rather pointed question escaped her: "Mr. Cuppy—is he ——"

"Yes?"

"Surely he isn't always—well, like this?"

"Oh, more or less. Always pickled, if that's what you mean. Oh, he doesn't always pass out."

"But—I'm afraid I'm a bit bewildered. I supposed he was rather a great man."

Dane screwed up his face comically. "Jonas Cuppy? A great man! My eye!"

"Well, perhaps I mean a great"—what was the word—"Orientalist."

"He isn't anything. Not anything at all. That's Hazel again. She's full of energy, you know. I suppose when she found she'd married him she had to do something to put him across. Organize him. She would."

"Well!" Elsie sat still a moment. "Frankly, I don't know whether I can stick it or not."

"I can't help hoping you won't. It isn't so good. If you don't mind my saying it, my guess is that you aren't the type at all."

"Still," said she honestly, "it is a job."

"Oh, yes. A job for a hard-boiled little devil who'd play up to them. You and I don't know each other, of course. But if my offhand judgment is any good at all I'd put you down as anything but hard-boiled. I'd place you as a sensitive, essentially decent sort of person."

"Well ——"

"And if so, I'm afraid you're in wrong here."

"They pay well."

"Oh, yes. I know."

"And after all, a girl who works for a living has to meet life. It can't all be pleasant."

"No, it can't." He rested his elbows on his knees, leaning moodily forward, gazing again at that stone lantern.

"Fortunately, I'm the mental type."

He sat up. "Mental type? My eye!"

"Well, really!"

"You're nothing of the sort."

"How can you ——"

"Oh, listen now! You're probably considerable of a dear. Oh, I saw the excitement in your eyes when Hazel brought you into the room. And while Emily Eames was high-hatting you. Mental, nothing! You're young and impressionable. I'd bet five dollars you're full of romantic thoughts. Why, you're positively naïve!"

"Of course, if you ——"

"Oh, come! Here we are, in these absurd costumes. I can't speak for myself, but you're enchanting in yours, sitting out in an exquisite Japanese garden. It's a fake, but it is lovely to the eye and to the senses. And you sitting here and trying to tell me you're the mental type. It's simply too good! Why, bless your heart, don't you see that that sort of girl would never be out here at all? She'd have gone straight up to her room and shut herself away from that loony bunch in there."

"Well ——"

(Continued on Page 92)

THE·1930·HUPMOBILE·SIX

"The Goal of Years Has Been Attained"

A·GREATER·HUPMOBILE

PRICED WITHIN THE THOUSAND DOLLAR FIELD

It has long been the ambition of Hupp engineers to build a Hupmobile at a price within the thousand dollar class . . . But each year they have said: "Let's wait a while. Let's wait until we can build, not just another automobile, but a greater Hupmobile. A car that will add new lustre to Hupmobile's 21-year prestige" . . . Today, this goal of years has been attained—in the new 1930 Hupmobile Six . . . It is a car which Hupp is proud to call a Hupmobile, because it IS a Hupmobile in every detail of its design and construction . . . It is powered by the selfsame

THE·1930·HUPMOBILE·SIX

Hupmobile motor which made the Hupmobile Century Six the most spectacular success in Hupmobile history . . . It is built to the same standards of precision-manufacture which have given Hupmobile its 21-year recognition as the pattern of fine automotive engineering . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—but a more powerful Hupmobile. With its time-tested Hupmobile engine made still smoother and sweeter running . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—but a handsomer Hupmobile. Made still smarter by further advances in Hupmobile's innovation of tailored sheet metal and by new, lower-swung and dashing lines . . . *It is* 100% *a Hupmobile*—but a still sweeter riding and driving Hupmobile. Made more comfortable by more seat and leg room and by many engineering refinements, adding to speed, safety, ease of control and restful traveling . . . Hupmobile's long renown as "The Car of the American Family" takes on a new significance today.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horsepower. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile Century Six engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft and rubber-cushioned engine mountings; minimum vibration at any speed . . . Improved 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . Long springs of matched tensions, with improved hydraulic shock absorbers, not subject to temperature variations . . . Cam and lever steering gear, guides with a touch. No strain. No wheel fight . . . Safety tri-spoke steering wheel . . . Foot operated dimmer control . . . Non-glare slanting windshield, full ventilating type . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Unusually generous head room . . . Further advancement of Hupmobile's introduction of tailored sheet metal concealing all chassis attachments . . . Sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . New 6-inch chromium hub caps with concealed hub bolt . . . New front fender parking lights of same design as headlights. Custom equipment—6 wire or disc wheels, two spares side-mounted in fender wells . . . available at slight extra cost.

Continued from Page 89

"I'm romantic, and willing to admit it. Just a fool artist. Never will have any money. Never will get anywhere. When they all get educated to pastel portraits I'll be painting water-color landscapes that nobody wants. I'll be perverse about it too. Why, hasn't it occurred to you that it's all I can do to keep my hands off you? Surely you realize that to sit out here, the occasion being what it is, and not make love, is pure waste. Just a delightful opportunity thrown away. No, you're not safe anywhere here. Take my advice and pull out. You're not safe even with me. If I weren't in such a ticklish situation here—the damnedest mess, just tonight ——"

Elsie remarked primly, "I don't do those things."

He stared at her. Then, deliberately, gently in a way, gathered her into his arms.

She ought to stop him, struggle, fight him off. She knew he wouldn't use force. But she didn't fight him. Oh, she murmured some feeble protests, heard herself saying, "Oh, please!" But what good was that?

She pushed him away. "Somebody's coming!" Her nerves were on edge. Very close to outright hysteria. The fact that he stirred her so, that she liked him, was no more than a part of that inner confusion.

A dainty Chinese figure was approaching. Mrs. Cuppy! She mounted the bridge, swaying a little as she walked and steadying herself by groping for the rail. Over she came, laughing inanely.

"Oho! Here you are! So you thought you could hide from me, John Dane! You come right along with me! Right straight back into the house. We're not going to have any of this sort of thing!" There was laughter all through this, but it wasn't pleasant laughter.

Dane, with a queer look on his face, rose without a word and moved toward the bridge.

Mrs. Cuppy leaned over Elsie—or tried to. She'd have fallen if the girl hadn't steadied her. Smiling in a fuddled way and lowering her voice, she said, "You're a very pretty little girl—very pretty and very sly. But take my advice, my dear, and look round a little more carefully before you try to steal a man. Might be the wrong one. Might be somebody else's man. Just a frien'ly warning, my dear. Just a frien'ly warning."

Dane was lighting a cigarette. The woman joined him, caught his arm and led him back over the bridge. Elsie dropped her head on her arm and cried. It was good to cry.

III

A CAR drove in under the porte-cochère. It looked like a station taxi. A man got out and the car went away. Elsie moved over to the stone lantern for a glance at her wrist watch. It was a little after eleven. She'd been alone out here more than an hour. Better go to bed. She could slip quietly upstairs. Probably she'd get very little sleep, but no matter. In the morning she'd catch a train back to town. If Mrs. Cuppy insisted on two weeks' notice she'd simply waive the question of pay. Waive it anyway. She didn't want their money. For that matter, they'd all be sleeping late. She'd just go. Who could stop her?

She walked slowly to the steps and let herself in. Far away—it seemed—in that big living room they were pounding the piano and screaming a popular song out of tune. One of the men kept roaring out a misplaced top note.

Miss Briggs appeared. "Oh, Miss Penn," she said, "I've been looking for you. It's a matter I imagine you'd better take hold of. Mr. Wong is here."

Elsie could meet this with nothing more than an inquiring look.

"Wong Long Ti," Miss Briggs added; then: "I supposed you'd know."

"I never heard of him."

"Well, he's the biggest Chinese merchant in New York. Really quite a friend of Mr. Cuppy's. He often visits here. We'll have to put him up. The last train for town has gone. I'll confess I don't know where. The bedrooms are all occupied. The only thing I can think of is to put him in Mr. Cuppy's room. You see, he's ——"

Elsie indicated the door to the den. "Still in there?"

"Oh, yes. He won't know. We could just leave him. We'd have to, really. The boys could never carry him upstairs. He's pretty heavy. I suppose we could explain to Mrs. Cuppy."

"Where is this Mr. Wong?" asked Elsie. She'd take hold as best she could.

"In the dining room. I put him in there."

"All right. Thank you. I'll talk with him."

He stood by a window. An elderly Chinese gentleman. It was amusing, in a way, to note his business suit and the derby hat he held. In her bizarre costume and with all this paint on her face, she felt incongruous. She wondered, in a flutter, if John Dane, in that queer, disturbing moment, had smeared her face, and stole a hasty glance at a mirror. He hadn't.

"How do you do?" Thus the visitor, courteously. He took her costume quite for granted. Doubtless he knew Hazel Cuppy's ways.

"I am Miss Penn, Mr. Cuppy's secretary. Is there something I can do for you, Mr. Wong? Won't you sit down?"

He seemed unable to do that. She saw now that the kindly face looked old and worn, and that there was confusion in the slanting eyes. His fingers, too, fumbled about the brim of his hat.

"Thank you," he said. "I am in great trouble. I must, if I can do, see Mr. Cuppy." His English, if quaint, was clear enough.

"I am sorry. Mr. Cuppy is not—not well, and has retired."

"It is very important."

"I am sorry. He couldn't possibly see you tonight."

The limp fingers fumbled along the brim of the derby hat, turning it, turning it. The old face worked. He sank into one of the chairs by the table.

"I am not very well," he murmured apologetically. "It is, I think, my life."

"Oh!" was all Elsie could say to that. He was smiling now in a pathetic, tremulous way. The only course she could pursue, obviously, was to persuade him to speak out. She couldn't deal in mysteries. So, after some meditation, she came out with it: "If you care to explain it to me, Mr. Wong, I will be glad to do whatever is in my power. I am afraid there is no one else you can talk with tonight. Really no one."

He sighed, then smiled again. It tugged at her heart, that smile. He was a gentleman. "Very well," he said. "Maybe you know if Mr. Cuppy has got a cap of the empress dowager. A very wonderful pearl cap."

Elsie hesitated. The man was, after all, a dealer. And it wasn't her business to give information. "It is something—this pearl cap—of interest to you, Mr. Wong?"

"Too much," said he, and sighed again. "I will tell you this. I must buy that cap. I will pay much. All I have in the world, if necessary. I am not a poor man. I must have the cap tonight. And perhaps, then, Mr. Cuppy, as a friend, an old, old friend, would send me back to New York in one of his cars. I must do this. If you will tell Mr. Cuppy it is not a question of price. He will say the price. I will pay. I must buy the cap." He seemed to choke slightly, and then said in pidgin English, as if in this moment of emotional stress his labored, quaint English failed him: "Lady can do? Maybe?"

Elsie knit her brows. "Am I to understand, Mr. Wong, that this is a matter of life or death to you?"

"It is, I know, my life."

No one could look into that simple, kindly old face and doubt the man's sincerity. He was unquestionably at some desperate pass. She might speak to Mrs. Cuppy. It wouldn't be pleasant. She shivered unhappily at the thought of entering that living room, dreaded what she might see there. This was tackling the new job with a vengeance. On this first bewildering evening. Still, it was the job. That was a steadying thought. It was something to do.

"If you will wait here, Mr. Wong," she said, "I will see what I can do for you."

She hesitated in the wide doorway. They were making a good deal of noise. There was liquor all about, on tables and on the piano—glasses and bottles and siphons. Still that flow of liquor. At the piano the critic and the gargoyle in the yellow robe were hammering out jazz four-handed, and singing. The irrepressible top note belonged, it appeared, to Mr. Delos. Miss Eames and that author, Mr. Ettlethwaite, were dancing in a close embrace. From all sides voices rose discordantly. Some of the men, in a corner, appeared to be arguing hotly about religion. Elsie's unquiet eyes sought Mrs. Cuppy. There she was, on a sofa, but not with John Dane. It was Stromberg, the explorer, who talked with her, holding one of her hands and patting it as if for emphasis—a thin man with keen, handsome features and bright eyes that were set too close together. The Manchu cap on Mrs. Cuppy's pretty head had slipped to one side, giving her a roguish air. Her free hand caressed those amazing strings of pearls. John Dane sat sprawled in an easy-chair, soberly looking on. He gave Elsie one of his quick, quizzical smiles, which she didn't return. During her hour of solitude in the rock garden she had decided to put him straight out of her mind. It was the only clean way to handle that sort of episode.

As Elsie crossed the room Mrs. Cuppy and Stromberg rose as if to join the dancers. The woman steadied herself, standing there, by clinging to the odd-looking European. She looked moody; really rather cross, Elsie thought. The cap had slipped farther awry, so that the strings of pearls fell across her face. She brushed them aside, then carelessly tossed the cap on the sofa.

Elsie picked it up, as she said guardedly, "Mrs. Cuppy, may I have just a word with you?"

"Oh, run along." It was unpleasantly fascinating to watch that pretty mouth shaping itself deliberately and with difficulty about the words. "I wanna dance. Don' bother me." Then to the grinning Stromberg: "Don' let this li'l' devil vamp you, Gustaf. She's the sly one."

"But, Mrs. Cuppy, please! Just a moment!"

"Oh, don' bother me! Run along!" And as she whirled unsteadily off she called back: "Throw tha' cap away. Keep it yourself. I don' care. It gets in my eyes." And then clung to her partner.

Elsie stood holding the cap. She hadn't an idea what to do. She saw one of the other men hit Stromberg jovially on the back and take the woman away from him.

The only place she could think of to put the cap was in the Chinese room. She walked quickly out into the hall. Then she heard a quick step, and Stromberg's voice fell on her ears:

"What it is that you do with the cap?"

She turned. The expression about his narrow eyes, and his grin, disturbed her. He had a tall glass in his hand. She said rather crisply, "I am putting it away," and hurried into that dim, beautiful room.

Hearing steps behind her, and supposing it still to be the European, she turned with an exclamation of impatience. She must watch her nerves. But this time it proved to be John Dane.

"What are you going to do with that thing?" he remarked. "It really ought to go into a safe, but I don't know where Cuppy's safe is or how to get into it. It is priceless, you know."

"Of course," said she, remembering her decision to be short with him.

"I'll tell you. There's a sort of secret drawer in the table over here. Cuppy showed it to me. Let me see." He led the way around that huge vase and felt along the under edge of the table top. "Here it is," he said at last, and drew out a shallow tray.

Elsie, hearing a muffled sound, turned with a start.

"What is it?" asked Dane.

She lowered her voice, "Well —— I think somebody else is in the room."

He stepped around the vase. "No," he said, "nobody."

She laid the cap flat in the drawer and closed it.

"Will you sit in here a little while?" he asked. "I'd like to chin a little more."

"No. If you'll excuse me. I'm pretty tired. I'm going right upstairs."

"Well —— I would like to say that I've felt disturbed. I'm afraid I rather took advantage."

"Please!" She simply couldn't say more. Stromberg was sitting on a carved chest in the hall. He grinned and waved at her. She ran upstairs—ran with a curious sensation of panic. She'd slip out early in the morning. Carry off her suitcase and typewriter on foot, if necessary. Though, doubtless, she could call a taxi. There was a telephone in the side hall that led to the porte-cochère.

It wasn't until she reached the second floor that she thought of the distressed Mr. Wong. She stood, then, for a long moment, thinking out what she might do. Certainly she couldn't let him have the cap. It didn't belong to her. But she must do something. She couldn't make herself go down those front stairs again; not into that part of the house. So she looked about until she found the servants' stairway and descended.

Mr. Wong was standing by that window in the dining room. A patient little old man from a far-away land. She wondered what he could have meant in saying that his life was at stake.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Nothing can be done tonight. But you will stay here. And perhaps tomorrow —— I will send Miss Briggs ——"

She hurried out and looked up the housekeeper.

"I'll take him up," said that person with a sigh of utter weariness. "I put out the light in the den. Mr. C.'s snoring in there. I opened the windows a little and shut him in. It's all I can do."

She had been only a moment in her room when she heard a tap at the door. Opening, she found the Chinese butler standing there, tall, grave, respectful. He bowed.

"Maybe I can speak to miss," he said.

"Certainly. What is it?"

"I dunno jus' what I do. I worry about Mr. Cuppy."

"Oh, I imagine he will be all right. Let me see. Your name is Sin, isn't it?"

"Yes, miss. I am Sin. You think maybe I better try wake Mr. Cuppy up? Take him upstairs?"

"Why —— Oh, you can hardly do that. Miss Briggs is putting Mr. Wong in Mr. Cuppy's room."

"Oh, Mr. Wong." He looked puzzled.

"Yes. He came a few minutes ago."

"But Mr. Cuppy, he is not well."

"I'm quite sure he'll be all right. Miss Briggs told me just now that she'd opened the windows in there and shut the door."

This appeared to disturb him. Watching him reflectively, Elsie found herself entertaining the—to her—curious notion that this Chinese servant might be something of a person. His face had much of the simple honesty of Mr. Wong's. Faithfulness she sensed, and a deeply ingrained courtesy and kindliness. She'd never, before this strange evening, thought about the yellow people beyond an occasional glance at a laundryman. It hadn't occurred to her that there might be different types of Chinamen.

"After all," she thought now, "there's hundreds of millions of 'em. I'm going to read something about 'em. They did make beautiful things. And they've had great poets. Interesting!"

(Continued on Page 94)

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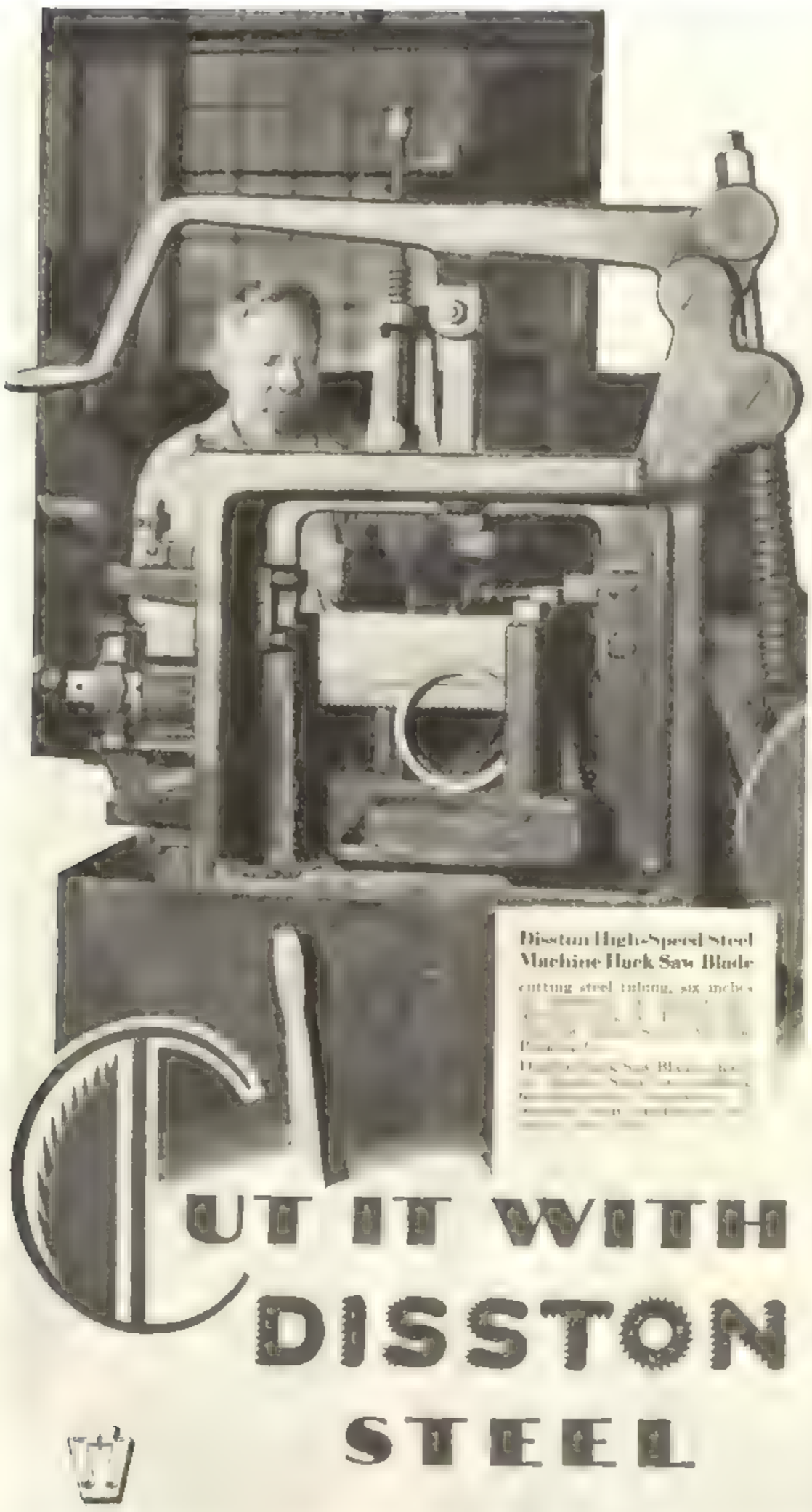

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He was speaking again, with the gracious respectful air that stirred in her an odd sensation of crudeness, of newness. After all, it was an old, old race.

"I worry, miss. Miss Briggs shouldn' open windows on first floor. We always look. Maybe burglars."

"Oh, do you think so? Away out here?"

"I dunno. But I worry. Mr. Cuppy has so much." He moved his hands in a graceful gesture as if to include the whole house. "So much. Too much. Money can't buy." He stood, considering.

"Well, I'll confess, Sin, I don't know what to say. I'm so new here, you see I'm afraid I can't help you."

His face still wore that intent expression "I worry. I don' think I sleep. But" with a note of gentle apology, this -"I musn' trouble miss." He turned slowly away, and she heard him repeat: "I don' think I sleep." Then: "Good night, miss."

"Good night, Sin."

Closing the door and moving slowly over to the dresser, Elsie decided to look up books on the Chinese people as soon as she could get back to New York. The public library would advise her. Well, these queer Cuppys had certainly opened a new world to her. Or an old world. She owed them for that. "Fancy my liking Chinamen!" she thought as she considered her excitingly painted face in the mirror. "Mr. Wong, and now this butler!" And then, aloud, in a rather shaken, husky voice, came this widely inclusive expression of a complicated mood: "Some evening! Some evening!"

It was a long time before she could close her eyes. She was awakened hardly a moment later, it seemed by a tapping on the door. A tapping that seemed to have been figuring in her troubled dreams—as if it had been going on for some little time. Bright sunlight was streaming into the room. She rubbed her eyes and looked at the watch on her wrist. It was a quarter to nine. She'd meant to be on her way by this time. Confused, feeling rather upset, she put on her slippers and went to the door.

It was Miss Briggs, in an old gray and gold kimono and slippers -an ashen, trembling, staring Miss Briggs. She came in a bewildered way into the room and dropped into a chair

"I'm shaken," she said querulously. "They've gone."

"Who have gone?" asked Elsie shortly.

"Sin always brings me my coffee at a quarter to eight. I woke up at quarter past and realized that he hadn't come. So I put on this wrap and went downstairs. There wasn't anybody there. Not anybody. Not even in the kitchen. I went up to their rooms then. They've gone. Run away in the night. I called up the garage, but nobody answered. So I went out there. Both the chauffeurs are gone too. The queer thing is, they've left their things—their bags, clothes hanging in the closets. All that."

So she rattled nervously on. Elsie listened rather impatiently. It was, after all was said and done, nothing to her. Impatiently, swiftly, she dressed. After all, it was an emergency. She'd have to help as much as she could.

They went downstairs together and into the side hall. There Miss Briggs stopped abruptly, with an "Oh!" and caught at Elsie's arm.

"What is it?" asked Elsie.

"The door!" She was looking toward the den. "I left it shut last night!"

Together they moved toward it and looked within. And they saw what had been Mr. Cuppy, lying in a sprawling heap on the floor. His head had been crushed in as if with an ax.

Miss Briggs screamed

"Wait!" said Elsie. "That's no good!" Her own knees were giving way and she was aware of a pang of nausea, but her mind was the sort that clears in emergencies. "Wait!" she cried again. She hadn't an idea for what. But the cap was in her mind. She made her way to the Chinese room. Miss Briggs, sobbing hysterically, followed.

The secret drawer in the table behind the jade vase had been pried open. The cap was gone.

IV

THE doctor's name was Obry. Elsie was fully ten minutes in getting that bit of information out of the now wholly ungoverned housekeeper. She telephoned, and then cajoled Miss Briggs into helping make coffee. All those queer persons upstairs would be roused before long -roused and shocked. They'd want breakfast. And there were no servants. An oppressive sense of horror seemed to fill the house like some noxious gas. Shortly Doctor Obry arrived and took charge. He'd have to tell Mrs. Cuppy. Then the local chief of police appeared, with a sergeant and others, and the coroner—a fat man, pedestal type. Two men in civilian clothes said they were from the state-police barracks near by. A tall, spread-eagly young man proved to be an assistant district attorney—a Mr. Atkinson. One curious fact: They pulled up a pillow from the side wall, put it on the floor a regular bed pillow in a white slip. That notion of running away filled Elsie's mind She couldn't, of course. Not now—not with an unexplained dead body in the house The doctor was a long time upstairs; having his troubles, doubtless, with Mrs Cuppy

Police officers went through the house, waking the guests. Shortly these straggled downstairs, some fully dressed, others in bathrobes or kimonos. Miss Eames, the actress, had evidently forgotten, in her excitement, to rub off the cold cream that covered her face. Without their Chinese costumes and their paint the women were hard to identify.

Mechanically Elsie set out the coffee and toast. Not one of them appeared to recognize her. She caught John Dane taking her in with a puzzled expression. But a moment later he coolly asked her for a spoon. Funny! She'd forgotten all the spoons!

She found herself looking much at Mr. Wong, who had slumped down in his chair at the end of the table. Others were looking at him too. Rather suspiciously, of course. They hadn't seen him before.

Mr. Delos leaned back in his chair and beckoned. Elsie bent over him. "What on earth does it mean?" he whispered. "Police and all. Treating us like this. What's happened?"

Elsie, who'd thought herself cool enough, found great difficulty in speaking. But then suddenly her voice broke through: "Mr. Cuppy has been—well, murdered."

Mr. Delos cried out, "Good God!" And the others gasped

Elsie, as suddenly and intemperately as she had spoken, burst into tears and ran out into the butler's pantry. For the moment she was as weakly useless as the overwhelmed Miss Briggs. But only for the moment. It was merely nerves, of course. Reaction to a shock. She wasn't the weepy sort

The officials were sitting, for what appeared to be a sort of preliminary hearing, in the Chinese room. A policeman led Miss Briggs in there. She wept all the way

An undertaker's wagon appeared, and the coroner left the Chinese room long enough to supervise the removal of the body. Then he went back.

Elsie had to do something, so she set to work carrying out dishes from the dining room and stacking them in the butler's pantry.

A nurse arrived by taxi, and went upstairs. A caterer appeared and took charge of the kitchen.

The spread-eagly Mr. Atkinson made a speech from the dining-room doorsill: "We regret the necessity of putting you all to inconvenience. But I assure you we will not detain you longer than is absolutely necessary. Until further instructions, nobody is to leave the property." With which he hurried back to the Chinese room

(Continued on Page 97

NEW YORK, that blasé city noted for its cold sceptical reception of new products, has literally "gone Electrolux."

Two hundred and thirty-five of the finest new apartment buildings erected there within the past nine months have been completely equipped with the Gas Refrigerator—17,077 of them, to be exact.

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

(Continued from Page 94)

The guests sat moodily about after that, talking a little, the women lighting cigarettes, the men cigarettes or pipes. They dropped matches and flicked ashes carelessly about on the rug. Elsie wondered, in dismal idleness of brain, who'd clean up after them.

The policeman brought Miss Briggs—weeping—back to the kitchen, then came for Elsie. Meekly she followed the big blue back. Her turn now, eh? They went out into the main hall. There the officer, observing that the door to the Chinese room was closed, offered her a chair, and himself drifted off a few steps to chat in low tones with a fellow who appeared to be watching the front door. Bits of their talk came to her ear: "I see the district attorney's got a man here already. Whadda you know about that?"

"Oh, sure! Atkinson. Lives here in town, you know. Out Myrtle Avenue."

"Stepping right into it, I'd say."

"Well, it's a big case."

"Oh, sure! N. Jonas Cuppy! Tough."

"I'll say so."

"Funny about that pillow that was found in the hall down here."

"Yeah. They couldn't 'a' killed him with that, hardly."

V

THAT door opened and still another policeman beckoned her within. There the various representatives of authority were assembled, seated about the center table. The coroner indicated a vacant chair. Mr. Atkinson explained: "It is our duty, Miss—Miss Penn, to get the story of every person who was in the house last night. Please tell us yours. As we understand it, you arrived early in the evening to begin work as Mrs. Cuppy's secretary. Please tell us exactly what happened from that moment—what you saw and heard and did."

That shouldn't be difficult. In direct, simple language she recited her narrative. Matters that were merely personal she omitted. There seemed to be no object in dwelling on Mr. Cuppy's fuddled attempt to embrace her, or on the queer little scene with John Dane in the rock garden.

"Mr. Cuppy"—one of the state officers speaking. They addressed him as Mr. Carlock—"Mr. Cuppy drank a great deal during the evening, I gather."

"Yes, a great deal."

"When did he lose consciousness?"

"I couldn't say exactly. Dinner was at eight o'clock, about. I would put it at somewhere between nine and ten."

"Then the Chinese servants carried him into the den and left him there on the sofa?"

"Yes."

"After that you went out into the rock garden. Were you alone?"

"I was then."

"Not later?"

"No."

"Someone joined you there?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Mr. Dane."

Mr. Carlock consulted a paper. "Mr. John Dane, the artist, eh?"

"Yes."

"Had you known him before?"

"No Never heard of him. I didn't know any of these people."

"Why did Mr. Dane go out there?"

"I haven't an idea, unless it was to get a breath of air. He found me, and sat down on the bench. We chatted for a while."

"About anything in particular?"

"No."

"What was your idea in going out there alone?"

"Well, I wanted to think."

"What about?"

Mr. Atkinson broke in here. "You understand, Miss Penn, that by answering our questions freely and completely you will be helping us perhaps more than you or any of us realize at the moment. What we are trying to get together now is a rough survey of the background. I should like to ask one or two questions, if Mr. Carlock will permit me. . . . Thank you. . . . Miss Briggs has told us how she put out the light in the den, opened the windows a little way, she says—and then shut the door. Do you know anything about that?"

"Only what she told me this morning. Substantially as you put it."

"Then this morning, when you came downstairs with her, did you happen to notice that one of the den windows was wide open?"

"No. I merely looked in through the door; saw the the body; ran in here, thinking of the Chinese cap ——"

"Because it had been left in your charge?"

"Yes"

"Mrs. Cuppy, you have said, gave you the cap. Told you to throw it away or keep it yourself?"

"Oh, that! I didn't pay much attention to that. She wasn't—herself."

"What happened after you found that the cap had been stolen?"

"I made Miss Briggs give me the name of the family physician."

"Miss Briggs, I imagine, was in a rather hysterical state."

"Decidedly. I called Doctor Obry, and then tried to steady Miss Briggs down enough to get a little breakfast ready for the guests. We were at that until Doctor Obry came."

"Did you, at any time last evening, observe any actions on the part of the Chinese servants that might suggest ill-feeling? Understand, we do not, at the present time, seriously suspect them. It is quite likely that they fled in a panic when they discovered the tragedy this morning. That one wide-open window in the den suggests that the murder was committed by outsiders. Possibly Chinese gunmen who knew of the pearl cap. From your interview with Mr. Wong, that seems anything but improbable. And your talk with the butler, Sin, evidently impressed you favorably. But we must consider everything. How about those servants?"

"They behaved perfectly, as far as I saw. I remember watching them as they carried Mr. Cuppy into the den, and wondering what they could be thinking of us white people. But you couldn't tell a thing from their faces."

"Thank you. Now, if you don't mind, tell Mr. Carlock what it was you went out into the rock garden to think about."

"Well, I felt rather uncomfortable about the situation here—as a job, I mean."

"Why?"

"I didn't—didn't like the atmosphere of the house."

"Why not?" Carlock quickly.

"Oh, I don't know. The liquor, partly."

"Were they all drinking?"

"Oh, yes. All but Mr. Dane. I'd noticed that he hadn't taken much."

"Perhaps he didn't like the atmosphere either."

"No. He said he didn't. He asked me if I thought I could stick it."

"Had you been drinking?"

"No. I never drink at all."

"And you were thinking you perhaps couldn't stick it?"

"Yes. Before I went to bed I'd about made up my mind to slip out in the morning before they were up, and go back to town. I didn't like it at all."

"Why not, exactly?"

"Well—must I answer that?"

"If you will be so good."

"I didn't like either Mr. or Mrs. Cuppy."

"Why not?"

"Well, Mrs. Cuppy seemed to me rather artificial and insincere."

"And Mr. Cuppy?"

"I don't like to speak unkindly of the—the dead."

"Naturally."

"Well, he put his arm around me. Just after we were introduced. Over there, behind that big vase." There! She'd told that, after all!

"Who introduced you?"

"Mrs. Cuppy."

"Where was she at the moment?"

"She'd gone to the door. She thought we were following, I suppose."

"And why weren't you?"

"I'd waited there a moment because I wanted to look at that beautiful lantern. I thought Mr. Cuppy had gone out with his wife. He came up behind me."

"I see. Did he have anything more to say to you after that?"

"Nothing. I didn't see him at all, except at the farther end of the dinner table, until they carried him into the den."

"How long were you and Mr. Dane together in the rock garden?"

"I don't know. Perhaps twenty minutes."

"Then you returned to the house?"

"He did."

"Left you out there?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't that a little odd?"

"I don't know." She was being drawn in pretty deeply. But these men, after all, represented the law. She mustn't try to evade them. "The fact is," she added, "Mrs. Cuppy came out there looking for him."

"Looking for Mr. Dane?"

"Yes"

"Had Mrs. Cuppy been drinking?"

"Well—yes. Decidedly."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it. She'd had quite a lot. And as she came over the bridge near where we were sitting I could see that she was unsteady on her feet."

"What did she say?"

"To him?"

"To anybody."

"I—I rather hesitate to tell little matters that have no bearing on the murder."

The coroner spoke: "You will have to let us be judge of that side of it, Miss Penn. But first we want all the facts. All of 'em!"

"Very well," thought Elsie, "I'll just let it go, then." And she did, firmly: "She said just about this: 'Oh, there you are! So you thought you could hide from me, John Dane! You come right back with me.' . . . Then, when he'd moved off a little way, she came to me and leaned over me. I had to hold her up. And she said: 'You're pretty and you're sly. But take my advice, my dear, and look around a little more carefully before you try to steal a man. Might be somebody else's man. Just a friendly warning.'"

"Mr. Dane had been staying in the house longer than the others, hadn't he?"

"I believe so. He'd been making a pastel portrait of Mrs. Cuppy."

"Very good, Miss Penn. Thank you. That is all for the present."

Mr. Atkinson spoke, "You have given us your whole story now, Miss Penn?"

"All I can think of."

"As we understand the matter of the pearl cap, Mrs. Cuppy, considerably in liquor, simply left it in your hands when she wished to dance. You had gone to her to tell her of Mr. Wong. She refused to listen. You didn't know what to do with the cap, but took it into the Chinese room. On the way across the hall you saw only Mr. Stromberg and Mr. Dane. Mr. Stromberg you brushed aside. But Mr. Dane followed you into this room and told you of the hidden drawer. You and he put the cap away there. You thought you heard some other person in the room. Mr. Dane looked and assured you that there was nobody. As you went out you saw Mr. Stromberg sitting in the hall. And excepting for a few words with Mr. Wong in the dining room, you saw none of them again until this morning. That is about the gist of it, is it not?"

"Perfectly."

"Just one more question: Where did you leave Mr. Dane?"

Elsie knit her brows. "I really don't know. I felt nervous and tired, and my one thought was to get upstairs by myself."

"You didn't say good night, even?"

"No. I suppose he followed me out of this room. But if—if you are thinking—well, that Mr. Dane might have ——" She shivered a little.

"Oh, no, Miss Penn. We're merely trying to piece this whole background together. It's something of a picture puzzle. . . . By the way, it occurs to me that you must be a stenographer."

"Yes, I am. . . . I just meant to say about Mr. Dane, as a mere first impression, that he seemed to me to be the one decent, really civilized person in the house."

"I see. Now, Miss Penn, it would help materially if you would consent to remain here and take down what the others have to say. There would be no hurry about transcribing it. But at some later time we might find it useful to look over all these stories as they were taken down word for word."

"I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can," said Elsie.

"I'm sure of that. And while we're sending for Mr. Delos, I'll ask you to glance over these rough notes of Miss Briggs' story. If there's anything there you can't make out, ask me about it. Thank you." Then to the policeman at the door: "Bring Mr. Delos!"

Elsie looked at the scribbled pages. A fairly detailed, if condensed story. Only one of the notes eluded her eyes. She pointed it out to Mr. Atkinson. "Simply," explained that keen young man, "that Miss Briggs had to stay up to lock doors and windows and clean up a little after they all went upstairs. About two o'clock. Everything in confusion. Mr. Stromberg asleep on couch in living room. Decided not to disturb him. Went to bed."

Elsie hurried upstairs to her room for notebooks and pencils. It was going to be a relief to be occupied. She felt that. Returning downstairs, on the lower landing she encountered Mr. Stromberg running up, carrying his overcoat and hat. He stopped and quickly smiled.

"Just gathering up my things," he said. "I suppose they'll let us go soon?"

"Haven't an idea," said Elsie, and went on down.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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OBSOLETE WOMANHOOD

(Continued from Page 7)

starlit virtues to make interesting reading for the traipsing daughters of the present moment.

In a way, we must have been hypocrites, but our hypocrisies did us more credit than does the increasing frankness with which modern men and women boast of their doubtful conduct. We confessed or denied our sins according to a lively code of honor we had, but the blackest sheep among us never questioned the law of righteousness he had disobeyed. A popular method now of disposing of some of the worst transgressions is by throwing them out of court. I have always been something of a pharisee myself, but only because it is not possible for me to be so incontestably upright as I hope other people will think I am. Even so, my vanities never followed the lines of piety to the point of austerity, but I am a swollen bigot when it comes to my dignity and the respect due a merely good woman. I am not conscious of this being the reason why I live in such strict retirement, but it may be. I have not retreated; I have simply fortified myself at a certain elevation, and plan to stay there. For it is not clear to me that the world of today would recognize the obsolete distinction I think I have conferred upon myself by a narrow and perpendicular life. I have known too many better women of my age to be treated with witty disrespect by this on-coming generation. What is more to the point, I have known them to accept it as a compliment, reverse their ideas about how much wrong may be right after all, and even pretend not to be so good as they really are, with the hope that tyrannous youth will spare the rod of their wit and dub them "good old things."

When I was young, children honored their fathers and mothers—no matter what kind of father they had. Authority was vested in the office of parent, even if he was of doubtful dimensions morally, and he commanded obedience and respect. No such doctrine obtains now. A father who is the very pattern of integrity is frequently no more than the "old man" to his sons, to be used, but neither honored nor obeyed. The title of a devoted mother, conferred by her grown sons and daughters, can be any old thing in the way of a nickname. This is a kindly way they have of denoting the inferiority of these elders, merely attached to them by birth, but outgrown and outwitted. Whatever the current psychological explanation is concerning this demoting of parents by their children, my own opinion is that it is due to bad breeding: the same as profanity is a vulgarity practiced by gross people.

Concealed in Buckram Virtues

The cowardice of elder men and women in their attitude to rampant young people is one of the unnatural developments of the present social order.

It is not my purpose to produce the impression of being an old forget-me-not fading forlornly upon the grave of an obsolete womanhood. I still have a very active mind, trained in a saner world than this one. I can recognize a fool when I see one, even if he thinks he is a wise man. Thus the materialist seems to me some kind of Smart Aleck. He desires to call attention to his inverted relation to God by these intellectual antics. What he really proves is that a man who worships his own brains must bite the dust whence all flesh, even brains, come. He is in a state of arrested adolescence and does not know it—which is always embarrassing to a grown person who witnesses the performance. But I do not say anything, because I have never seen one of them kick even one star out of the Lord's handiworks. His legs are too short, if you know what I mean.

On the other hand, I have always suspected the saint with buckram virtues. He has something else to conceal. The weave is too stout, too harsh for a virtue to wear. I can be deeply moved by a flash of courage or the cold clarity of integrity of another person living for the moment up to his highest nature, but I know too much about my own nature to believe he can hold his note indefinitely. And I do hope I shall never be touched to the heart by the beauties of my own soul. For a man or woman, to see himself or herself truly, requires a keen sense of the ridiculous. We may be made in the image of the Lord, but we do not look like it. So do I recognize myself as a perfectly absurd, but friendly, human being, with no more than my fingers crossed for protection against the sorcery of this modern world.

A House Without a Head

I like young people—even these young people who seem to love only themselves. They are not different from those of my own young days, except in the matter of teaching and training. They are the victims of an experiment in education. And more particularly, of absent-minded parents, too many of whom are otherwise engaged these days. Their sons and daughters have been left to bring themselves up according to their own inexperience and undisciplined desires. The idea is that liberty of action imparts initiative to youth. It does, but not judgment. We get that only by discipline and training. But the girls are rarely trained in home duties. Their mothers are too much absorbed in bettering the living condition of working girls. They have no time to spare for bettering conditions in their own homes, such as making and keeping them attractive. The home is too frequently no more than the place behind the scenes where members of the family retire to dress for the next act. If the daughter tires of her gay life or needs more money than the family can spare, or if she feels she needs some kind of Wall Street training to get a better seat in the matrimonial market, she takes a business course and enters a profession formerly designed for men only. She receives a good salary and a wider opportunity for choosing a husband. But if she takes a home-economics course, it is not with reference to her own home economies. She is planning to become a dietitian in a college, a hospital or a penitentiary even.

I am not finding too much fault with her for her shrewdness and acquisitiveness, but somebody should be prepared to make a home and stay in it, when it is so generally agreed that the home is the most important unit of national life. Since we have lost the sense of eternity, we are put to it for time enough to do the things we want to do. Subconsciously the motto is: This is the only world, this is all the time we have; make the most of the world and use time to the best personal advantage to ourselves. Mothers involved in welfare work, education, politics, social reforms and other public affairs have neither the mind, energy nor time to devote to the training of their own children. They excuse themselves for the waywardness of their daughters by saying "It is the spirit of the times." They can do nothing about that. As a matter of fact, they are passing the buck. They want more praise and publicity than a mother ever receives for the care and sacrifices she makes for her own children. The abler a woman is, the less disposed she is now to exercise her gifts for the private good and comfort of her own family. According to my way of thinking, there is too much maternalism in American life and not enough maternalism in American homes. Somewhere in the dark recesses of this situation may be found one of the sources of the crime wave in American youth. Everybody is analyzing and discussing it, but the right people are not doing anything about it.

I have always had the shrewdest kind of qualm about any man's being the viceroy of the Almighty, but I do know that by nature parents sustain this relation to their children. Their failure to exercise this authority accounts for some of the darkest features of our civilization. In the Book of Judges there is the record of a terrible affair, when certain tribes went out and plundered other tribes. They burned property, slew innocent people and wound up by stealing six hundred virgins. The author concludes his narrative with this illuminating comment: "In those days there was no king in Israel, every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Just so, there are no rulers in the homes these days; every young person is more and more inclined to do that which is right in his own eyes. And what is right is what he wants. The result is an ever-increasing population of venomous youth and a very nervous civilization.

My notion is that it takes an Old Testament father, with a copy of the Ten Commandments in one hand and a rod in the other, to bring up a respectable New Testament son.

Since I was young, conditions have changed, philosophies and faiths have changed, but human nature does not. The men and women of today have the same bodies, brains, instincts and desires. The difference is in the creeds by which they live and the objectives to which they aspire. They see themselves in the mirror of their own mind, and not in that wider looking-glass of the ages behind them where so many experiments were made that the prophecies of every future have already been recorded. One of the astonishing features of their development is that they have no conscious background. They quote history to prove that the theory of living then was false. But the past is more than history. It indicates everything behind us and in front of us, divided in the same ancient grades of hopes and aspirations we must make or perish.

His Last Solo Performance

The youth of this generation will rise according to the quality of its aspirations and the faith it keeps. Some of them—a great many—have risen already to sublime achievements. But many more will fail and be blown away in the rotten dust of their thoughts. And the bright mirror of the past will go on shining as if they never had been. The trouble is that with all the boasting heard now about the democracy of brains and the equality of men, we seem to be producing more waste material than usual. We have almost too many colleges and universities offering popular courses in sports and night life. Wealth has become such an absorbing premise to all successful endeavor that many thousands, even millions, of dollars, are required to finance an ideal and to furnish the spotlight of publicity essential to its growth and glow. One man alone cannot step out in peace and quietness to achieve a worthy ambition. If he succeeds, he is sure to become the nucleus of a comet's tail of reporters.

Consider the case of Lindbergh. That honest, ordinary young man had no desire to figure as a hero. What he wanted was to make a solo flight across the Atlantic. He was so completely unknown, even to himself, that when he alighted on the flying field in Paris he stepped out and artlessly introduced himself. "I am Charles Lindbergh," he said, not realizing that the vast crowd there waited to welcome him, or that the whole world had been holding its breath for news of his safe arrival. Since that day he has been the victim of publicity, not because he is modest but because he is sensible, a self-sustained entity in his own consciousness. He fights the spotlight like a bobcat, because a real hero never feels like one. His whole mind is fixed upon the next performance, not upon the singularly perishable trail of glory he has left behind

(Continued on Page 100)

Radio hasn't changed?...

... *Oh, hasn't it! Just hear the new PHILCO!*

"RADIO seems to be at a standstill," you may have been saying. "Our old set sounds just as good as the one you buy today."

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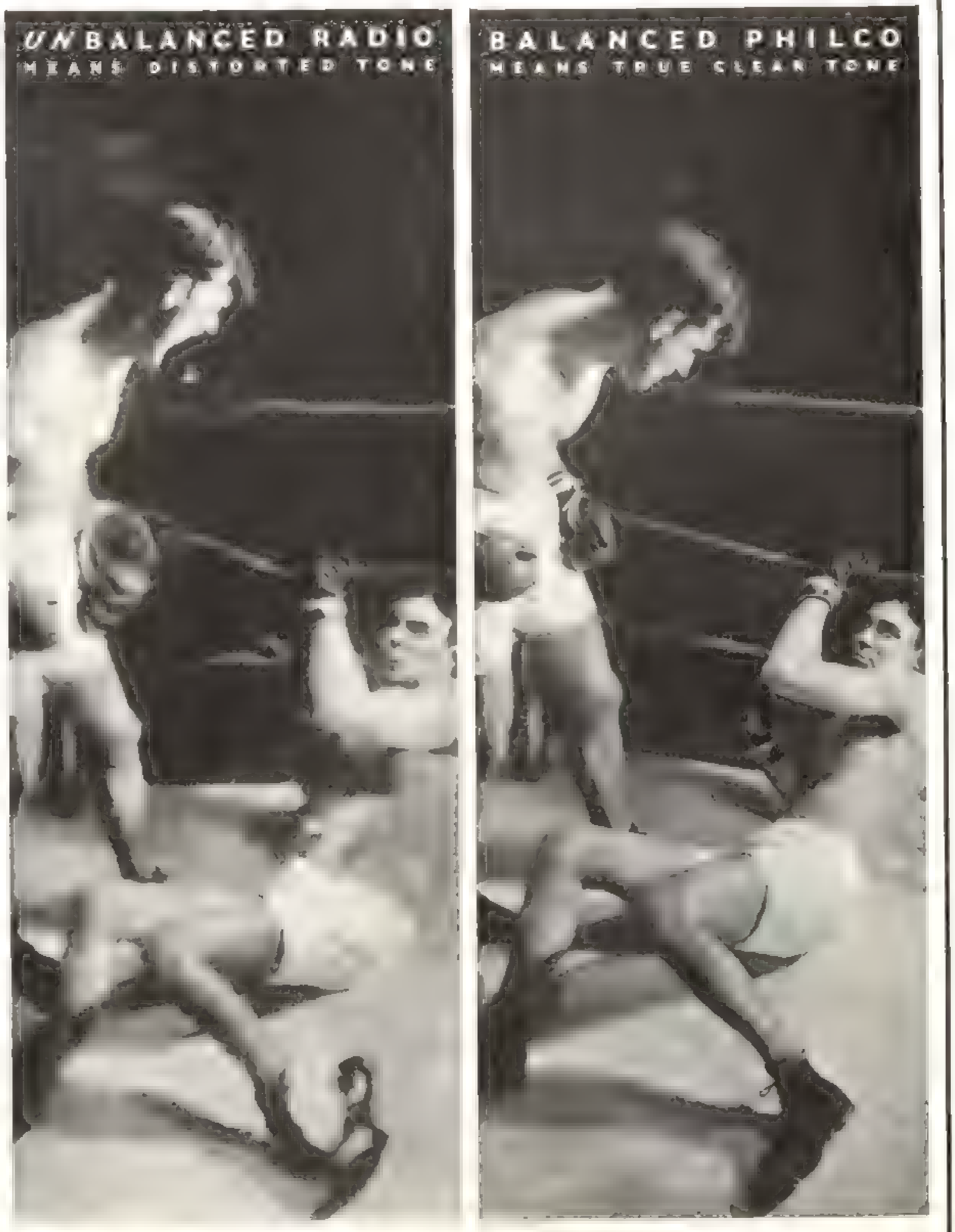
But now there is a new radio which musically makes millions of sets as obsolete as an old-fashioned gramophone

When this new radio was first shown, at the National Radio Dealers' Convention in Chicago, it caused an immediate stampede of dealers and experts. It was always surrounded by eager crowds. It aroused 4 times as many inquiries as any other exhibit. Why? Because Philco has swept aside tradition in engineering, in tone, in selectivity, in distance and in cabinet-work—and has given to the world advantages which everyone can see and hear and afford.

Let any radio owner listen to a new Philco, and instantly he realizes that entirely new standards of radio performance have arrived. On the spot he's likely to consider replacing his old set.

Only natural, for who would be satisfied with the tone of an ordinary set after he has heard a Balanced-Unit Radio? Who would be satisfied with



Do your friends sometimes have difficulty in understanding the announcer's voice as it comes from your radio? Lack of balance causes most sets to distort the sound of the human voice and of orchestral instruments. Hear the new Philco and instantly you'll recognize how flawlessly true, rich and clear is the tone which Philco engineers achieve by super-exact balancing of all electrical units.

"...AND THEN HE GOT A PHILCO"

an ordinary cabinet when he has seen Philco's costly woods? Who would be content with just the usual programs when he has twirled the Philco dial and brought in dozens of stations he could never pick up before?

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(Continued from Page 98)

him in the public prints. He is no longer a hero, anyway; he has become news for publication. The common people still regard him as one, because we are in reduced circumstances so far as heroes are concerned in this country. Even the dead ones whom we buried and enshrined have been investigated and wittily stripped of their very decencies. And one of the gratifying discoveries of our impotent cultural leaders is that there is no such thing as a hero. They define what we think is one as a "victim of hallucinated optimism." However, we still have the instinct for hero worship and do the best we can in these straitened circumstances by making idols of jockeys, baseball batters and bandits, as well as aviators.

Meanwhile, under the same leadership in art, the sinews of evil grow stronger in literature and the worst vices of men and women have been exalted. I am ready to concede poetic license to poets so long as it is only a matter of words, and results in nothing worse than "vers libre," but I am so old and mean in my narrow-minded rectitudes that I deplore the license conceded to art and artists—especially authors.

Undigested Knowledge

Some time ago I met a number of young women university graduates. They knew I had written a book, which they had never read, but the inference was of a literary atmosphere on this account, and by way of being agreeable, the dear young things spread the pin-feathers of their culture. Followed one of the most appallingly revealing discussions of modern literature I have ever heard. They had read two recent novels not allowed to be circulated in England. They had also relished the latest sensational story, so replete with original profanity. They gigglingly boasted of enlarging their own vocabulary with the oaths of the innocent young heroine of the tale.

I am no prude when it comes to reading, but my mother was a prude about selecting the books I read when I was a girl. She was an extremist, but the more I see of the tolerance of these modern mothers, the more it resembles moral slackness of the wits, and the more I respect the harsh wisdom of old-fashioned women. The objection may be raised that these girls were grown women, supposed to be matured in judgment by the university training they had. All I have to say in reply is that the average college-bred man or woman I meet these days appears to be less mature in mind and character than the very young were in my day. And many of them are astoundingly illiterate; though they know so much that is not good to know. I have rarely conversed with one who recognized a quotation from the Bible. What I considered a very neat reference to Joshua, the other day, passed over the head of a young bachelor of arts. "Who is Joshua?" he wanted to know. Even conceding that the Scriptures are not inspired, the fact remains that the Bible is the greatest English classic, with which an educated man is supposed to be familiar.

We are all educated; the illiterate less so than the literate. The difference is in the kind of things they have learned. These youngsters seem to be gorged with much raw knowledge, not tested, and lacking in the tone of time seasoned knowledge has. They are intellectual parvenus, proud to the point of insolence of their crassness.

What we need is a hundred years of poverty to mend us in mind, morals, culture, taste and righteousness. We spend too much, and are so much indebted to the past that this generation will never pay out, in spite of its great charities and great achievements. Because it cannot produce the right stuff with which to pay such a debt.

In spite of the fact that this is the richest country in the world, there never were so many calls for help. More endowments for colleges and hospitals, more money for churches, more for libraries, and not much censorship of the books that go into them. More leisure in which to invite our souls; though the notion that we have no souls is growing in popularity, and all the leisure we get is spent some other way. Shorter working hours for laborers; though an idle brain in my time was known to be the devil's workshop—and is yet, for that matter. But this is the new theory of how life should be invested to make satisfactory returns—six hours' sleep, twelve for pleasure, five to earn your daily bread, and practically no rest at all.

The Government is constantly called upon to help industries either by raising or lowering tariffs or by the actual contribution of funds. The farmers have been calling for relief. Now they think they have got it. I have been a dirt farmer for four generations, and every time one of us received help, it turned out to be another debt. I have my doubts about the benefits we hope to receive, for the reason that the financial brains of this country are the ablest brains in it, and few farmers have any financial brains.

I believe in poverty, especially for young people. Only old people who have been disciplined in hardships can afford to risk the debilitating effects of wealth. I was forty before I could afford more than one pair of shoes a year. Silk stockings were as unconceivable for my legs as a crown would have been for my head. I had one best dress each season, and might wear it six seasons. All that time I moved in the best society—not the richest, except by accident. We were never in debt; we worked hard and received so little that we should have starved on an eight-hour day. We used nearly all our hours for labor and never thought of complaining. I had a strenuous time religiously on account of being married to a Methodist circuit rider and not being properly gaited spiritually to his heavenward stride.

Charity in Its Place

Otherwise, I enjoyed my days, never felt the pinch of poverty, and accomplished more than I might have done if we had been more prosperous. Therefore, I believe in giving the poor an even break with other people to make good. Charity is admissible only for the old, the infirm and the very young. This is one fault with our social and economical system. We are wasting the energies of a great many able-bodied poor people by endowing them with charity. And I think the young man who allows his father to support him after he is of age and prepared to earn his own livelihood is taking dole, and should be regarded with the same contempt we do other able-bodied paupers.

The sooner we get back to common honesty, to the old ideals of patriotism, even if it means a fight; the sooner we discover that "culture" is a word to which every worthy nation affixes its own definition; the sooner elder women find again their best self-expression in the home, no matter what disposition is made of the smoke nuisance they may be milling about or the public welfare work they are accomplishing with so much courage and sacrifice to their families; and the sooner men cut down the allowances they are making to their idle sons and force the young whelps to earn their own livings, and the sooner we require foreign students of our affairs to write and speak according to the naturalization papers they have taken out as citizens of this country—the sooner we shall pass this spell of bad weather in American life.

Lake Champlain From the Vermont Shore

After the Storm of Words Send her a Rainbow of Flowers

Thunder! *Lightning!* A *Deluge of Words.* And now that the storm is over, you're sorry. Sorry, and just a little ashamed. If only you hadn't been quite so obstinate..... ℂ But just as a rainbow brightens the skies after a storm, the flowers you send this morning will bring sunshine to her clouded countenance. And when you see her again tonight—all will be well.

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UP TO NOW

(Continued from Page 19)

kept up by the enthusiasm of friends and their certainty that I was elected. The excitement in and around the Biltmore Hotel lasted for some days.

The Secretary of State's report of the soldier vote in camps in the United States added seven thousand five hundred more to my majority, making it finally around fifteen thousand.

Governor Whitman, my opponent, did not concede my election at once. Instead, he instituted a court proceeding to open the ballot boxes in certain election districts in New York. A number of ballot boxes were taken to court and records were looked over, but it was quite apparent that it was a futile gesture.

Curiosity and suspicion about the election district in which I was born had been excited in the minds of the men around the Republican state headquarters because Governor Whitman received only two votes there, while I received three hundred and eighty-seven. One attaché of the Republican headquarters not familiar with the law declared it to be an impossibility unless the appointed representatives of the Republican Party at that particular polling place voted against their own candidate. They believed that to have been quite unlikely.

The Republican leader of the district was summoned to headquarters, and he cleared the atmosphere in a moment when he stated that it was impossible to find eight Republicans in that district willing to man the polls against me, and that all the Republican election officials in that district, in accordance with the law, were imported into it from other districts.

I sent for the Democratic captain of the district and spoke to him about the result in his district. His quick reply was: "They can take the ballot boxes, open them up and do anything they like to them. That result is honest and strictly on the level. I am not concerned about the ballot boxes, but I would like to know who the two people were that voted against you, and I will find it out in less than a week."

Three nights later he reported to me that one of the two was a man who believed that I could have assisted his son to a position in the Police Department and had refused to do so. He voted against me. The other ballot was cast against me by mistake. A woman in Cherry Street who went to school with me discovered, upon looking at a sample ballot, three nights after election, that she had put the cross mark in the wrong place and came up to explain it to the captain of the district. Far from fraud, I lost one vote through error, and if the man had been acquainted with the full facts with regard to his son the decision in that election district would have been unanimous.

The delay of the court proceedings prevented me from receiving my certificate of election from the Secretary of State until the end of December.

The Governor's Birthday Party

After the children had their Christmas tree in Oliver Street we started to pack for Albany, and on my birthday, the thirtieth of December, 1918, I started off with my wife, my children and my mother, and we celebrated my forty-fifth birthday at the Executive Mansion. It was a busy few days for the children, getting their affairs straightened out and selecting their rooms at the Executive Mansion.

Not waiting until the inauguration, I started during December to prepare my first message to the legislature and to lay out plans for carrying out the Democratic platform and the promises made during the campaign. It was during this period that Mrs. Belle Moskowitz laid before me the suggestion for the creation of a reconstruction commission, whose work and accomplishments I will deal with later.

The inaugural ceremonies made a deep impression on all of my family. They had the first real thrill of their lives when they heard the cannon booming on Capitol Hill, proclaiming the inauguration of the new governor.

It would be difficult for me to conceive of any man being inaugurated governor of New York with a deeper sense of responsibility than I had when I took my first oath of office as governor in the Assembly Chamber on the first of January, 1919. So much had been said about me and my record of usefulness to the state that I felt that much must be expected of me as governor. The enthusiasm of my friends, their hard and honest work for me, impressed further upon my mind and laid upon me the desire and the obligation to prove them right. I wanted to justify, if possible, to the last degree all the claims they made for me during the campaign. Again, there were my wife and children, my mother, my sister and all her children. I was deeply anxious for their sakes. I was eager to demonstrate that no mistake had been made by the people of the state of New York when they intrusted their government to a man who had come up from the lowest rung of the ladder to the highest position within their gift.

Reconstruction After the War

I approached the duties of the governorship with but one single thought in mind, and that was to make good for the state of New York, and not to think of seeking higher political preferment. I was not urged for a moment even by the thought of a second term. For all these reasons, I surrounded myself with people of all political faiths as well as people of no political faith, and sought their counsel in order that I might be in a position to reap the full benefit of any ideas they would give me. I learned the lesson of looking for outside help from people personally disinterested, but very much interested from the standpoint of what is best for the state, during my legislative career. The history of the last twenty-five years clearly indicates that the state has received at least as much help from disinterested citizens with no ax of their own to grind as she has from her public officials.

Due in large part to the effects of the war upon the government, the affairs of the state were in a chaotic condition. I was inaugurated only seven weeks after the signing of the Armistice. As might have been expected, the regular and orderly procedure of the state's business had been interrupted by the necessary war work, and much routine work had been neglected. The state's plant was run down. Public construction of all kinds had ceased. War conditions and the high price of labor had bankrupted the contractors who had undertaken state work. The return of the state troops and their readjustment to a peacetime basis was causing much concern. War had shown neglect and carelessness in dealing with public health. The period of readjustment suggested a probable grave industrial crisis. The problems of taxation needed special attention. There was an acute housing situation due to a let-down of building during the war period. Employment had to be found at home, in a decreasing market, for the four-hundred-odd thousand men and women who had gone to the war from New York State, and the rise in the cost of living presented another pressing difficulty.

With a feeling of personal responsibility I had to do all I could to find a solution for these problems. I realized how impossible it would be not alone to do it by myself but to be able to do it with the limited means at my disposal which could be found in the regular departments of the government.

For all these reasons I appointed a body of representative men and women who had

(Continued on Page 105)

Nothing *was left but* Honor..

yet the losses were paid in full!

THE Great Fire of 1850, in Philadelphia, destroyed 367 buildings and cost many lives. The total property loss was $1,500,000—enormous for those days. While the ruins were still smoking, the trustees of the Fire Association held a special meeting. The company's accumulations of a third of a century were more than wiped out by its losses, which approximated $100,000.

There was no obligation on those trustees to pay out more money than the treasury held, but they signed a joint note and upon this personal liability obtained sufficient funds to meet all claims in full.

Because these men kept the faith, and because their successors have jealously maintained the tradition of fair dealing, the Fire Association's reputation for meeting all just obligations promptly, and without quibbling, has become its greatest asset. It is the cornerstone of the vast, world-wide organization of today.

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EVERY JUST CLAIM PAID IN FULL SINCE 1817

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Like the aristocrat
it is, this fine old ginger ale
makes its quality
quietly felt

Cool as the deep shadows which fall beneath the trees . . . refreshing as the depth of night beneath the summer stars . . . invigorating as the touch of dew upon the grass at dawn . . . this is the sensation, the thrill, the quality, you experience in drinking "Canada Dry."

Known and cherished the wide world over because of its unforgettable flavor, this fine old ginger ale makes itself quietly felt, like the aristocrat it is.

Why is this so? Because here is a beverage whose quality begins with basic excellence. Only the purest ingredients are used in "Canada Dry." Only high quality Jamaica ginger is used subtly to flavor this marvelous ginger ale. A process of blending and balancing those ingredients is achieved according to exact proportions. Hourly tests prevent variation. Daily tests under laboratory methods assure purity. A secret process of carbonation brings about uniformity and delicacy of sparkle. Taste it! What a marvelous flavor!

Buy "Canada Dry" today. Order it in the convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles. Its zest brings delight to meals. Its gaiety makes parties more joyous. And how it refreshes and invigorates you on hot, dry, oppressive summer days!

The Appetizing Prelude to Dinner

"CANADA DRY"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

©

(Continued from Page 103)

given freely of their time, energy and ability to the success of the war, and I asked them to aid me and form the Reconstruction Commission so that they might help the state to work out the problems following the war. Without regard to politics, I appointed as representative a commission as I could find in the state of New York Labor, capital, agriculture, commerce, banking, insurance, social work, manufacturing, science, law, business, large and small, every known group was represented in the make-up of the commission. Abram I. Elkus was elected chairman, and Mrs. Belle L. Moskowitz was elected secretary.

I asked the legislature to transfer an appropriation of seventy-five thousand dollars left over from some of the state's special funds for war activities to the financing of the Reconstruction Commission. This was denied by the Republican leaders of the legislature and in a spirit of civic duty the commission financed itself.

To the Reconstruction Commission I recommended the study of practically every problem of the after-war period caused by the economic and political changes taking place at that time. The achievements of my first term can best be told by dealing with their recommendations.

When the commission held its organization meeting, on the evening of January 25, 1919, I addressed it at the City Hall in New York City. I told the members that while I would have special sympathy for their activities for the welfare of the state, it was necessary to emphasize that the commission make some study of financial problems. The state had lost some twenty-six million dollars in revenue by the enactment of the Prohibition Amendment. It would be necessary to find some source of revenue to replace the excise tax or to develop a program of retrenchment which would make it possible to administer the state so that nothing need suffer, even though the revenues had been curtailed; let alone broadening the humanitarian activities of the state or pressing forward its public works.

I particularly committed to the Reconstruction Commission the shortage of housing for the thousands of people cramped in small quarters because of the cessation of building during the period of the war. In all the principal cities of the state the landlords, taking advantage of the law of supply and demand, were exacting enormous rentals because of the shortage of accommodations, and it looked to me in 1919 as though pretty nearly the whole population of the state of New York was at the mercy of the landlords and the food profiteers and all the different forces that sought to take advantage of the condition in which the country found itself.

One Strike After Another

During 1919, as a natural outgrowth of the unrest throughout the country generally, there was much trouble in industry because of strikes. There was the strike for higher wages on the Brooklyn-Manhattan transit lines. There was a serious strike in the United States Steel Company at the Lackawanna Works. The hatters in the city of Beacon called a strike and there was a prolonged strike at the Rome Brass and Copper Company at Rome in Oneida County. The strike on the railroads in Brooklyn settled itself and I assisted as far as I was able in the settlement of the Lackawanna Steel strike.

The attorney for the Rome Brass and Copper Company was a former member of the legislature and he asked me to intervene in the disturbance there by ordering the state police into the city of Rome. I told him I was quite ready to do so for the preservation of law and order, but that I believed that the officials of the company in Rome should first be willing to sit around the table with a representative of the Department of Labor and talk terms of settlement. After communicating with his firm, he conveyed to me the information that they would.

Then I designated Frances Perkins of the Industrial Commission as my representative. The heads of the business were shocked to find that I had selected a woman to negotiate a treaty of peace between the workers and their employers, and seemed to indicate by their attitude that it was their belief that any such undertaking as that was entirely outside of the province of a woman. Afterward the attorney told me frankly that they wondered what was the matter with me that I would make any such suggestion as that; but after Frances Perkins had visited the city of Rome and called the warring sections into conference, one of the leading officials of the Rome Brass and Copper Company said to the attorney, "Do us a favor and ask the governor where he found that woman."

An Error In Judgment

The Beacon hat strike I settled myself in the Executive Chamber. Every strike lingers on some final point of contention. This strike, simple as it may appear, but nevertheless sufficient to paralyze that industry and stifle the business of that city, hinged upon the demand of the employers that apology be made to an individual woman worker who had been insulted on the streets of the city of Beacon by the men strikers who had gone out because of a series of grievances. After hours of conference and deliberation I succeeded in securing from the workers the apology exacted by the employers, and the industry of Beacon started up overnight and progressed without further interruption.

After a conference in Albany of employers, workers and representatives of the public from all parts of the state, I appointed a Labor Board representative of the three viewpoints. They enlisted other citizens from time to time who acted as mediators between strikers and employers. The Labor Board was particularly helpful in the Buffalo street-railway strike.

In less than a week after my inauguration a milk famine threatened New York because of a quarrel between the distributors and the producers of milk. I rode down from Albany to New York City, met representatives of the contending forces at the Biltmore Hotel and adjusted their differences so that the flow of milk so necessary to the life of New York was resumed immediately after the conference. Later the milk-wagon drivers threatened to strike. The decision was to be made on a Sunday. I was visiting my mother in Brooklyn that day and was out of reach for several hours. When word finally came to me that mothers and babies might have no milk on Monday morning, it was late and I had, at most, an hour to reach the meeting place at Manhattan Casino, far uptown in Manhattan, and make my plea to the men. I left my dinner on the table, rushed to the meeting and found a sullen group, held in leash only by the promise that I would speak to them. I came upon the stage, made an appeal in the name of human needs, and in a few minutes they were cheering and the strike danger was over.

When labor troubles were at their height, the civilized world had been treated to such an exhibition of military force and power that I determined to exhaust every bit of energy and ingenuity that could be mustered before there would be resort to force. For that reason, during the troublesome times of 1919 and 1920, I resisted every call for the use of the militia in a strike. I sent the state police only into cities where the local authorities certified that they were unable to cope with the disturbances. Whenever I sent the police, it was with the stern command that they were there only to preserve peace and to protect life and property, but never to show partisanship to any of the contending factions. They were only used twice for such a purpose.

During my incumbency of the office of sheriff the state police were established by statute. Years ago an attempt was made to have state policing of all cities under a bill introduced by Senator Raines. It gave rise to such widespread dissatisfaction in the various localities of the state where a suspicion existed that state police would usurp local functions that it was abandoned.

I did not understand thoroughly the purpose or make-up of the state police and I regarded it as an attempt in a small way to resurrect the theory of centralized state control of all police functions, so I recommended in my first message to the legislature that the state police be abolished and the responsibility for carrying out their functions be placed on local authority.

Later I made a study of the state police under the then superintendent, Col. George L. Chandler. When I saw for myself the effective work they were doing, I frankly and publicly acknowledged my error, and admitted the usefulness of the state police. Instead of abolishing them, I recommended that their forces be augmented.

Colonel Chandler had been appointed by Governor Whitman and remained during my first administration. I became personally attached to him because of his efficiency, honesty and ability. It was in 1923 after I returned to Albany for my second administration that he imparted to me his desire to resign in order to return to the practice of medicine. I was in a quandary as to whom I would appoint to succeed him who could maintain the high standard he had set. Needless to say I had thousands of applicants. I asked him to name his own successor from among the men of the department, because I was convinced that he was the best judge of which of his lieutenants was best able to carry on his work. He suggested to me the name of John A. Warner, who was then captain of the troops lodged at the White Plains barracks.

Upon Colonel Chandler's recommendation and without even having seen Captain Warner, I appointed him and was introduced to him after he had been sworn in as chief of the state police.

I little dreamed the morning I met him that he would afterward be a member of my family by marriage to my daughter Emily in June, 1926. Toward the latter part of 1925 and the early part of 1926 I realized that the chief of police was making quite a number of visits to the Executive Mansion. In the rush of business incident to the many duties placed upon me, I was probably the last one in the official family at Albany to discover a romance between the government and the household of the governor.

Stormy Years Ahead

One of the strange chapters of the history of our state, when it is impartially written, will be the incomprehensible attitude of the Republican legislative leaders toward me during all my administrations as governor. They were all personal friends of mine. There was between myself and them an intimate and real friendship. They would exchange cigars and pleasantries with me at any time or place. They dined with me at the Executive Mansion. They met me in New York City. They visited the Executive Chamber and were as cordial in their greetings to me as I was in my reception of them. Yet throughout the whole period there seemed to be a feeling on their part that they must play what they must have believed to be good politics and try to make sure that nothing was accomplished of a constructive nature while I was governor. That frame of mind and that attitude toward me are the underlying reasons for the stormy years I had as governor and for the amount of time I was compelled to devote to my duties in order to accomplish anything constructive.

It is the nature of politics that when a particular political party has a long lease of power, whether it be in the state itself or in any of its civil divisions, there grows up among its leadership a notion that they own the state or the civil division that they have controlled for years. The deliberate intention of the people, as expressed at the

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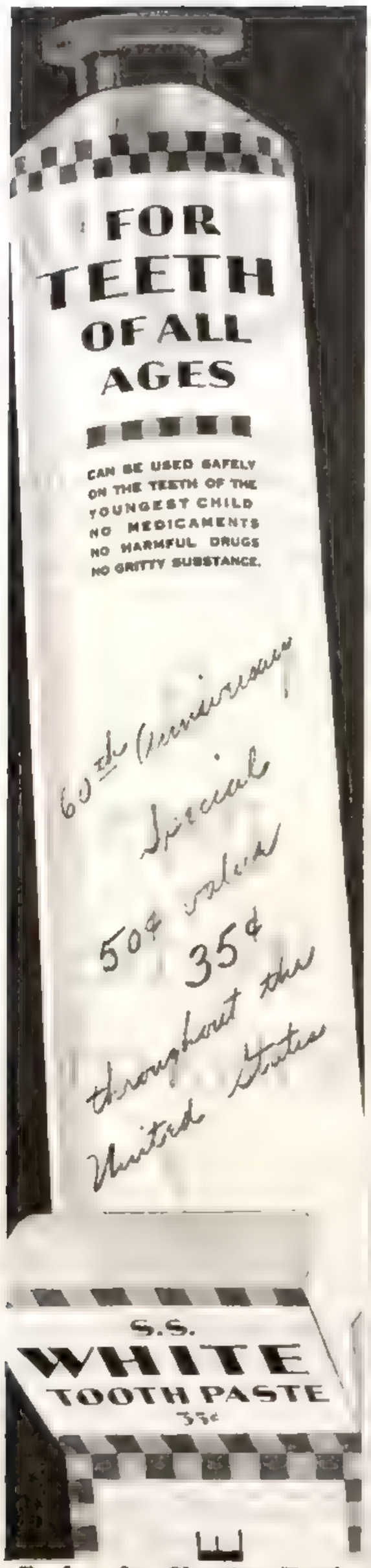

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ballot boxes, when it goes against them is interpreted by them to be merely a temporary set-back or, as some of the most reactionary of them have expressed it, "a mistake."

The attitude of the Republican leaders toward me, although most friendly in our personal relations, was that my election as governor was some kind of accident and that after two years I would never be heard of again. Therefore, it seemed to them, it was not necessary for them to do anything I recommended. Their theory seemed to be that if it was in any way dangerous to their organization they had better not do it.

This was certainly the attitude of the Republican legislative leaders toward me in my first term. Common sense, good judgment and any knowledge at all of the elementary principles of good politics would have suggested to them that they clean up early in my term these matters which had public appeal, so as to leave me nothing to campaign for.

Instead of that, they displayed an uncompromising opposition throughout the eight years of my several terms, only to be compelled again and again to accept as a matter of party expediency all the proposals for the betterment of the government that originated either in the Constitutional Convention of 1915, or in the report of the Reconstruction Commission, or in definite suggestions made by myself from time to time in messages to the legislature.

This spirit was manifest when the Reconstruction Commission, in accordance with my request, gave prompt attention to the system of compulsory military training instituted in schools during the war and recommended that it be abolished. The legislature disregarded that recommendation while I was governor, only to pay attention to it and carry it out in the term of my successor who was a member of their own political party.

Definite recommendations were made by the Reconstruction Commission in 1919 to relieve the shortage of housing. The situation was so acute and the recommendations were so intelligent that it was difficult for the legislative leaders to disregard them, and to appease the public they appointed a committee of their own to consider housing.

In the fall of 1918 the proposed Eighteenth Amendment was delivered to the Secretary of State of New York and was pending for action by the legislature. The Republican conference, held at Saratoga Springs for the purpose of designating candidates and formulating a platform and declaration of political faith for the state campaign that year, had side-stepped and ducked the whole question of the Republican Party's attitude toward ratification. The Democratic Party was honest about it and declared in its platform in favor of a state referendum submitting the question to the voters of the state.

The Stand on Prohibition

In 1905 and through the years until prohibition ratification became imminent, the question of the regulation of the sale of liquor was always a live issue in New York State. I was very caustically criticized in the recent presidential campaign for my attitude on that question. It is readily explained by the fact that the whole liquor question during all these years was an issue between city and country. Standing side by side with me in opposition to some of the drastic excise bills coming from the country sections of the state were some of the leading members of the Republican Party coming from the cities. I have no recollection that Governor Hughes, himself one-time presidential candidate of the Republican Party, ever made any recommendation to the legislature in regard to liquor legislation.

The strange part about the whole thing is that no mention of prohibition was ever made in the Constitutional Convention—not a word, not even a whisper.

In the recent campaign attempts were made to put into the minds of the American people the idea that I had voted for all kinds of laws to break down the salutary provisions of the excise law while I was in the legislature. Nothing could be further from the truth. A large number of the amendments referred to in the circulars printed against me were department measures and were recommended by the excise committee of the legislature itself, to clarify the law and to meet court decisions.

All the talk about churches and schools and saloons and the number of bills introduced on that subject would lead one to believe that there was a widespread attempt to do away with the provision of the excise law prohibiting saloons within two hundred feet of a school or church. The fact of the matter is that all these bills related to a single instance in the city of New York.

It always seemed a strange part of this whole situation with regard to the sale of liquor that the men in and out of the legislature who interested themselves in the suppression of the liquor traffic never took much interest in social legislation such as reform of the Factory Code, workmen's compensation, pensions for widowed mothers or public health or parks. The fact of the matter is that a great many legislators from the rural districts who were loud in their cry for prohibition and for local option opposed humanitarian measures either because they lacked knowledge concerning them or because of the reactionary attitude of their constituents against most new legislation unless it followed one line.

When Women Got the Vote

Many excise bills were incidental routine of the session. They were like the amendments to the Fish and Game Law. In the recent presidential campaign the agitation concerning such legislation was unquestionably for the purpose of creating an impression in the minds of the people that while I was in the legislature I was never interested in anything but liquor bills. I doubt very much if I ever read them or paid any attention to them.

When both houses convened for the session of 1919, the prohibition forces of the state as represented by the Anti-Saloon League and its allied organizations began a drive on the Republican Party to force ratification. They met with no trouble whatever in the assembly, because that body contains so many members from the small, strictly rural communities of the state; but when they reached the senate, the situation was quite different and the required number of votes for ratification by the senate was lacking. Republican Senator Henry M. Sage, of Albany County, opposed ratification, on the ground that it was for each individual legislator to determine for himself as between his conscience and his allegiance to the people whom he represented. The majority leader of the senate, Henry M. Walters, of Syracuse, represented a wet constituency and was personally unalterably opposed to ratification. Senator Thompson, of Niagara County, a radical dry, succeeded in inducing his colleagues to caucus, although ratification was in no sense a party measure or even a party pledge. Senator Sage refused to go into the caucus for the reasons I have just mentioned. Senator Walters, however, being the majority leader, entered the caucus and by the use of the party whip and as a result of pressure by the Anti-Saloon League and its allied organizations, the majority in the senate was whipped into line for ratification in spite of the expressed desires of some of their constituents who opposed it.

It was freely rumored in Albany that the political leaders in the counties suggested ratification upon the theory that the rural sections of the state containing the dry fanatics were the backbone of the Republican organization vote for years and that to abandon them might bring about complete destruction of the party throughout the state.

I am reasonably certain that had there been a referendum to the voters of New York State at that time, an overpowering majority would have voted against ratification. In 1926 a referendum as to what should be the attitude of the state regarding modification of the Volstead Act, was carried by more than a million majority for the wet side of the argument.

It was amusing to find that the identical legislature of 1919, which had ratified the Prohibition Amendment, at the 1920 session, passed a bill attempting to legalize the manufacture, sale and distribution of light wines and beer of an alcoholic content of 2¾ per cent under severe state regulation, only to have such an amendment declared in violation to the Constitution of the United States by the Supreme Court. The same leadership in the Republican Party which passed the so-called light wine and beer bill was the leadership which had forced through the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment by party caucus.

Just after the close of the 1919 session the Nineteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution enfranchising women was submitted to the state for ratification. New York having enfranchised women by amendment to her own constitution in 1917, I felt that the attitude of the state had been expressed by the result of that referendum. Therefore I was ready to submit the amendment for ratification by the legislature without further action by the people. I deemed the matter of sufficient importance to the other states of the Union to call the legislature into extraordinary session at once and submit to them a request for the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment.

Suffrage once a reality, some of the party leaders believed in it. Some did not. Some were very hesitant about it. Others maintained their old reactionary attitude toward it. Commissioner Murphy, then leader of Tammany Hall, advised equal representation on the county committees in New York City and insisted on equal representation in the executive committee of Tammany Hall. He was not concerned as to how this was to be accomplished, so long as each individual leader was willing to accept responsibility for the consequences. This worked out well, on the whole. Some of the Democratic women who had been active suffrage leaders now became party leaders, and where there were no active suffragists in a district, the leader was always sure to find someone who had the necessary qualifications.

Triumphant in Defeat

Six months after my inauguration, and for no reason that I was ever able to understand, the Hearst newspapers in New York City launched a violent attack upon me, endeavoring to put into the minds of gullible people the thought that I was in some way responsible for an extraordinary rise which had taken place in the price of milk. Cartoons were widely circulated through the city, depicting me as the friend of the milk trust, willing to starve helpless women and children for the extra pennies wrung from the poor. In the early part of this attack I paid little or no attention to it, upon the theory that it was so stupid and silly that I did not believe that anybody else paid any attention to it.

Strange, if you keep saying a thing, keep pounding long enough on it, some people will believe it. I discovered in the late summer of 1919 that this foolish attack was making some impression on the minds of people who, from the very nature of things, would naturally be friendly to me. I called it to the attention of a number of my friends and they formed a citizens' committee headed by the late Col. Jefferson de Mont Thompson and offered me the opportunity to challenge Mr. Hearst, the owner of the newspapers, to come before the public and make good the statements he made about me. A public meeting was organized and held at Carnegie Hall, October 29, 1919.

(Continued on Page 109)

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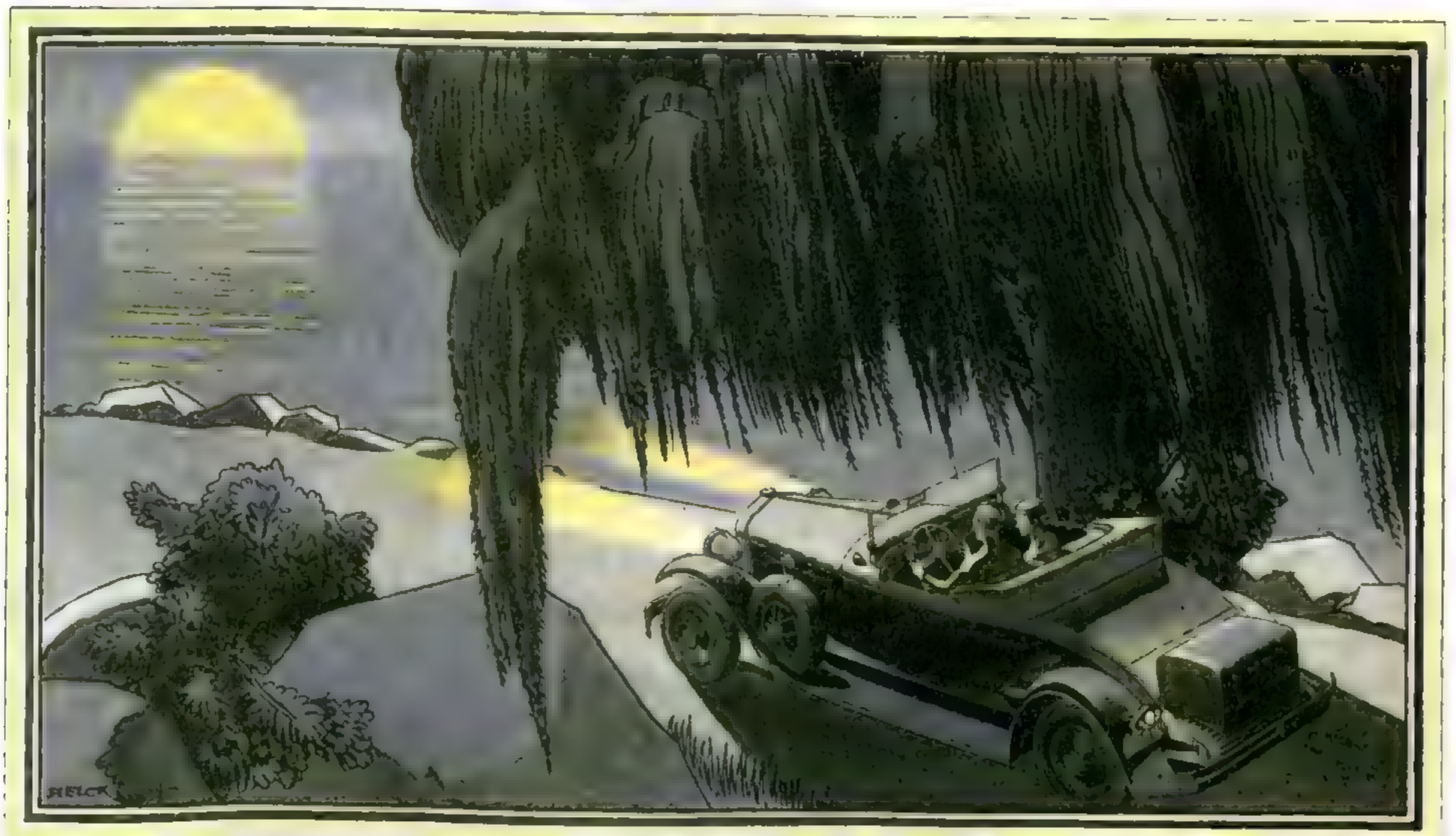

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Tire No. 3 ran 68.0%	Tire No. 9 ran 40.3%
Tire No. 4 ran 67.0%	Tire No. 10 ran 38.5%
Tire No. 5 ran 61.5%	Tire No. 11 ran 36.6%
Tire No. 6 ran 58.7%	Tire No. 12 ran 33.9%
Tire No. 13 ran 25.4%	

NOTE Figures on competitive tires represent the point at which tires went out of service either from carcass failure or with treads worn smooth. The New Miller outwore competitive tires in every instance

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(Continued from Page 106)

Of course I never expected Mr. Hearst to come, and neither did anybody else who knew anything about his methods. On that memorable night I cleared up in the minds of the people of New York City and the rest of the country any misgivings they might have that these attacks might be true, and I taught Mr. Hearst and his cohorts a lesson. It was the first chime in the death knell of Hearst's political power in the eastern part of this country.

In New York City the local elections in the fall of 1919 disclosed a queer phenomenon in local politics. The Republican National Committee had begun to sow the seeds of hatred against the Democratic Party within the ranks of her own people by an insidious well-planned propaganda looking to influence the election of 1920. Out of power for eight years in Washington, the Republican machine began to build its political fences for 1920 ahead of time.

The peace conference was going on in 1919 and the agitators were urging Murphy in Tammany Hall to use Democratic influence in Congress to force President Wilson to recognize the republic of Ireland. The German organizations wanted to do away with some of the harsh conditions of the Versailles Treaty, and the Italians wanted the local Democrats to do something about the final disposition of Fiume on the Adriatic Sea.

Locally the 1919 campaign was a forerunner of 1920, and the regular Democratic organization was defeated in New York County, the seat of its great power in the city and state. What might properly be called a Republican appeal to passion and prejudice lined up large numbers of people, friendly before that time, against Tammany Hall and the Democratic Party.

Strangest of all about the 1919 election was that while on the surface the antagonism of the voters seemed to be directed toward Tammany Hall, the son-in-law of the leader, former State Senator James A. Foley, running for Surrogate, and one of its most active members, was the only man elected on the ticket. Personally I always believed that to be due to strong Republican support of Surrogate Foley because of his outstanding brilliant record as a legislator in the assembly and in the senate. But the seed of racial antagonism was sown and the injection of foreign issues into the local situation had been begun, and 1920 saw their full fruition.

Our First Christmas in Albany

Our first Christmas in the Executive Mansion was in 1919. The large hall and the spacious reception room and grounds around the mansion presented a sharp contrast to the small, cramped apartment on Oliver Street, and Santa Claus had plenty of room for his operations. His endeavors to make the Smith children happy over Christmastime were supplemented by admiring friends all over the state to so great an extent that when the folding doors of the reception room were thrown open to the children on Christmas morning before church, it resembled the toy department of one of the big department stores. Santa Claus, in his generosity to the family, did not overlook Cæsar, the Great Dane. He received a new shining brass collar that, when hanging on the Christmas tree, looked as though it could surround the smokestack of the Leviathan.

Encouraged by partial victory in the city of New York in the election of 1919, the new session of the legislature in 1920 came in full of hope for party success and thoroughly wedded to the reactionary opinions characterizing the session of 1919.

The full and complete report of the Reconstruction Commission was presented to the 1920 legislature.

All these reports, together with the important one on the reorganization of the state government, laid down a program which for the ten years following was the background of political platforms, the program of civic organizations and the basis of much remedial legislation. The battle for the reorganization of the state government continued until just before I went out of office for the last time.

At this point I was halfway through my first administration and I had thoroughly convinced the Republican leaders of my intention to attempt the accomplishment of something of material and lasting benefit to the people of the state. With a national and a state campaign in view in 1920, they bent all their political energy toward an effort to frustrate it. They felt that I was perhaps gradually making an impression upon the voters of the state, and in the early part of the session of 1920, in order to smokescreen the whole situation, a great alarm was set up as to the future security of the state and the nation because of what they called the activities of the Reds.

Adding Spice to the Dinner

Five members of the Socialist Party had been elected to the assembly in the fall of 1919, and suddenly, without warning, the assembly of 1920 refused to seat them, on the constitutional ground that the legislature shall be the judge of its own membership. That was undoubtedly put into the constitution for the purpose of permitting the legislature to deal with an elected member for something that he may have done between the time of his election and the time of the convening of the legislature, or to deal with a member whose election to office had been proved to be fraudulent. It was never intended to give authority to exclude men duly and properly elected because of disagreement with their political views.

No theory I can think of could be further from the views of Jefferson, who counseled, in the Declaration of Independence, that when the American people were dissatisfied with their form of government they could tear it down and put up the kind they wanted. That has been regarded throughout the years of our national history as being sound doctrine, provided the change is not attempted by force of arms.

This agitation against the Socialist members and what was called the activity of the Reds was really part of a false atmosphere created by the appointment, in 1919, of a joint legislative committee which came to be known as the Lusk Committee, named after Clayton R. Lusk, of Cortland County, its chairman. When it was appointed it was alleged that its purpose was to inquire into the activities of what were designated as "enemies of the government," because they entertained radical opinions on the administration of the affairs of the state and nation. There never was any doubt in my mind that the decision to expel the Socialist members from the assembly was preconceived, and I regarded the trial during which the Republican leaders sought to establish their unfitness as a mere formality intended to lend color and give virtue to the undemocratic and un-American performance of their expulsion from the body.

The day after the Socialists were expelled and after a conference with the leaders of my party, I decided to issue a statement. It was a busy Saturday, and it was not until late in the afternoon that I was able to meet with the Democratic leaders of the legislature. It is quite true that there was some objection on their part to opposing the action of the Republican group. But after presenting my point of view to them they were entirely in accord with the action which I took.

There was an Amen Corner dinner that evening. The Amen Corner was an organization of newspapermen and Republican politicians. It was the custom for everybody in public life to attend this dinner. Tad Sweet, the Speaker of the assembly, was there. I took a copy of the statement which I had already handed to the newspapermen from my pocket and showed it to him, and said, "This is what I have just told the newspapermen. It is the position which my party and I intend to maintain."

The statement said in part, "Although I am unalterably opposed to the fundamental principles of the Socialist Party, it is inconceivable that a minority party, duly constituted and legally organized, should be deprived of its right to expression so long as it has honestly, by lawful methods of education and propaganda, succeeded in securing representation, unless the chosen representatives are unfit as individuals.

"If the majority party at present in control of the assembly possesses information that leads them to believe that these men are hostile to our form of government and would overthrow it by processes subversive of law and order, these charges in due form should have been presented to the legislature and these men tried by orderly processes. Meanwhile, presumably innocent until proved guilty, they should have been allowed to retain their seats.

"Our faith in American democracy is confirmed not only by its results but by its methods and organs of free expression. They are the safeguards against revolution. To discard the method of representative government leads to misdeeds of the very extremists we denounce and serves to increase the number of enemies of orderly, free government."

Sweet protested that I was unfair in not having given him notice that that would be my point of view; to which I replied, "You gave me no notice of what you were going to do or that you were going to expel these men, and I therefore feel no responsibility to have notified you that I am going to oppose such action."

There followed then, for several months after the legislature convened, a trial of these five Socialists. The Bar Association of New York appointed Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Morgan J. O'Brien, Louis Marshall, Joseph M. Proskauer, and Ogden L. Mills to defend them. Morris Hillquit was the attorney representing the expelled Socialists.

Coincident with the expulsion of the Socialists from the assembly the Lusk Committee reported. Among their recommendations was an amendment to the law to require teachers in our public schools to submit to a loyalty test in order that the educational authorities might determine whether or not they were right-minded toward our country. I never thought it possible, reasonable or sensible.

Thumbs Down

Private schools were also to be licensed after submitting to the Board of Regents their curriculum of study. This bill was aimed at schools where liberal or radical theories were taught, and its implications could hardly have been comprehended by the legislature or they would never have considered, much less passed it.

They even went so far as to pass a bill which, if it had been enacted into law, would have given to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the Third Department the right to strike any party column from the ballot if, in the judgment of that court, any part of the platform of that party smacked of sedition or, in the opinion of the court, was not in harmony or in keeping with the court's opinion of the Constitution and the principles upon which the country was founded.

There was tremendous public interest in these bills when they were submitted by the Lusk Committee. An enormous volume of correspondence reached my desk daily. Important public men and women in every part of the state urged me to veto the bills. Prof. Felix Adler, who was a member of the Reconstruction Commission, Raymond V. Ingersoll, and the many civic organizations, wrote me stating their reasons. On the other hand, there was a prejudiced group, hysterical and interested in the control of liberal thought, who urged me to approve the bills.

I finally vetoed all of these bills, believing that they discriminated against teachers as a class, deprived them of their right to freedom of thought and that the attempt to

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license schools struck "at the very foundation of one of the most cardinal institutions of our nation—the fundamental right of the people to enjoy full liberty in the domain of idea and speech."

I disapproved the bill permitting the Supreme Court to strike a party column from the ballot because I felt that I could not approve a bill which conferred upon three judges "learned though they be, but nevertheless human, the power to disfranchise any body of our citizens."

I also disapproved the bill which accompanied these and which would have established a bureau of secret service in the Attorney General's office to assist in the prosecution of criminal anarchy, by saying that I believed "there is no just cause for providing any different method for enforcing the criminal-anarchy statute from that employed in enforcing the other penal laws of the state—through the agencies of the grand jury, the magistrate and the district attorneys of the respective counties of the state. The traditional abhorrence of a free people of all kinds of spies and secret police is valid and justified, and calls for the disapproval of this measure."

Since the Republican leaders regarded me as an accidental governor and were satisfied that I would only be around for a few months, and, while governors come and go, legislative leaders apparently seem to go on forever, they were entirely content to bide their time and wait for me to return to New York City, when they might go on with the business of the state to suit themselves.

The year 1920 was a presidential year. The Republican machine felt sure of its ground. They had planted seeds of dissatisfaction throughout the United States and were reasonably certain of victory in November.

As a consequence, the legislature did not take the work of the Reconstruction Commission very seriously. Not only did they refuse to make any appropriation for it, although funds were available, but it was referred to on the floor of the senate in debate as a "rump legislature" and an attempt to duplicate the lawmaking functions of that body.

As the reports of the commission began to come in, they contained so much of solid meat and so many concrete suggestions of benefit to the state that the legislature proceeded to block them out of consideration by the appointment of legislative committees intended practically to parallel the work of the Reconstruction Commission.

When the amendments for the reorganization of the government were introduced, I began an active campaign for them throughout the state.

Party Lines Forgotten

Former Governor Hughes addressed the City Club of New York at dinner on the same day that I did in favor of them. I addressed many Chambers of Commerce, the Merchants' Association of New York, and Boards of Trade and business organizations generally in all the large cities in the state. The reforms appealed to business men, and public opinion was sufficiently aroused to compel the legislature to accept the amendment even against the advice of their own leaders. John Lord O'Brian and Martin Saxe were other Republicans who spoke from the same platform with me in favor of the plan. The press favored it and under the pressure of strong public opinion the legislature of 1920 finally adopted the resolution to amend the constitution providing for the reorganization of the government, although the legislative leaders in the session at first declined to give it any consideration and at least two of them made public speeches against it. They refused to consider the Executive Budget or the four-year term for the governor which are really part of the complete plan.

Although the recommendations on housing made by the Reconstruction Commission had been ignored at the regular session and a legislative commission had been appointed to study housing and rent profiteering, the condition was so acute in September of that year that the members of the legislative committee were prepared to join with the Reconstruction Commission in recommending an extraordinary session of the legislature.

Every governor has hesitated to call the legislature into extraordinary session unless he is prepared to point to real emergency. I called three extraordinary sessions of the legislature, and each time I felt that the public welfare required it. The first was called to ratify the suffrage amendment in 1919, the second to act on the housing shortage in 1920, and the third came in 1925, to secure action on the state park bond issue appropriation.

A Change in Procedure

Before calling the 1920 extra session I conferred with a group of advisers on the advisability of holding a special session. Most of them were against it, being influenced by the consideration of what might happen to the expelled Socialist assemblymen.

When I reached the decision that the session must be held because of the housing shortage, I decided also to call a special election to fill the vacancies in the assembly districts not represented. These were five of the largest assembly districts of the state, where the housing problem was most pressing, and I could not reconcile myself to leaving them unrepresented in the extraordinary session called for the express purpose of relieving distress in these neighborhoods. Thereupon the electorate sent back to the assembly the identical five men who had previously been dismissed for their political views. The Republican leaders changed their procedure this time. After permitting them to take their seats a resolution was introduced to expel three of the five. This was debated all night and all five were permitted to participate in the debate. The next day the resolution expelling three out of the five was adopted. The two who were to have been permitted to remain resigned on the open floor.

The legislative commission on housing, of which Senator Charles C. Lockwood was chairman and to which Mr. Samuel Untermyer had been special counsel, was prepared to recommend legislation to amend various provisions of the law covering the method by which people are ejected from their homes for nonpayment of rent, known as summary proceedings.

New York's moving season has come to be October first. The method pursued by landlords had been to refuse to renew leases at the same rentals which people had been paying, and to raise them inordinately. Upon refusal to pay these high rents, families were ejected and the new rentals were placed at a higher figure. Further than that, landlords made a practice of refusing to renew leases, and families were unable to find homes at the rentals which they had been paying. Mothers became panicky with the fear that there would be no place for them to live, because new construction had not kept pace with the growth of the population, and the cessation of all building during the war. The courts were crowded with cases which the judges were attempting to adjudicate under the laws which had been passed at the special session of the legislature in 1919. Nearly a hundred thousand families were facing eviction.

To my mind, the shortage of new housing and the importance of solving the housing problem as a whole was just as important as meeting the emergency created by attempts to profiteer in rents. I sent a message to the legislature asking for consideration of the bills presented by the special legislative committee and also requested the creation of a bureau of housing in the State Architect's office, as recommended by the Reconstruction Commission.

It must be borne in mind that the so-called rent laws enacted at the extraordinary session of September, 1920, were nothing more or less than temporary expedients to carry people over a period of stress. They were, in fact, temporary in their nature, because they were predicated on the state's police power and would have to fall to the ground when it could no longer be shown that a condition existed which menaced the health and welfare of the people.

The legislature refused to create the bureau of housing or to do anything toward the solution of the permanent housing problem. They only passed bills curbing rent profiteering and, in order to stimulate building, a bill permitting cities to grant tax exemption on new construction.

While I was president of the Board of Aldermen I discovered that there was a room in the City Hall in New York set aside for the use of the governor under an old-time provision of the charter. Right after my first election, I let it be known that I would use it as a New York office in order to give the people of the city an opportunity to talk with the governor. I undertook the same thing at the mayor's office in Syracuse for the central part of the state, and in Buffalo for the far-western counties.

Take it Up With the Governor

There is no doubt in my mind that I meant well, but the experiment was far from successful, because I found all kinds of people with all kinds of queer notions about things anxious to come and talk to me. It would have been bearable if the pressure had not been so strong to secure my attention for every kind of detail. I was entirely willing to meet the mother whose boy was in prison and to talk to her about him, because I felt that she herself, at least, ought to be given an opportunity to talk to the governor. I had always discouraged the idea of retaining attorneys to plead for pardons or commutations of sentences. I had a feeling that it was not strictly legal work.

Two employes of the Street Cleaning Department were overheard in conversation about that time, in a café in the lower end of New York City. Frank asked Jack where he had been that night, and he answered, "Down to the clubhouse to see the alderman. I'm dissatisfied with the stable I'm driving from and I want to be transferred."

Whereupon Frank said, "Never mind the alderman. Wait until Saturday and go down and see the governor."

Some people, apparently intelligent, had an idea that the governor could straighten out all court decisions not to their liking. Several women called upon me to increase the allowances the court had given them out of the husbands' weekly salaries after they had separated. I need scarcely tell that a small army of men came to see me volunteering their services to the state in any position to which I could see my way fit to appoint them at salaries anywhere from two thousand dollars a year up.

Finally I was compelled to abandon these public receptions. Not that I did not think they were good, but I found that no man could stand up under the physical strain of them.

Curiously enough, it was at one of these sessions in the City Hall that I met Colonel Greene. I had heard about him and the service he rendered to the country and his ability as an engineer in road construction. I asked him to meet me in the City Hall, and he appeared in full army uniform, having not yet been mustered out since the war. It was in that room I offered him the superintendency of the State Highways Department.

Plenty of Good Advice

Every conscientious official who has appointing power is considerably concerned to secure people of caliber, standing, character and general fitness. Immediately after my first election, Judge Elkus, advising with me one day, cautioned care in the selection of my official cabinet. Whereupon I said to the judge, "All right. I am right-minded about it. I appreciate the importance of it. I am going to need help." I thereupon asked the judge what position he would accept and he promptly declared that his business was such that it was impossible for him to give attention to any public business at that time.

A short time later D. Cady Herrick, of Albany, and a distinguished judge of the Supreme Court of that county, came to me with the same advice. I asked him to accept appointment in my cabinet, and he assured me that his law business was such that it would be impossible for him to give his attention to any public business at that time.

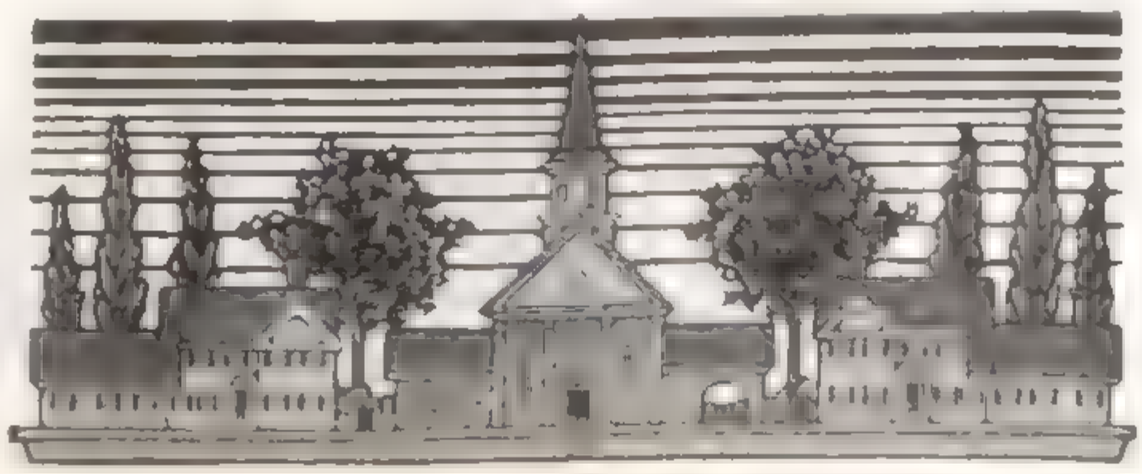
Mr. George Foster Peabody, of Saratoga Springs, volunteered the same advice. I asked him to help me by naming his own place. He said he was sorry, but he had been made a director in the Federal Reserve Bank and had promised President Wilson to remain there for several years, which, of course, made it impossible to accept any other political appointment. There were other similar instances.

In spite of these difficulties, it has been a source of pride to me that I secured for the state the best possible people available, considering the character of the work to be performed, the salary paid, the inconvenience of spending so much time in Albany, and the difficulties people expect to encounter in meeting the political problems which are bound to arise.

In my early experiences I found many men appointed to public office relying entirely upon the chief clerk of a department or a deputy of long-standing to do the work, with the department head acting as a sort of figurehead. I determined, at the beginning of my governorship, to hold the head of the department directly responsible for its operations. In order to do that it was necessary to find men trained either in professions suitable to the department or in business.

So embedded in the mind of the average man is the belief that politics is the only control over state appointments that the first thing Colonel Greene said to me when I offered him the Superintendency of Highways was that he did not know anything about politics.

I promptly said to him, "That's one of the reasons I want to appoint you. We have had a good many political superintendents of highways and now we want one who knows how to build roads. Probably the less he knows about politics the better it will be for the state."



Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Governor Smith. The next will appear next week

THE LINCOLN
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A Brunn all-weather semi-collapsible Cabriolet, the property of Charles L. Lawrance, Esq., of New York, photographed upon his estate. Mr. Lawrance is President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation

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It is a simple matter to explain the low maintenance cost of the Lincoln. The economy of driving this car follows directly from the way in which it is made. It represents the highest quality of engineering skill and materials obtainable. No car could be more carefully built, for the Lincoln factory is one of the famous precision plants of the world. More than 100 operations in the making of the Lincoln are kept within limits equal to 1/15 of a hair's breadth!

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Under the circumstances, it is natural that there should be a feeling of security in buying a Lincoln. . . . People who know this motor car best, find its economy of performance as striking as its power and distinction.

THE LINCOLN

THE TABERNACLE OF JUDGMENT

(Continued from Page 17)

"It has its points," Lane agreed cheerfully. "Bramfield's predecessor had a bullet through his head on the third trip, which put him out of business, and from the little I've seen of him I should say Freddy's pretty well scared. Here they are!"

The Chaplain hurried forward with outstretched hands and beaming countenance. Bramfield was very little improved by his rest and change into dinner clothes; his wife, on the contrary, was a transformed woman. A new complexion had arrived. The tinge of her hair contrasted disturbingly with the hazel of her eyes. She was no longer furtive or showed any desire for concealment. From certain points of view she was a very beautiful woman. Their host ushered them to the bar.

"You all ought to know Freddy Bramfield," he declared, waving his hand toward Passiter and Bradman, who had just entered. "He belongs to the one adventurous profession left in the world. His is a mission too. He devotes his life to philanthropic enterprises."

"In plain words, I suppose," Eustace Grant remarked as he sauntered up to join the group, "to saving a great nation from dying of thirst. How do we come out this time, Freddy?"

"Not so well," Bramfield confessed gloomily.

Grant indulged in a little grimace.

"Never mind," he said. "I'm sure you did your best. We'll talk business after dinner. Present me, if you please, to your beautiful wife."

The introduction was duly effected, but a close observer, such as Nick of New York, might have wondered whether, after all, it was entirely necessary. Afterward they all went down to dinner.

Neither Cliquot '19, nor the old brandy which followed, seemed able materially to lessen the gloom which darkened the expression of the returned bootlegger. He was like a man sitting in the company of evil thoughts or held in the thrall of some fear. Everyone in turn made an effort to induce him to join in the conversation, but in time everyone desisted. He remained alone, a death's head at the feast, a dull flush of color in his cheeks from the wine he had drunk, but his eyes still lusterless. Almost the only person he addressed directly was Conklin.

"Are you any relation to the fellow they call Nick of New York?" he inquired.

"That is what they call me on the other side," was the gracious admission.

Bramfield moved uneasily in his place.

"What made you come over here?" he demanded. "Are you hitched up with this gang?"

"In a way I suppose I am. I can't call myself a full partner, I am sorry to say. I have no share, for instance, in your little expedition."

"It wouldn't do you much good if you had," Bramfield muttered.

Grant leaned forward.

"Don't depress us so, Bramfield," he begged. "We were rather hoping great things from you."

"Well, you had better prepare to be disappointed then. The game's pretty well up over yonder. My last trip. I'm through!"

"Well, we'll talk about that," Grant suggested good-humoredly. "We may be able to fix you up a little differently next time. Would you like to have our business talk tonight?"

"Let's get it over," Bramfield grunted. "I've got a packet for you in my suitcase outside, and the sooner I'm rid of it the better I shall be pleased."

Grant rose and laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"Carry on, you people," he invited, "or amuse yourselves any way you please. I can see that Freddy isn't going to be a bit of good until he's had a clean-up."

The two men left the room together. Nick looked after them thoughtfully. George, the waiter, who had fallen back into a dark corner, watched them with a scowl. As soon as her husband was out of sight, the woman, obeying a glance from the Chaplain, rose to her feet and preceded him from the room.

Upstairs in one of the mysterious private rooms Grant moved the green-shaded lamp, under which he had been counting stacks of dollar notes, a little farther away. He leaned back in his chair.

"Thirty thousand dollars," he meditated. "It isn't very much, Freddy. It's barely what we paid for the stuff."

"Can't be helped," was the dogged reply. "I tell you, Grant, the job isn't worth taking on nowadays. They took a cool hundred thousand off me at a hotel on Sixth Avenue. It's highway robbery, that's what it is, but what can you do? It's no good talking about the law when you're selling the stuff, and you're full of lead in two minutes if you handle a gun with them."

"I see," Grant mused. "Six thousand pounds. It isn't much."

"What about me?" the other man grumbled. "I was meaning to finish this trip. Seems to me as though I shall have to take up some other line of business."

"Shouldn't be surprised," Grant remarked. "I dare say you'll find married life a little expensive. Your wife knows how to make the dollars fly."

Suspicion for the first time flared in the eyes of Bramfield. He leaned forward in his chair. There were two veins at the side of his forehead which became suddenly taut.

"What do you know about my wife?" he demanded.

Grant laughed softly.

"Oh, I know something about her," he observed. "I knew her before you did, I think, Freddy. She's been doing odd work for us for a good many years. I even know where she is at the present moment."

"What do you mean? She's downstairs," Bramfield exclaimed, rising to his feet.

"Oh, no, she isn't. They've finished downstairs. The party's broken up."

"She's in the bar then. I told her to wait there."

"Oh, no, she isn't," Grant insisted. "If you want to speak to her you can. Try 4308 Western, Apartment 128."

"That's my number!"

Grant's right hand stole into his pocket.

"That's your number, you swine!" he said fiercely. "Your wife's there now with Chaplain. They're going through the other dress suitcase. What a fool you must be to think you could double-cross us."

The man was speechless. His jaw seemed to have fallen loose. He sat and stared and all the time he shook.

"You've lost your nerve all right," Grant continued contemptuously. "You know what's going to happen to you, I suppose?"

Still Bramfield remained speechless. Surely though he knew that it was his death sentence coming he still lacked all power of resistance. Grant clapped his hands. From what seemed to be a cupboard, but which disclosed itself now as the top of a staircase, two or three slim, dark forms stepped into the room. Grant pointed to his victim.

"Tie him up," he ordered. "I haven't quite finished with him yet."

The first note of the man's cry of agony was stopped by the gag they thrust into his mouth. Grant watched them at their task. Then he asked for a phone number.

"Milan Hotel? . . . Give me Mr. Bramfield's suite, please. He arrived this evening. . . . Hullo! . . . That you, Babette? Nearly finished? . . . Good! Well, tell the Chaplain to bring the stuff along. Your husband's fretting about you. . . . Right! Ask Charles, in the bar, to look after you when you arrive. We are in what I call my Tabernacle of Judgment."

The man in the chair was on the point of collapse. Nerves and body were alike giving way under the strain of these accumulating horrors. Babette, his enchantress of a month, from whom he had kept no secrets, the friend of his enemies, even now alone with Chaplain Lane in his rooms! A sick and morbid jealousy was added to his other afflictions. He writhed uselessly in his chair. Grant, who had apparently forgotten him, was calmly writing a letter.

A numbness of the brain, perhaps a species of unconsciousness, relieved the strain. His body was limp. He had tried the strength of his bonds and he knew very well that escape was impossible. What a fool! What a blind fool! The three hundred and sixty thousand dollars and Babette had seemed so alluring, and now instead, probably the river! He began to shiver. The thought of the black, icy water suddenly appalled him. He was back again, mercilessly half conscious. The only sound in the room was the scratching of Grant's pen as he continued to write.

They came in laughing, Chaplain Lane carrying the suitcase, Babette's arm resting in friendly fashion upon his coat sleeve. Grant swung round in his chair to welcome them. The half unconscious man opened his eyes, and Babette shivered as she met their terrified glare.

"How much?" Grant asked.

Chaplain Lane's smile was seraphic.

"Three hundred and sixty thousand dollars," he announced. "All in thousand-dollar bills. I believe," he went on, "Bramfield was right so far. No one would introduce him to a bank or give an order on London. It's a queer business a bootlegger's in New York. Thousand-dollar bills are bulky but they're good handling."

Grant opened the suitcase and passed his fingers over the sheaves of stiff, perfectly new notes.

"Ten thousand for you, Babette," he decided, passing them to her, packet by packet. "The remainder you can put in against Nick's competition, Chaplain, subject to a reversion of a hundred thousand dollars to the funds. Satisfied?"

They both knew their man too well to hesitate.

"That goes with me," Chaplain Lane assented cheerfully.

"And with me," Babette agreed, "but I think if anything happens to Freddy, Chaplain ought to marry me. After all, it was I who brought Freddy along. What are you going to do with him anyway?" she demanded, throwing herself into an easy-chair and displaying freely her long, shapely legs.

Eustace Grant swung round in his chair and looked thoughtfully across at his victim.

"I am afraid Freddy will have to take a ride," he replied. "A man who would double-cross us as he has done could never be trusted."

With either foot or hand Grant must have touched a bell, for two of his previous visitors suddenly appeared. Even Babette trembled a little at the sight of them.

"Go over him once more for a gun," Eustace Grant ordered. "If you're absolutely certain about it untie him."

They went over him with practiced hands. Then, as rapidly as they had bound him up, they pulled out one long stretch of thong, and the man sat free. He swallowed half a dozen times before he could speak, tried to rise to his feet but sank back in the chair.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned.

Eustace Grant studied him curiously.

"What made you try to double-cross us, Bramfield?" he asked. "You know very well what's happened to the others."

"Mad, I suppose," the man stammered. "It didn't seem to me you could ever know. Buddy Brown, who paid me the money, was shot by a Federal man the next day. If I hadn't told Babette you could never have known. There wasn't a soul alive to tell. Just Babette! I trusted Babette!"

Grant shook his head gravely.

"There's always a string left loose, Bramfield," he said. "You'll have to go."

The man tried to call out, but the sound which escaped his lips was little more than a quaver of agony. He turned piteously to Babette.

"You've got every penny of the money between you," he faltered. "Speak to him, Babette. Tell him to let me go. I won't squeal. I've got enough to live on from the last job until something else comes along."

Babette said nothing—a silence which seemed to have in it all the elements of primitive and savage cruelty. Chaplain Lane said nothing. Eustace Grant nodded almost imperceptibly to the shorter of the two men. There was a little gurgling cry. The cupboard door opened and closed. Eustace Grant finished the direction on the envelope of the letter which he had been writing and rose to his feet.

"Time we paid Charlie a visit, people," he suggested.

Sunset From Ketchikan, Alaska

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr Oppenheim. The next will appear in the issue of September seventh.

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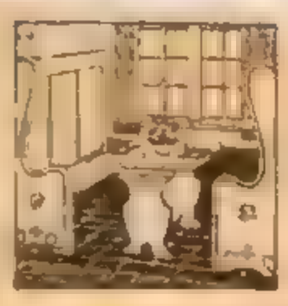

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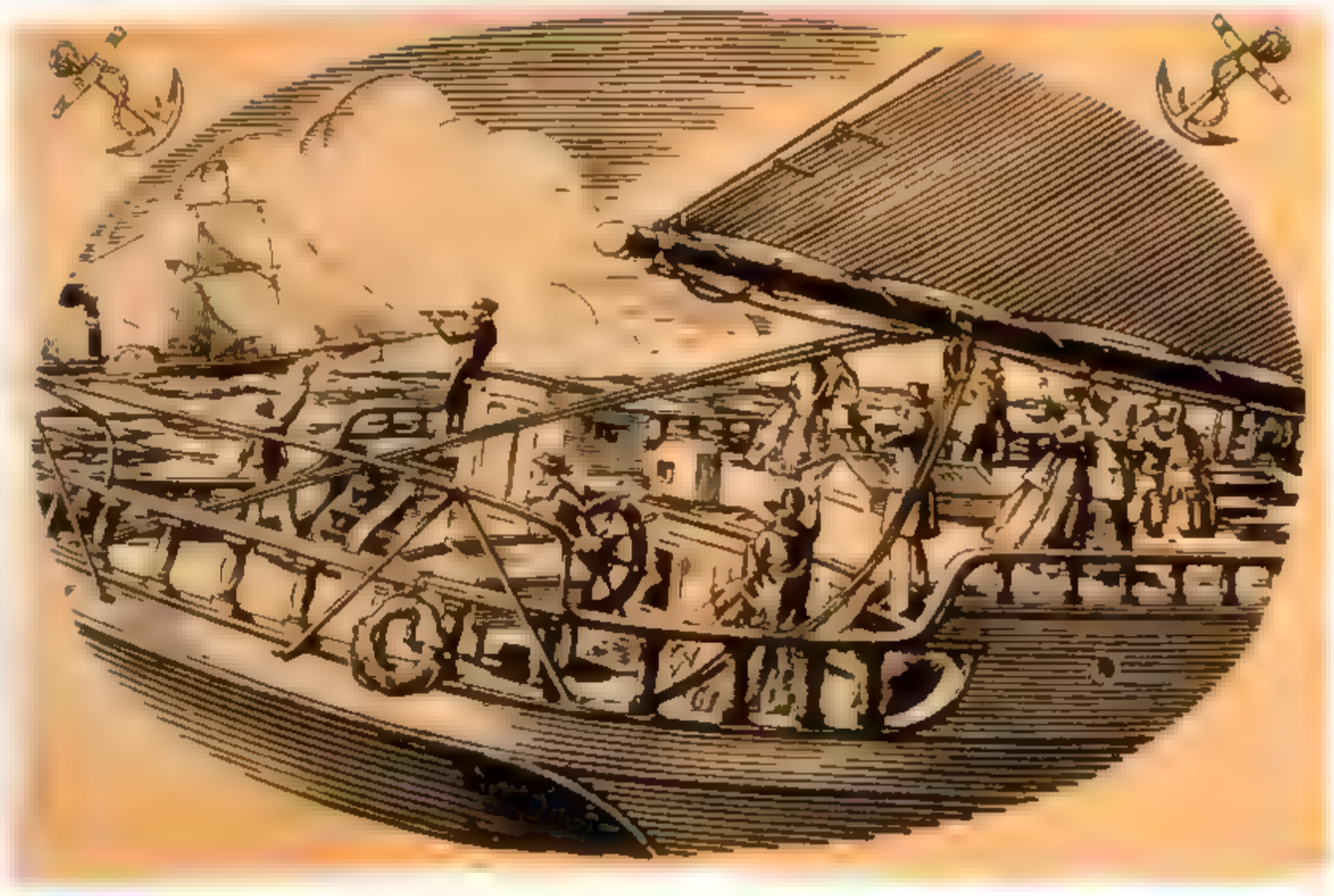

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SINCE 1848

Dill's Best TOBACCO

"NO STEMS IN DILL'S" "NO STEMS IN DILL'S"

ALSO THE SPORT OF QUEENS

(Continued from Page 15

A lump in her throat choked her. So they'd just been kidding her. Just stringing her along. Dixie wasn't slated to win. They wanted to use him as a sprinter to tease the field, while the Duke would come up from behind and make the dash for the line. Dixie was to run his heart out in the first half mile while his stable mate pushed on to victory.

"I won't do it!" she said hotly. "Dixie is in the Derby to win! He's got it in him, and he's not going to be cheated out of it!"

Her parents were silent. Hal carried the fight:

"What difference does it make, sis? It's all for the stable, isn't it? Whichever horse goes home, we win."

"Dixie is my horse. And he's going to win."

"You're carrying the stable's colors, aren't you? The family always has decided which horse of an entry sets the pace. Come on, sis; don't be stubborn. You're just outvoted this time. That's all."

"The Duke hasn't a chance. Dixie has."

"The form's against you, sis. The Duke has five firsts out of eight starts. Dixie has four out of ten, and he wasn't so hot in the Tia Juana Derby either."

"Dixie is the better horse, and you know it, Hal. He lost at Tia Juana because that fool Willie raced him wide in the dust."

"But don't you see the strategy of it? Dixie is the dog they think they've got to beat. If he starts fast, they'll challenge. Dixie'll race their guts out for five furlongs. It'll be just a breeze for the Duke after that."

"Why pick on Dixie? Let the Duke sprint."

"Aw, now, sis. You know the Duke is a slow starter."

"He's a slow finisher too. I tell you, he can't go that route. It's Dixie or nothing."

"You're talking like a silly sap!"

Sister and brother glared. Their father found his voice. He walked over and put an arm about Hollis' shoulders.

"You're a dead-game little sport, Hollis," he said, "and I know you don't mean a thing you've said. You're going to do whatever the family votes is best for the Hollis Hill entry. Personal glory doesn't mean anything to any of us. It's all for the stable."

Hollis jerked away. She faced the three of them. Out came the heresy:

"The stable! Always the stable! I'm fed up with that guff. All my life it's been the stable this and the stable that. We're not human beings! None of us! We're adjuncts to a stable! We're nothing but touts—that's what we are!"

Her father glanced apprehensively at the general's portrait above the fireplace.

"Now, Hollis," said her mother, "your nerves are on edge and ——"

The torrent couldn't be stopped: "I had to leave Mt. Holyoke because there was a fire at the stable! I had to give up my trip abroad because the dear general made mother promise to send trotting horses to Goshen every year. I've had to double up with mother in lowers while the stable rode in private cars. I'm sick of it, I tell you—sick of horsy gabble and the whole miserable business. I'm through. Do you hear? I'm through!"

"Wow!" said Hal softly.

Mrs. Clayton sat down. She was long-limbed and lithe like Hollis herself, and she could take charge of difficult situations from a chair better. A chair, with Mrs. Clayton seated on it, always looked a little like a throne.

"Now," she said in quiet tones—"now that you are finished with the dramatics, Hollis, let's try to discuss this matter with some intelligence. . . . Sidney, will you kindly be seated? . . . And you, too, Hal. Hollis no doubt wishes to remain standing, so she can stamp her foot."

Hollis flung herself on the divan.

"I think I've been handicapping horses long enough to be something of an expert, don't you, Hollis?"

Rebelliously: "Yes, but you've had it in for Dixie ever since you lost that hundred on him in the Futurity."

Dryly: "I lost two-fifty on the Duke in the Preakness, you may remember. No, I don't think you can accuse me of prejudice against your colt, Hollis. On a fast track I rate him nose and nose with the Duke."

"Then why ——"

"It's going to rain tomorrow. And even if it doesn't, there is a conclusive reason why the Duke should be the stable's pick. The Duke, you possibly recall, is a stallion."

Sullenly: "So it all simmers down to a question of stud fees, does it, mother?"

Mrs. Clayton looked at Hollis steadily.

"It does," she said. "We are eighty thousand behind on the season. The Derby purse won't put us out, even with the endowment money. The Duke as a Derby winner should be worth fifty thousand a year at stud. Your gelding, Hollis, might never win another purse."

Hollis thought of what she had intended to do with her share of Dixie's winnings. Suddenly she discovered that she wasn't interested in the money. She wanted Dixie to win for the winning's sake.

"If you'll let Dixie run free I won't claim any part of the purse, mother. Isn't that what's worrying you?" Then, as she saw her mother's face, she said hastily: "Forgive me. I didn't mean that."

"If the Duke wins you shall have half the purse, Hollis," her father said.

"She doesn't deserve a nickel," Hal remarked with brotherly bluntness. "You know what I think? Phil Deming put her up to this."

Hollis reddened angrily.

"A stableboy wouldn't have said that, Hal."

While her mother was making peace between them, Alfred announced dinner.

Mrs. Clayton stood up.

"We have told you the situation, Hollis," she said, "and we won't discuss the Derby again. You will give Tony your own riding orders tomorrow."

During dinner, Hollis thought: Well, that was that. Mother knew darn well what she'd tell Tony. Father wasn't sure, but mother would tell him not to worry. They were all wrong on the race, but nothing she could say would change them. They overrated the Duke and underrated Dixie. The stable would be lucky to show. Dixie could win. The Duke hadn't a chance. They'd be sprinting out the better horse for the sake of stud fees!

And Phil? What would she say to Phil when he came? Hollis found herself more determined than ever. If she had any doubts on the stairs, she was certain now. She was through with the racing game. The Claytons could go on submerging themselves in the stable, but not she. If Phil wanted her, she'd marry him; even if he hadn't a penny saved, even if he couldn't buy her a ring.

Phil came at 8:30. He arrived in a cheap roadster which gave no promise of riches. But Hollis' heart was warm as she greeted him on the portico.

"I made it in two hours and twenty-seven minutes," Phil announced proudly, "even if I did bang up a fender skinning by a bus on the Frankfort hill."

"I'm so glad you came tonight, Phil," she said. "Let's walk a bit, shall we?"

"My idea exactly," said Phil.

She put her hand on Phil's arm, feeling trembly in her throat. Dear, dear Phil! He wasn't a sporting man, thank God! He didn't have red cheeks and eyes that looked as if they had been smeared on his face. He didn't smell like a mixture of strong tobacco and whisky, when he looked at a girl he didn't try to stare through her clothes. He was tall and lean; there seemed a wholesome shagginess about his hair that matched the rough tweeds he wore. He could talk about books and music in a deep, not-too-serious voice. He could talk about politics and ambitions and ideals, law cases and work. And you knew when his brown eyes met yours, shyly, that he meant things. Especially did Hollis like to hear him talk about work. Sporting men never talked about work.

Phil must have felt her fingers tighten.

"Thinking about the Derby, Hollis?"

"No," she said deliberately, "I'm never going to think about racing again."

He stopped in his tracks. "Wh-what?"

"I'm not going to think about horses any more," she repeated.

"Oh, thou blasphemer," he said, grinning. "Are you trying to shock me?"

He feigned an apprehensive glance at the old brick mansion. They had walked a little way along the lane to the stables. Toward the right a stretch of the Huffman Mill Pike ran through a lake of moonshine on its way to Lexington. The air was saturated with perfume distilled from dew and blue-grass bloom and sweet clover. Lazy, drawly breezes stirred elm and silver-maple shadows in pastures bordered by white wood fences.

"I mean it, Phil," the girl said earnestly. "I've thought it all out. I'm going to chuck racing for good."

But even as she spoke the words they had the sound of brazen speech uttered in holy places. Instinctively, she took several steps farther from the house.

"I—I wish I could believe you, Hollis," Phil said. His voice was gruff. This was his dream, moved close upon him, but he was afraid to grasp at it.

Hollis could hardly believe herself.

"Does it seem so preposterous?" she asked him.

They were walking again.

"You're a Clayton, Hollis," he said.

She tried to make her voice light: "Well, isn't it time one of the Claytons was settling down?"

"I'm still afraid you're stringing me."

"Isn't there any way I can make you believe?"

Phil laughed uncertainly. "Even if you mean it now, tomorrow you'll feel better. Own up. Something went wrong at the stable today, didn't it?"

Before his cynicism her courage wavered. She tried not to notice the sights and sounds of the farm. They suggested too many memories.

"No, nothing went wrong at the stable." Then, with a flash of the old loyalty: "We're in fine shape for the race tomorrow, and we're going to win."

He opened a gate for her. They started through the lower pasture where the farm's running track was.

"You won't talk this way tomorrow when Hollis Hill's number goes up," Phil said.

Hollis started to correct her first statement and tell him that the stable's number wasn't going up tomorrow. But again loyalty held her. One didn't betray stable secrets.

Instead, she remarked, "I see I can't convince you. So let's talk about something else."

But Phil wanted to be convinced. He stopped and swung her about with the moonlight in her face.

"You wouldn't fool me, would you?" he demanded, falling back in sudden emotion upon the slang line.

"No, Phil, I wouldn't fool you."

"You know what's made me miserable for two years?"

"N-no—y-yes, I think so."

"It's this horse business. Understand?"

"Yes, Phil, I understand. But that's over."

"For good and all?"

"For good and all."

Phil looked at her a long time. All the while she tried to forget everything but Phil. The white rail of the running track was glistening in the moon glow. Ah, those early morning gallops with a tough-mouthed two-year-old straightening out for the stretch! The creek was splashing across the shallows of the pasture ford. No more to watch the yearlings thunder through the gravel when the darkies whistled to them at sundown? Somewhere in the darkness of a box stall a foal whinnied for its mother. Did she remember when Dixie was a colt?

Phil's husky voice broke through the surging flood of recollections: "If you're really quitting it, Hollis, why, then I can hope that some day you'll love me enough to marry me."

She drew a deep breath.

"I love you enough right now, Phil," she said.

Hollis couldn't think very clearly for some minutes after this speech. It was all right, though, because even if she had thought of something to say, she couldn't have said it. Phil was kissing her. She clung to him as to a savior.

Then, between kisses: "How long will you wait for me, Hollis? A year? Two years? No, it won't be longer than a year."

A chill struck her heart. Year? Two years?

"Oh, Phil," she gasped, "do we have to wait that long?"

Phil laughed happily.

"I'm fool enough to marry you tomorrow, honey," he said, "but it would be a scurvy trick. You see, I haven't ——"

"Any money?"

"I've got some, but not enough to give you the home you deserve. We'll just have to wait until ——"

Her voice was desperate: "I don't care how much you have, Phil. We can't wait a year. I've got to make the break now. Soon. If I don't, it'll get me again. Oh, you must understand what a hold this life has on me. I don't trust myself. I'm afraid, Phil—afraid."

He saw her shudder, and grabbed her close to him.

"Poor little honey," he said. "We'll go to Lexington right now and get married."

Pride came to her rescue—that and her sense of humor.

"Don't make me feel like a kidnaper, Phil. I'm pretty sure I can resist the insidious lure of the turf until June."

But Phil, thoroughly alarmed and afraid she would change her mind, insisted on immediate elopement. Then he proposed getting married right after the Derby. Then he pleaded for a wedding in one week.

"I'd like to have at least two furnished rooms, Phil," she said.

"We'll do better than that," said Phil.

She didn't notice how hard Phil set his teeth on that sentence.

When it came time for Phil to start back to Louisville, they had walked several miles over the farm and had compromised on a wedding in ten days.

Walking to the house, Phil said, "When do I break the sad news to your folks, Hollis?"

"Tomorrow will be time enough," she said quickly.

Phil did not press the point.

Hollis tossed a kiss to Phil. They'd see each other tomorrow in the Clayton box at the Derby. She walked slowly across the portico. The living room was deserted. Hollis went upstairs.

A desire to burn her bridges utterly possessed her. She stopped at the door of her mother's room and knocked. An instant later she was saying:

"Mother, Phil and I are going to be married a week from Monday."

Mrs. Clayton, who had been reading in bed, allowed her copy of The Spur to fall to the floor.

"Phil? You mean Phil Deming?"

"Yes, mother, Phil Deming."

(Continued on Page 118)

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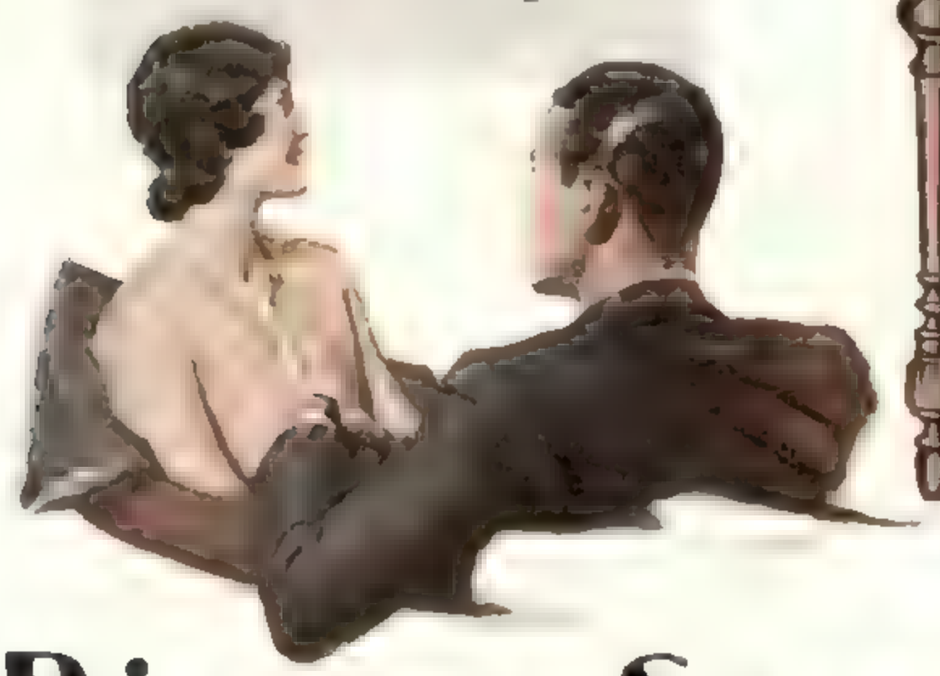

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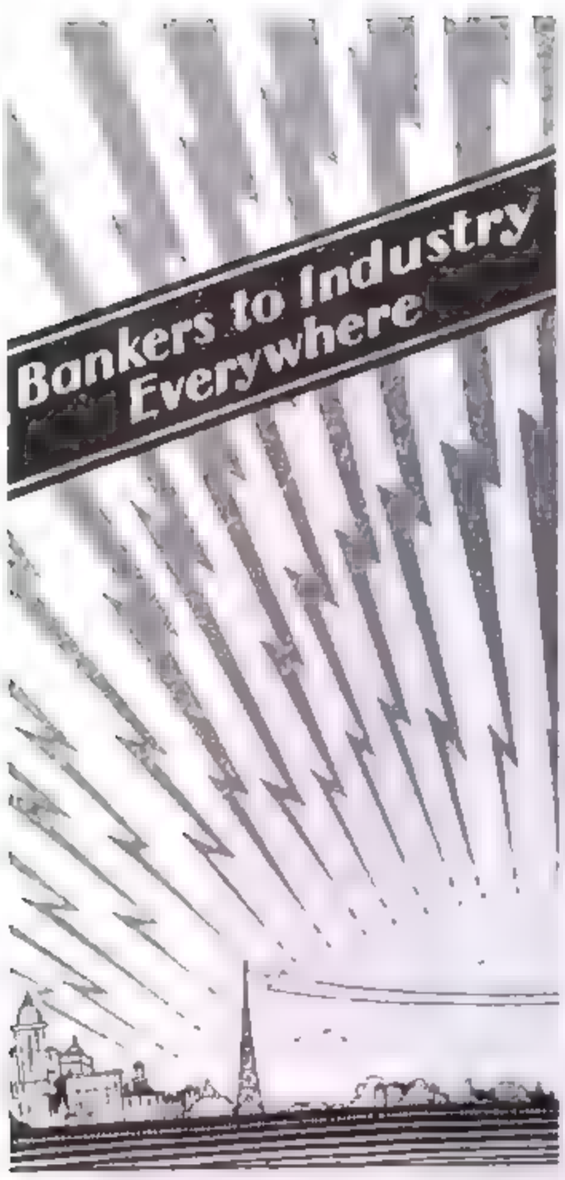

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(Continued from Page 116)

Mrs. Clayton laughed. "Oh, Hollis, come now—not Phil! Why, he's ——"

Hollis lifted her chin. "Not a horseman, mother? No, he isn't. That is one of the reasons why I love him."

She turned on her heel and left the room, slamming the door behind her.

In her own room, Hollis flung herself on the bed. Her mother came presently and knocked on the locked door. Hollis didn't answer. Later, her father knocked. She didn't answer him either.

Just before she went to sleep she had a good cry. It wasn't because of Phil. She was glad over that; happy to have it settled. She was thinking about Dixie and the race tomorrow. As her last loyalty to the life she was leaving, she'd have to give Tony orders to sprint Dixie. And Dixie wouldn't win—Dixie wouldn't win. She'd have to quit a loser. But she'd quit and marry Phil—dear Phil.

Miss Hollis Clayton arrived at Churchill Downs as late as possible the next afternoon. Tony, her jockey, and Steve, Dixie's trainer, were awaiting her at Dixie's stall. A stableboy was walking Dixie up and down the alleyway. It was almost time for the paddock bell.

"It ain't true, is it, Miss Hollis?" said Steve.

Tony was staring at his boots. He didn't say anything

"What isn't true, Steve?" the girl said.

"You ain't going to sprint out your colt, are you?"

Hollis nodded, reddening under the stare of Tony's dark eyes.

"Stable orders, Steve," she said, striving for a casual tone. "We're racing the Duke to win."

Tony spoke up. "Your colt is fit, Miss Hollis. Racing free, he'd have a swell chance."

She tried not to look at Dixie as he passed.

"I'm giving the orders, Tony," she said crisply. "You are to take Dixie to the rail as fast as you can get him there. He's a quicker starter than the Whitney colt. I want him out in front before you hit the clubhouse turn. As far as you're concerned, it's a five-furlong race. Understand?"

"Aw, gee, Miss Hollis. It's a crime to ——"

"Do you ride to orders or not?"

Tony shrugged.

"I ride to orders, Miss Hollis," he said, "but supposing the Duke don't come up?"

Hollis replied without hope. "If he doesn't challenge at the three-quarter post, you are to take Dixie home with all he's got left."

Steve spat tobacco juice.

"Dixie won't have much left," he said sadly.

The girl turned to Tony, smiling. She held out her hand.

"Stable orders, Tony," she said. "I'm sorry."

Tony shook her hand. Touched his cap and trotted off, swearing in Italian.

The girl and Steve walked over to Dixie. They'd taken off Dixie's blanket to tie Hollis Hill colors in his mane—a tuft of white, gold and blue ribbons. Hollis found herself looking at Dixie through a mist of tears. His burnished sorrel coat and four white stockings were so familiar. The set of his ears, the white star on his forehead, his springy rubber-band ride prance.

"Whoa, boy," she said, and Dixie stopped sidling. Pricked up his ears. Nuzzled her as she came close for a lump of sugar. Dixie got it, too, in spite of Steve's frown. Hollis pulled Dixie's head down and hugged him. She loved Dixie.

Stable orders ——

They were leading out the Iron Duke—an ebony-black stallion who stood two hands higher than Dixie. She turned away from Dixie and spoke to the Duke's boy:

"Tell Sammy I'm counting on him to take the Duke home," she said.

Then she stumbled away, pushing through the crowd of handlers at the midfield gate. She stared resentfully at the seventy thousand jammed into concourse, grand stand and clubhouse boxes. Her last race day. And she was glad of it. She'd always hated the mass of race crowds. She knew that to them horses were mere puppets in a gambling game. She was contemptuous of the itinerant sporting gentry who flocked to big race meets, bringing with them their gaudy women. Out of all this raucous, jostling crowd those who liked horse racing for its own sake could be numbered by hundreds. A great sport betrayed among its followers.

Hollis crossed the track at the clubhouse gate. She found Phil awaiting her near the entrance to the left tier of boxes. He noticed that she was blue.

"Cheer up, honey," he said. "It isn't going to rain much. Your entry is still six to one on the board."

She shot Phil a curious glance. It was the first time she had heard him mention betting odds.

The fourth race of the day was just being run. The Derby came next. She looked toward the Clayton box. It was deserted. No doubt her mother and father were visiting in the other boxes. Hal would be at the pari-mutuel sheds.

"Still feel the same way, honey?" Phil whispered as they shoved through a crowd moving out to buy last-minute tickets on the Derby.

"I still feel the same way, Phil," she said.

They talked for a few minutes in the box. Then Phil nervously excused himself. In the interval she picked out her mother gossiping with May Hedges, who managed the Withrow Stable, and a party of New Yorkers. She also caught a glimpse of her father with a group of Jockey Club directors by the judges' stand. She hoped they'd stay away until the Derby field made its appearance. She didn't know exactly how they'd behave toward Phil. With the excitement of the race on, it would be all right.

Phil returned.

"The late change runs the odds up to ten to one on your entry, Hollis," he said.

"We're just one of the favorites, Phil," she remarked carelessly.

She knew that stable gossip had run through the crowd in the mysterious ways rumors and hot tips travel. Nervous betters had rushed the pari-mutuel windows to hedge bets on Hollis Hill, and last-minute money had shifted to other favorites.

Then the bugle sounded. The Derby!

As the horses began to appear, one by one or in strings of threes and fours, the buzz of the crowd rose to a steady roar. Loyal betters applauded their horses. Hollis felt quick stabs at her heart as the Bradley entry—Numbers 8 and 10—aroused cheering. You always had to beat the Bradley entry in the Derby. Then she heard a loud clatter of applause and her throat tightened. The Iron Duke came dancing out, followed by Dixie.

"There's the Duke! There's Dixie! Ya-ay! Come on, Dixie! Come on, Dixie!" The phrases were repeated until they merged into mere beats of sound.

She heard Phil's voice in her ear: "I've got a confession to make, Hollis."

She turned. Phil looked a little scared and pale.

"Confession?"

"Yes. I bet on your entry!"

Hollis blinked stupidly.

"You bet on our entry? Why, Phil! Oh, Phil!"

"What's the matter? They're going to win, aren't they?"

Hollis clutched Phil's arm. "How much did you bet?"

Phil grinned ruefully. "Darn near all I had"

"Why, Phil, whatever possessed you to do such a thing?"

He shrugged. "I—I talked big last night, Hollis. About marrying you in ten days. I didn't dare tell you just how little I had. I was afraid you'd change your mind. But when I got home"—his voice faltered—"I was desperate. I had to have more money. I—I—well, I figured it was either that or lose you. So I bet thirty-two hundred dollars on the Duke and Dixie."

She couldn't find her voice for a moment. Phil looked at his knuckles.

"You said they'd win," Phil's voice plodded on, "and three out of five experts in the Courier-Journal picked Dixie to take first. So I thought it was a good bet. It is, isn't it, honey?"

His misery touched her. She reached out and squeezed his hand.

"It's a sure thing, Phil," she said—"that is, it's as sure as anything can be in a horse race. But if you lose your bet, don't worry. I'll marry you if you haven't a cent."

But she couldn't keep the tears out of her eyes. Stable orders! She turned away to get a glimpse of the Derby field, which was at the post by the grand-stand turn. Put her binoculars to her eyes so Phil wouldn't notice. Luckily, at this juncture her father and mother and Hal entered the box. She heard them greeting Phil pleasantly enough.

Horse racing! This was the final irony. All Phil's money on the Duke and Dixie. When Dixie had to run his heart out in the first half mile, and the Duke couldn't go the full route against so much class. The Duke would quit at the mile post.

It began to rain in earnest.

She kept her glasses glued on the Derby field. It was a troublesome start. Twenty-six nervous horses and jockeys trying to edge against the tape. There was the Duke, eighth from the rail. And Dixie in Number 16 position. Sammy had the Duke poised well. Dixie was fidgeting. "Oh, Tony, talk to him. . . . That's right. Easy, boy. . . . Pat his neck, Tony. Swing him around a bit. That Texas colt will knock him off stride. . . . There! . . . No, two horses are out. . . . Now, steady, boy. . . . Oh, Dixie—Dixie!"

A distant roar, a guttural, growling sound rolled down the track. Grand stand and clubhouse thousands took it up:

"They're off!"

"Where's Dixie? . . . There he is—that's Dixie. He's breaking for the rail. . . . Faster, Tony; they're trying to head him off. . . . Go, boy—go! . . . He's there. Here he comes! . . . Oh, Tony, don't boot him—don't. But Tony's got to; I told him to. . . . Two lengths on the field now. . . . Where's the Duke—fourth? No, sixth. . . . First quarter—two and a half lengths. No, they're closing up. . . . Where's the Duke—eighth? . . . Sammy's got to bring him up a little. Dixie can't hold that lead—he can't! Tony's shaking him up now. . . . Why doesn't the Duke move up? . . . Tony's looking back. . . . Tony! That isn't the Duke, you little fool! That's not the Duke! That's Kaskimir. Don't let him close—don't let him close!

"The half! . . . Is Dixie tiring? . . . Of course he is. . . . Now they're moving on him. Kaskimir's up—Number 12, he's moving to the rail. Dixie's second—no, third. . . . They've passed the three-quarter. . . . The Duke's got to come up. Dixie's through. He's fourth. . . . Ah, Sammy's driving the Duke. . . . Go, Duke—oh, go! . . . Seventh, sixth, fifth—no, he's dropping back again. They're bunching. . . . It's the mile! . . . Where is Dixie? . . . The Duke's quit. I knew he'd quit—I knew he'd quit. . . . But where's Dixie? Oh, where's Dixie? They're at the turn, home stretch. . . . Where's Dixie?

"Is that Dixie? There by the rail? It is! It is! . . . Oh, Tony, don't you see? The Duke's quit and Dixie's staying! He's staying! Bring him home, Tony. Don't wait for the Duke! . . . Tony's looking back. . . . Lay it on him Tony! Kaskimir's faltering. Dixie's got something left! Ah! Tony knows the Duke hasn't a chance. . . . That's right, Tony; take him around Kaskimir! . . . Here he comes! Here comes Dixie! He's passed Kaskimir and he's coming up on the

(Continued on Page 121)

Outselling Throughout the World

A few years ago, except for the sales efforts of a few American pioneers, the export business represented but a very minor part of the business of this country.

To the unimaginative, business may seem a dull and prosaic necessity. But when a business takes for its market the outermost frontiers of the world and conquers it, then business becomes a great romance and a heroism.

In the past decade our foreign business has grown to such an extent that in many lines it actually represents the profits of certain concerns, while the operations of those who originally invaded distant markets have grown enormously.

It is largely due to the pioneering of such concerns as Standard Oil, International Harvester, General Electric, Remington Typewriter, Waterman Pen, Ford Motor and Champion Spark Plugs—to name but a few—that American export business has developed so rapidly and this country has captured so many world markets.

Many keen observers assert that the awakening of China in the past few years from the mental sleep of centuries was directly due to the introduction of the kerosene lamp into that country by Standard Oil, and that is but one of its great operations abroad.

In practically every country of the old world, as well as the new, the agricultural machinery made by International has displaced the antiquated farm methods of the past, some of which go back to Biblical days.

General Electric has displaced old-fashioned illumination with the incandescent light all over the world and the hum of its motors is heard in strange far-away places.

Remington pioneered with the typewriter and today it makes keyboards for some 37 different languages.

Waterman introduced the fountain pen to Europe and today Waterman, as well as other well-known makes of American pens, are on sale throughout the world.

Ford was the first of the motor car makers to assail the foreign market in a big way and today Ford cars roll over the roads of the world and run in many places where there are no real roads.

Also his efforts to introduce the tractor have been far-reaching and the establishment of a large tractor plant in Ireland will undoubtedly lead to developments of great consequence.

Ford has not been alone in the automobile field, of course. Dodge Brothers from the outset sought and obtained a share of export business and General Motors has worked with great success in recent years to develop this market.

Others have also built up large export business, notably Chrysler and Studebaker.

But, as a leading engineer once remarked, no motor car is better than its spark plug, and it is Champion Spark Plugs which keep the vast majority of the motor cars of the world running, not only those made in this country but foreign built cars as well.

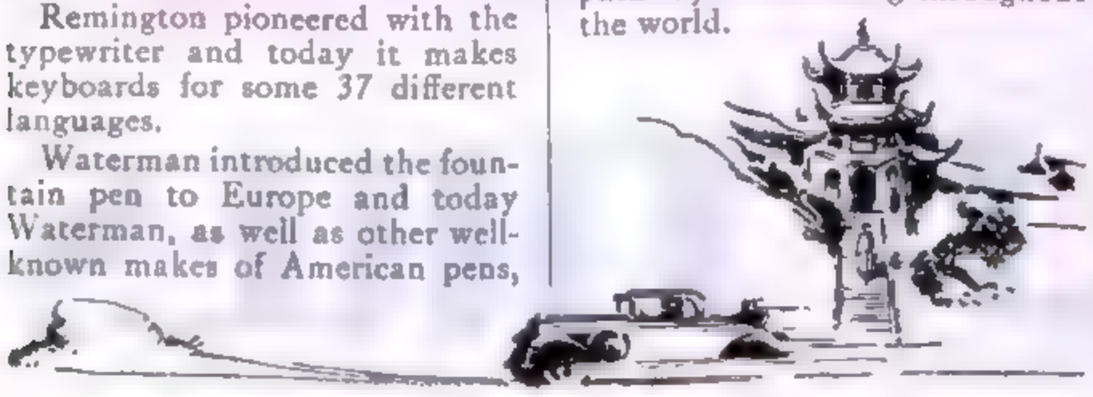
The spark plug originated in France and in the early days of the motor car industry that country supplied not only Europe, but the United States as well, with this extremely important article of automobile equipment.

Today Champion plugs actually outsell in France any plug made in that country and the same is true of England and Italy.

In the wild lands of the world it is the one article of equipment which the wandering motorist is always sure to find on sale.

In the realm of business few indeed are the American products which enjoy the proud privilege of outselling all others throughout the world.

It is the pioneer spirit which pervades these privileged few that accounts for both the magnitude of their achievement and their great influence on the wheels of progress. And the task has been made easier for those who have followed in the pathway of outselling throughout the world.



Champion Spark plugs outsell throughout the World

Champion Marine and outboard engine spark plug—a consistent record breaker

Champion Aviation Spark Plug. Revolutionary in principle, design and performance.

Champion—the accepted standard for automotive use, outselling throughout the world

Champion motorcycle spark plug—the finest available and winner of every type of extreme competition.

MORE MILES *with* MANSFIELDS

For those who know that the finest in quality

is always the soundest investment—

MANSFIELD TIRES

THE MANSFIELD TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

(Continued from Page 118)

leader. He's coming! . . . Oh, run, Dixie, put your ears back and run, if you love me, Dixie!"

The cheering told her that the race was Dixie's a furlong from the finish line. Dixie laid his ears back and scudded home through the rain and the mud. He won by a length and a half!

It seemed to Hollis that a thousand people hugged her; a thousand people wrung her hands; a thousand people bellowed: "Congratulations! What a horse!" She didn't see the floral horseshoe laid on Dixie's withers. She didn't hear the yelling. She was in a daze.

Then, after an eternity, the crowd faded away. She discovered herself slumped in a chair, sobbing on someone's shoulder. She heard her own voice saying, as from a distance: "Dixie won! Dixie won! He sprinted! Did you see him sprint? That was stable orders. Then, when the Duke didn't do his share, Dixie kept on -he kept on. He had the heart to stick, and he won. . . . It was the Derby too! Dixie won the Derby!"

Phil's exultant voice, "Of course he won. I knew he would. That's the greatest horse that ever lived."

She snapped out of it, dried her tears, straightened her shoulders, looked at Phil. Somewhere in the background she saw her mother and father receiving congratulations. But her gaze steadied on Phil. His eyes were shining.

Before she could fumble for words Phil said, "You'll never quit this racing game, will you, Hollis?"

Hollis saw that Phil had found something out there on the muddy track he had never known before. He knew what racing meant to her. He knew what racing meant to all good horsemen.

The light in his eyes terrified her. He was to save her from this life. He was to take her away and marry her and never let her think about the game again.

"Oh, Phil," she said, shaking her head, "it hasn't got you, too, has it? I'm quitting, Phil. I promised you. Honest, I'm quitting."

Phil laughed.

"Sure you are—sure you are," he said, "for a while. But you've got Dixie on your hands, hon. I'll lay ten thousand on his nose against any field of dogs in the country!"

They had a very nice honeymoon. Dixie celebrated it by winning the Fairmount Derby.

Phil wants to send Dixie to England to race for the Ascot Cup. But Hollis says they can't afford it.

LONE TREE

(Continued from Page 30)

Addie was sorry; she warned him about getting into a rut. She declared that next year he must throw off the old shackles and spend a bit of time at that adorable château in France. Ben said it would depend on the calf crop and wished them a pleasant winter wherever they might be wintering.

The general saw him off, looking down from a step in the attitude of his portrait.

"We shall be free of Poverty Square. That squalid neighborhood will not again know us."

Poverty Square! Grinding privations! An impossible climate! He wondered what they'd think up next about a life everyone had seemed to enjoy. "Pretty provoking," he called it.

xxx

SO HATTIE PLUM stayed solitary in wardership of the mansion—solitary at first. Then Queen Elizabeth, or another wife of Henry VIII, began to prowl unquietly of nights through the Gothic linen fold, causing its oak panels to creak in welcome, so Hattie had an itinerant aunt in to help her endure noises of undoubtedly psychic origin. The panels did not creak by day.

That winter there was none to rave over the general's portrait—the aunt merely said that his face looked "rashy"—and dust gathered on the bronze Graces that looked like no one, but more like art in its larger sense. Elaborate conversational groupings stared one another down in the big drawing-room that was dim with shadows by day and no place to enter by night.

Ben Carcross paid an early visit to the one-time halls of revelry, but found them so uncomfortably reminiscent of Bill Hepburn's voice in alternate song and sob that he did his wintering thereafter exclusively elsewhere. Lone Tree, he considered, was a peach of a place to winter your winters; everyone friendly and not a soul losing sleep over butlers.

The professor began his third writing of the monograph and would read aloud some of its lighter bits of an evening. Ben found it soothing. It was about symbolic or mathematical logic, which seemed to be the mode trend in philosophy. And philosophy wasn't so hard, Ben gathered; you reasoned from the particular to the general, which was how he had been acting ever since South Ranch got oily. Sometimes Whitey also listened to these readings from the monograph, and Ben, instead of drowsing, would join him in what the professor spoke of as "much wholesome banter." Whitey had no awe of philosophers since hearing that wise crack about curly space.

Miss Ellis began to winter much as a sleepwalker might have, except for weekends, when Butch Kendrick came in the car she always spoke of as a little bargain they had picked up. She awoke when Butch came and, according to Whitey, the two would go into a huddle that the screen, in a lot of our states, wouldn't be allowed to show in its ultimate protraction. Miss Ellis had been ready to join Butch in bonds of wedlock, but Butch knew his shack wouldn't be so good during the winter. The plan was for spring, which Miss Ellis knew must come, though she couldn't believe it. She wrangled fiercely with Whitey over his fanciful conceit that time was nothing. Leave it to Miss Ellis, and time could be simply hell.

Ben told her his wedding present was selected and the fiancée had an instant vision of much flat silver, monogrammed. She becomingly smothered her chagrin on learning the gift would be only a little two-year-old pure-bred bull and a dozen white-faced heifers.

In a brief resuscitation of her hollow society manner she said it was just what they had been wanting. On Butch's next arrival she described the present, prepared to make loyal excuses for the dear old gentleman's crude conception of a wedding gift; ready to urge: "It isn't the gift itself; it's the thought back of the gift." But she never got to this, because Butch had flung his Chugwater hat to the ground and done a maniac dance upon it, emitting yells which she knew to signify rejoicing. After he had recovered his self-control he imparted to her a few elementary facts about the cattle business, such as every young wife ought to know, and she went with him to seek the donor.

With a hurting conscience she forcibly kissed him while Butch solemnly wrung his hand. Butch spent much of that week-end watching the wedding present monogrammed, but not by a silversmith, causing his fiancée to wonder if cattle might some day estrange them. Before Butch went off again to his lonely shack she had come, however, to realize that life is often like that. Thereafter she fell to earnest sewing under Doyle's direction. She had not hitherto believed that sewing could be anything but a refuge from ennui.

Doyle was rejoiced by the promised nuptials and filled her own winter with a lovely but secret vision. Doyle was deep, and only Mr. Carcross, of the wintering group, observing the sparkle that lighted her eyes while she discussed the glad event, was able to read her heart of guile. Ben knew without being told that Doyle would already be counting on something—on Butch's poor shack being no place for a new baby and on Lone Tree being a right place, with someone there who knew all about babies and could, if properly approached, be teased to look after another one for simply months and months.

Ben even knew —— "You're hoping the first one will be a girl," he bluntly accused her, and Doyle, who hadn't suspected that he could so read her secret heart, had gone red and rushed from the room.

Whitey witnessed this performance and, being made aware of its hidden values, discovered again that dames are queer. Whitey himself was helping Presh to winter in Branlock. Presh still declaimed the selling talk, but Whitey, with fewer words and a granite face, uttered all the buying talk. Many subsequent car buyers came to regret the careless delay that had kept them from turning in the old car while a matchless optimist yet did both talks.

Among his other winter sports Ben studied with but languid interest the picture cards that came, first from California and then from Florida, to show palms and wooden hotels and sand. He could find no grass on these, yet he knew that a picture card of Lone Tree showing a fine promise of grass would create no real excitement at Palm Beach.

From the general, detained at America's screen capital, came early reports that the world was about to pay handsomely for a picture that would, even with no spoken word, take war from it forever. It pleased him to get these reports even while noting that the general's canceled checks continued to bear the Hornblatt indorsement. He hoped the old man wouldn't get low in his mind just because their oil money was running low. The general probably believed that money was elastic and would stretch on and on with no loss of virtue.

Meantime, it was a good winter for Ben to be glad that he had kept away from that other money. Of course there had come from it the new bulls, the cost of the operation, and the pleasant household now surrounding him, including a baby who was no longer a silent picture. It was pleasant of an evening to doze or talk with these people after a hard day, while the radio brought them music from the world of cities, although Ben could not detect that the High Life Hots were one bit better for coming twenty-five hundred miles. Music that made Miss Ellis want to roll the rugs back still seemed to him just a lot of aimless noises.

Doyle's baby enlivened one week of the winter by making sounds in his throat that Doyle said meant croup and Doc Snell said meant nothing of the sort. Doyle and Ben quarreled over that. Doyle said she ought to know. Ben reminded her that she was not the baby's mother and she taunted him with being no father of any baby. But the baby quit making noises in his throat and became once more in his waking moments a turbulent rowdy. Restored serenity enabled Doc Snell to say a few good things about women that pretended to be as smart as genuine doctors.

Doyle again simmered with secret hope when she thought of Miss Ellis, and Ben again placidly wintered with no thought of the mode trend either in pictures or châteaux.

The last official month of the winter passed with no word from the general, but this was disregarded by Ben in the excitement of noting what the spring promised of feed and calves. It was no time to remember a bunch of folks who had, with his hearty approval, gone hay-wire. Then, one morning when a lovely sky, black and threatening with rain clouds, added to his well-based content, there came a telegram from Addie:

MY LAST CHECK FROM TRUST COMPANY RETURNED WITH SOME FATUOUS EXCUSE ABOUT LACK OF FUNDS STOP WHAT DOES THIS MEAN AND PLEASE ATTEND TO IT IMMEDIATELY STOP

Ben studied the message with but little interest or understanding. One of the best herd bulls had gone off his feed and it might be serious. At so trying a crisis he couldn't give much attention to mere checks, even if they seemed to explode before their time.

A second telegram from Addie:

WHAT AM I TO DO STOP

found the bull convalescing, so Ben gave the matter belated attention. He had an errant impulse to wire Addie merely the word "Stop." But he did not yield to this; instead, he asked the general by telegraph what about it.

The general replied that his own last check to Hornblatt had been returned for some absurd reason, and did Ben consider the trust company solvent? Meantime, what should he do about it?

More wires produced a transfer by Ben of funds to Florida and Los Angeles, accompanied by a reminder that they had been derived exclusively from cattle.

This brought from Addie:

ARE WE RUINED

and from the general:

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT I HAVE INADVERTENTLY REDUCED YOU TO BEGGARY BUT I CAN MAKE AMPLE AMENDS IF IT BE POSSIBLE TO SWING ANOTHER BIT OF CAPITAL HORNBLATT IS CONFIDENT STOP

Ben did, then, wire to General Pettigrew the isolated word:

STOP

forgoing the privilege of nine others he could have sent for the same price. He wished these people to get it plain that Lone Tree money was the wrong money for pictures, silent or not, and for bargain châteaux in a foreign land.

Addie, understanding at last that "stop" in one of Ben's telegrams might carry more than a punctuative value, announced that she and the girls were starting home and for heaven's sake to watch poppa, because if not watched he would end it all with one shot. The telegraph operator at Branlock enjoyed a wonderful week.

Ben, during the same week, schooled himself to the thought of ruin. The trouble was, he would have to look ruined. Anyway, they couldn't now blame him for wasting any money on himself or the ranch. Hadn't he paid back the price of his operation and those new bulls to get Addie and the girls out of Florida, the general back from California, and the St. John Smythes back to château land? Still, he dreaded the home-coming of the family, thinking of the talk he must listen to, and he wouldn't have any come-back. He could pretend to feel ruined, but he knew that no mere cattleman could bring any consolation to a family reduced to beggary.

Once he tried to picture the general ending it all with a shot, but he couldn't make this come alive. Napoleon had been beaten down, yet he hadn't ended it all, and Napoleon's desk set was still here for the general. Something told Ben his father-in-law would reveal the Corsican's resilience in adversity. Still, there would be all the talk, right at a time when he was absorbed by the work of a new season. When he thought of that talk ahead of him, he heartily wished the money hadn't run out on them just then.

xxxi

PLACID Lone Tree basked in the sun of early spring. "Lush vistas," as the professor called them, were to be observed on

(Continued on Page 124)

The Mueller five-fold faucet test

Stand in this huge test room where *each* Mueller Faucet is tested before it can go on the market as fit for your home. See these inspectors search for any weakness, however slight, which may be hiding behind the beautiful chromium plated exterior.

Watch them require these Mueller Faucets to withstand, without leaking or dripping, *five times* the usual pressure that faucets actually meet in service. This final test forces water into Mueller Faucets with a preasure of 200 lbs. per square inch (usual peessure in service is about 40 lbs.). The least drip, the slightest leak and that particular faucet is rejected.

Faucets — commonplace? In the Mueller plant the manufacture of these vital parts of carefree water service is a matter of skilled engineering and exacting craftsmanship. Quality is a seventy-one year old tradition.

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To be sure of perfectly controlled water service

in your new or remodeled home

This modern bathroom shows a graceful Mueller lavatory fitted with Mueller Faucets and Drain of Colonial Pattern. The shower and tub controls are also of the same rich pattern. A clever arrangement makes an inadvertent shower when filling the tub impossible. The Mueller Colonial sink combination for the kitchen matches these fittings and is shown in the lower right hand corner of this page.

Consult *your* Master Plumber

The man responsible for installing your plumbing will be glad to install fittings of Mueller quality if you but state your preference. Men who know plumbing fittings are enthusiastic about the remarkable service of Mueller products. They know "Mueller quality at the Vital Spots" safeguards your satisfaction with the job they do for you. Located strategically, the many Mueller Jobbers carry adequate stocks for rendering quick service to Master Plumbers.

SPECIFY GENUINE MUELLER BRONZE FAUCETS AND FITTINGS IN THE BEGINNING

IN the joy of planning, furnishing and decorating your new or remodeled bathroom and kitchen do not forget to give *first consideration* to dependable water service.

Modern fittings and decorative effects are full of charm and allurements. But without perfectly controlled and dependable water service they are only a mockery of comfort and convenience.

There was a time when "Paralyzed Plumbing" was a necessary evil. But today with highly specialized products, like Mueller Bronze Faucets and Fittings, no home need put up with this annoyance, inconvenience and expense.

Mueller Bronze Faucets and Fittings are as easily specified as a "cheap" make. This should be the *first step* in planning your modern bathroom, lavatory, shower, kitchen and laundry. Being made of everlasting BRONZE, Mueller Faucets and Fittings are immune to corrosion. Being designed by technical experts and built to highest standards of mechanical excellence, they function perfectly for the life of the building.

Furthermore, it costs only a few dollars more for the average size home to have Mueller quality instead of inferior faucets. Your Plumbing Contractor can easily get Mueller Bronze Faucets and Fittings from a nearby distributor. Your architect will approve them.

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Manufacturers of *Bronze faucets and faucet specialties* for homes, apartments and large buildings, factories and laboratories—*Bronze valves and fittings* for the entire supply system, including pop-up drains, combined drains and overflows, supply pipes and stops, lavatory and bath traps, ferrules, etc.—*Reducing and regulating valves* for water, steam, air, gas and oil—*Automatic systems of hot water heat control.*

Leading waterworks and gas companies have standardized on Mueller.

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MUELLER

Mueller Quality at the "Vital Spots"

BRONZE FAUCETS FITTINGS VITREOUS WARE

(Continued from Page 121)

every hand; vistas "teeming with opulence," he also remarked, although the far and near peaks that hemmed them in still shone with winter snow. And now, in perfect harmony with the scene, before the ranch-house door in a sagging armchair reposed the General Pettigrew of earlier days, his belt loose, his collar open, one slippered foot rhythmically agitating the rocker of a cradle as he wrote on a pad. There had been no cowardly thought of the river or of one releasing shot. While life offered so many novel aspects the general was not a man to reject its challenge. Nor did he complain; fate had bludgeoned him, yet, as of old, with exemplary patience, he rocked the homely liquor for his moderate needs the while he brought his best thought to a forgiven world. Things at Washington were by no means going to suit him, but at the moment he worked upon the perfect settlement of Germany's reparations problem. Matters at Washington would again have to wait until the general had treated of the parley on arms at Geneva.

Ben listened to a synopsis of this present work and considered the general's ideas wonderful. But at that, the stuck-ups at Paris and Geneva like as not wouldn't listen to him. Anyway, Ben was glad to believe the old boy was having as fine a time as ever—three good meals a day and as many clothes as he wanted to wear at one time.

In the end, the entire family had reacted nobly. There had been, at the mansion in Branlock, to be sure, first tears and unreasoned accusations; Ben had listened to talk that caused him twinges of guilt. But this was only at first and in the privacy of a ruined home. From the blinding smoke of disaster they finally emerged wearing, but not too poignantly, the look of those who have fallen, all in a day, from affluence to penury. For the public, Addie and the girls smiled valiantly in aprons and dust caps and pushed carpet sweepers with their own bare hands. They had come through.

Addie had said: "You need me now, Ben, and you need the girls. You'll find us at your side. You mustn't think we blame you in the least for this hideous calamity." It was here Ben felt guilty. "We shall try to think it was all for the best, and whatever may come of privation and hardship, you may be sure we shall share it with you as cheerfully as we did in the past."

Ben wriggled in his clothes at that, but kissed them all and said he had long known they were good sports. It was a moment too emotionally tense for him to say that Lone Tree had not been reduced to beggary and that privation, to his knowledge, had never ground anyone present. No good pointing out that they used to think him an efficient provider. He must try to act as one bending under the blast of ruin, because that was how they wished to see him act; but he was glad to get back to the ranch and assure his staff there that he had long ago been vaccinated for ruin.

Still they had shown themselves to be fine girls. Vannie, the minx, had—and with no conscious virtue—announced that she would once more teach school. The serious Gail was taking up her poetry again. She had given Ben a copy of her first poem after the debacle, telling him it had been "forged in the crucible of suffering."

One day I watched a ship sail by,
Away, way out at sea,
And as it sailed along its course
These ideas came to me:
Perhaps if I have aims like it,
For aims I'm sure it has,
I, too, may sail on charted seas;
May follow clearer paths.
And if I, too, am strong and true
As sailors on a ship are,
Perhaps I'll sight a distant port
And safely make the bar.

Ben thought this was a darned fine piece of poetry, showing that Gail had the right stuff in her, ruin or no ruin. He lodged the copy beneath an edge of his mirror. The family was once more herd broke and Lone Tree would be looked upon with some respect. No longer was it the hobby of an eccentric millionaire. Cows and Ben Carcross had again come into their own.

So there was now another happy time at Lone Tree, marred only by the departure of Professor Abercrombie. Addie had said, with a quiet pathos, that she supposed all of his new help would still be required at the ranch, and Ben had coldly replied that it would, except that he had consented for a time to give up his doctor of philosophy to a university with first claim on the man's services. The other help, he said, were secured to him by long-term contracts.

In bidding his friends farewell Professor Abercrombie warmly stated that he left the farm with a profound regret. Ben told him it wasn't a farm but was still a dandy place for a sabbath year. The professor reminded him that the word was "sabbatical."

"Whatever kind of year it is, come back the next time you get one," Ben urged. "Drift back to the outfit, rig your saddle, rustle a bed and top your string. Of course, if you stay away too long some of your mounts may be a little explosive when you let the hammer down—make a move or two you've forgot about."

"Firearms! How very odd!" said the professor.

"But a-foot or a-horseback," Ben assured him, "you'll always get the preference we allow an old hand."

"Thanks a lot, and I have enjoyed myself awfully."

"Get that Einstein friend of yours to come out with you," suggested Whitey. "I can tell him a few things about space that'll help him in his business."

The professor's parting flash was: "My lad, you are completely wet, as the chap said."

Then it came to be full spring on Lone Tree. Ditches were cleaned, the cattle off hay and on new grass, except the herd bulls and the thin cows with young calves. In the belief of Lone Tree's owner, God was doing the rest, and doing it well. Of course, there were the chucklehead buckaroos that somebody still had to tell their jobs to, but that was to be expected and the moment was really one of high perfection. Ruin might stalk to the ranch gate; there it must stop.

Ben Carcross was happy. And then, upon the serene blue of his skies, arose a cloud, as he had once read, no larger than a man's hand. In horror Ben kept that telegram to himself.

Big money had once happened to a family that was doing fine without it, never dreaming it was having privations—and instantly everyone went loco. Right at the top of their madness they had got all ruined up, but had sensibly learned to like it. After these past happy months of beggary and doing their own housework, if this threatened blow fell on them—well, it would be worse than ever. In fact, if you asked Ben Carcross, it would again be hell let out for noon.

He couldn't bring himself to believe it from a mere telegram that some careless operator might have got all wrong. He steadily—and secretly—hoped for the best until letters should put the catastrophe in plain reading for him. There was no one to comfort him that first day—no one but Doyle. It was good to have her there. If the wrong kind of money actually came again, of course he could have something happen to him—knock down a hip or need some teeth pulled by a slicker. He recalled that he hadn't been feeling too good for a week past.

If they really were all unruined, the news would soon leak out to them. He couldn't keep it under his own hat. Perhaps he didn't want to. Yet when the general got hold of a rumor of it and boomed, "That would indeed be a bolt from the blue!" he winced and was silent. That was a wonderful phrase the general had thought up—a bolt from the blue—he was saying it over the telephone to Addie. No doubt Addie and the girls had some words of their own pretty near as good, as they replied to him, keeping the wires hot all that day.

It seemed to Ben Carcross as if God was giving him another dirty tryout, like He did with that man in the Bible—Job was his name. He listened to the general rumbling explosively over the telephone, heard the gale of—"cackles" he called them—from Addie and the girls. Then he went desperately to make up a bed roll. He would beat it out with Art Dugdale to that camp over on a lower slope of Barn Top where they had moved stock to a summer range. He knew it was cowardly, running this way, but his nerve was broken.

He slept on the ground three nights over there, soaked every night—though by one peach of a rain—and helped the boys get organized. Sometimes, in the glad excitement of this work he could for an hour believe he was a ruined cowman not again a big oil man. And it still might not be true. It might be a false alarm even if the telegraph company hadn't balled up their gosh-awful message.

The fourth day he slunk back on Red Joe, deep in a depression that grew with every mile he rode. When the descending trail brought him around Yellow Butte, where you could first see the greening spread of Lone Tree, he stopped to look, finding it strange that nothing in that scene should betray the new trouble. There was the good little ranch, its buildings sharply lined in the thin air. At that distance no one would have suspected it wasn't a place of privation where folks were reduced to a serene and comforting beggary. No one would have known it for a rich man's hobby, a top-dog sporting estate. He studied the shining high spire of his tree and thought of the other tree he had lately helped to plant there. He'd certainly hope to bring that boy up not to get the oil habit. He filled his eyes with the false seeming of peace unrolled there below him, then gave Red Joe his head down the trail.

XXXII

AT THE barn he morosely unsaddled and with a slap sped his horse to the feed rack. He saw a gesticulating group at the ranch-house door and gained the yard before he was discovered. Addie and the girls were dancing on the steps when they observed his drooping approach. The general did not dance, but he held aloft more telegrams and a fluttering handful of letters.

"Oh, Ben! Ben!" cried Addie and the girls in shrill disharmony. Crazy again!

"I have wired Hornblatt!" bellowed the general.

"We have cabled Hercule about our château," shrilled Addie.

The blow had fallen. "Got a new butler yet?" Ben sourly demanded, but no one heard him. He must listen to abhorrent details recited by the general. Three sections of land south of South Ranch in the Kettleman Hills district; poor stuff bought long ago from a railway company eager to sell for a song that even Ben Carcross could sing. Some green madness of spring had betrayed him into purchasing land which two head of cattle to the township would overstock. Then people got suspicious of that region, and the first drill had bitten, at three thousand feet, into a lake of oil—three thousand barrels a day, and the richest oil ever known by the weak-minded who look for oil. Twenty-seven to thirty-five Baumé test; bonanza oil, 60 per cent gasoline.

"You can take it right out of the ground and run your car on it," boomed the general.

"Baumé test!" Ben, sagging in the old armchair at the center of the demented group, wondered who Baumé was and wished him no enviable fate.

"Zowie!" The general fell into low speech in the greatness of that moment. "In hop the lease hounds and find our three sections spang on the axis. That man Puckett you had down there—the poor cuss thinking he was out of a job!—gets bids, and then leases to the Great Eastern Oil Company—five hundred dollars an acre for our nineteen hundred and twenty acres! Figure the grand total for yourself, my boy!"

Ben weakly pushed away the repugnant multiplication. "You figure it," he muttered. "You will anyhow."

"And that nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars isn't the best of it," the general bellowed on—"Nor the worst," thought Ben—"We get a sixth royalty on all production; one well to each twenty acres. Figure it yourself—land that has been proved—figure to yourself the money rolling in to put us all beyond the reach of want."

"You figure it," said Ben once more, savagely now. He called to Curly Hatton, passing with a mended bridle on his arm. "Hey, Curly, there's a weak cow slunk her calf in that bunch of willows down this side of West Slough. Go and 'tend to it. And say!" Curly halted. "Tell Art Dugdale I want those feed racks fixed today."

"Why, Ben dear, aren't you well?" This was Addie, diverted from counting oil money to a wifely solicitude. The others stared at one who had shown no befitting emotion over sensational news.

Ben winced as from pain. "Too much baking-powder biscuits and half-cooked beans over on Barn Top, I guess," he mumbled.

"And Bill Hepburn wired that another company would have raised the lease bid to an even million dollars, but it came too late. Forty thousand dollars lost like that." The general airily snapped his fingers—a descriptive touch.

Whitey lounged forward. "That Hepburn man was probably late with his news, because he had a crying jag on. Some weeper he is! Night of the party, when he was crying on everybody's shoulder, I told him his right name was Old Man River. He chased me through the butler's pantry ——"

This was interrupted by Addie: "The employment agency promised yesterday to send me a butler and two assistants today. We must meet the train; perhaps we can all have a quiet little home dinner tonight."

Ben thought of the quiet dinner with a butler and two assistants. Maybe this butler would be a bass. "I feel some fierce pains right across here," he announced, clasping his hands right across there.

Doyle, watching him narrowly, clutched at Miss Ellis, who had been a wide-eyed, but silent member of the group. "Why, he isn't fooling this time," she gasped in dismay. "You come with me," she ordered Ben, and led him from noisy money to his bed, followed by the now anxious Miss Ellis.

In spite of their hustling hands, Ben stopped in the living room long enough to reverse the broom that some of the help had stood up wrong. How many times did he have to tell them?

At four o'clock that afternoon, unquietly in bed since Doyle had put him there at noon, he began to call for Doc Snell.

Doyle returned, time after time, from the telephone to announce that Doctor Snell was out on a case; a long case, from which he couldn't return until tomorrow.

An hour later—good old Pete Snell still remote in some mountain fastness, so Doyle insisted—she confided to the sufferer that she had remembered an old friend in San Francisco who knew quite a lot about such cases as Mr. Carcross was hotly promising to develop. Putting aside Ben's persistent talk about Doc Snell, she admitted having urged this friend by wire to make Lone Tree in no time at all. It would be a nice outing for him. Ben knew then that the copper top was putting one over on him.

It was pretty queer. To get away from all that fool talk about oil he'd said he felt some pains, and no sooner had he said pains than there they were, no fooling! Talk about the devil! Still, he knew Doyle wouldn't let him be handled wrong.

The friend she told of came the next day and, perhaps because Ben had passed a restless night with some pains that were no fooling, the man made a rather poor impression on Lone Tree's owner. Only a small, dry, quick-mannered cuss with a beardless face, although well old enough to

(Continued on Page 126)

THIS MONTH WE OFFER VIRGINIA'S MOST FAMOUS CAKE

All Ready Baked for You

It's a Hostess Devil's Food Bar Always Fresh at Your Grocer's

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

LET me tell you just a bit about this wonderful Hostess Devil's Food Bar. I've found it so popular in my own home that I know your family will like it too.

Old Virginia plantation cooks first made this type of cake. Now I have combined the best features of their recipes in Hostess Devil's Food Bar.

First two tender layers of delicious devil's food cake—the melt-in-your-mouth kind, too. Between them a delicate filler of delicious butter cream. And then, over all, the cake—a distinctive, homelike chocolate frosting.

Doesn't that sound like *your* kind of cake? It tastes like your own, too!

Baked Near Your Home

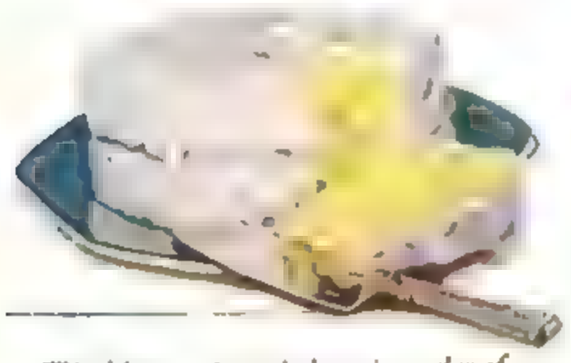
And let me tell you even better news. The luscious Devil's Food Bars are baked in a model Hostess Cake Kitchen right near your home.

Baked as they are each day, your grocer has them fresh and perfect.

Thus the extra-fine ingredients we use lose none of their natural flavor. Our tested eggs, our twice-pasteurized milk, and our own special blend of cake flour —all the good things that go into this cake are exactly the kind you'd prefer to buy for your own kitchen.

10 Free Dessert Recipes with Cake

Now, I believe I've saved the very best news until last! During September you'll find packed with each Hostess Devil's Food Bar a little folder



This delicious pineapple layer is another of the homelike Hostess Cakes.

It contains simple rules for making the ten desserts I've found most popular. All made with this Devil's Food Bar. All quick and inexpensive to prepare.

Here's a "Devil's Food Alaska"—cool — appetizing — just the thing for one of these warm September evenings. Or look at that "Chocolate Peppermint Cream Cake." Why, it's a creation that will enhance the reputation of even the best of cooks.

OUR INGREDIENTS

FLOUR. A blend of selected wheats. Specially milled. MILK. Every drop pasteurized. BUTTER. Pure creamery testing "90 score." EGGS All inspected five times SUGAR. Must be 99.7 pure. FLAVORINGS. We make all our own.

DEVIL'S FOOD RECIPE

½ cup Brown Sugar. ½ cup Confectioner's Sugar. 4 tablespoons Butter. 2½ tablespoons Cocoa or 2 squares of Chocolate. ½ cup Milk. 2 Eggs. 1¾ cups sifted Cake Flour. ½ tablespoon Salt. ½ tablespoon of Soda, in the Milk. ½ teaspoon of Vanilla.

I'm sure you'll find Hostess Devil's Food Bars at your favorite grocer's. Ask him for one today.

Once you've tried it, I know you'll want to try other Hostess Cakes too. Pineapple Layer, for instance. Or those delicious Cup Cakes, or that refreshing Lemon Loaf.

Booklet Yours Free

To assist you in preparing new and unusual desserts, I have recently written a new booklet, "Fifty Quick Desserts."

In it are described the cream of my dessert creations. The kind that wins immediate praise whenever served.

The coupon is for your convenience.

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MAIL FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co.
285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts." (S13)

Name_____

Address_____

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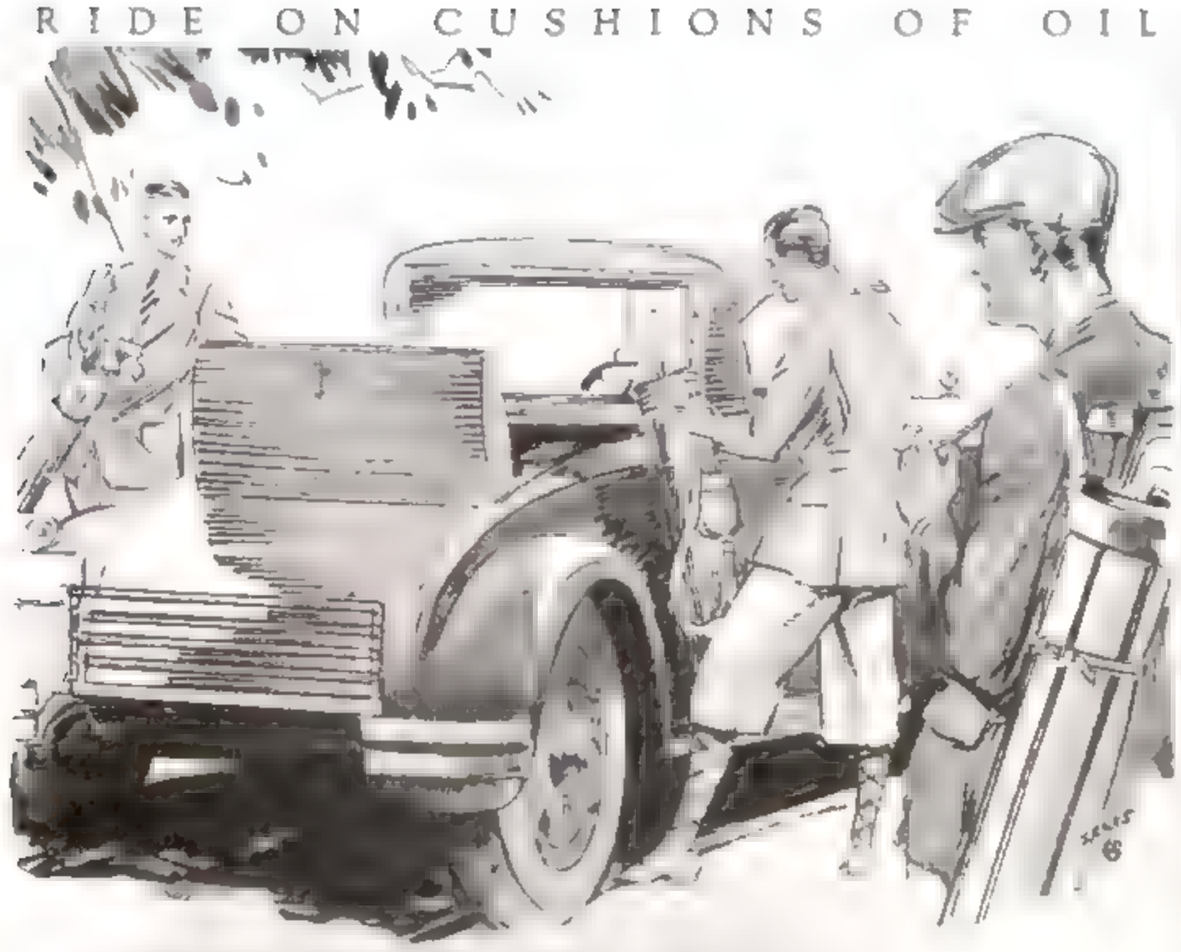
Hostess Cake

BAKERS ALSO OF WONDER BREAD AND WONDER PAN ROLLS

RIDE ON CUSHIONS OF OIL



To the road is a lot better than it was the last time we came out here"
It's worse! It seems a lot better, though, since I put those new Monroe Two-Way Hydraulics on my car"

Motorists *everywhere* are talking about this *New Riding Comfort!*

Since the new Monroe Two-Way Hydraulic Shock Eliminator was introduced two months ago, it has met with a hearty reception from motorists everywhere.

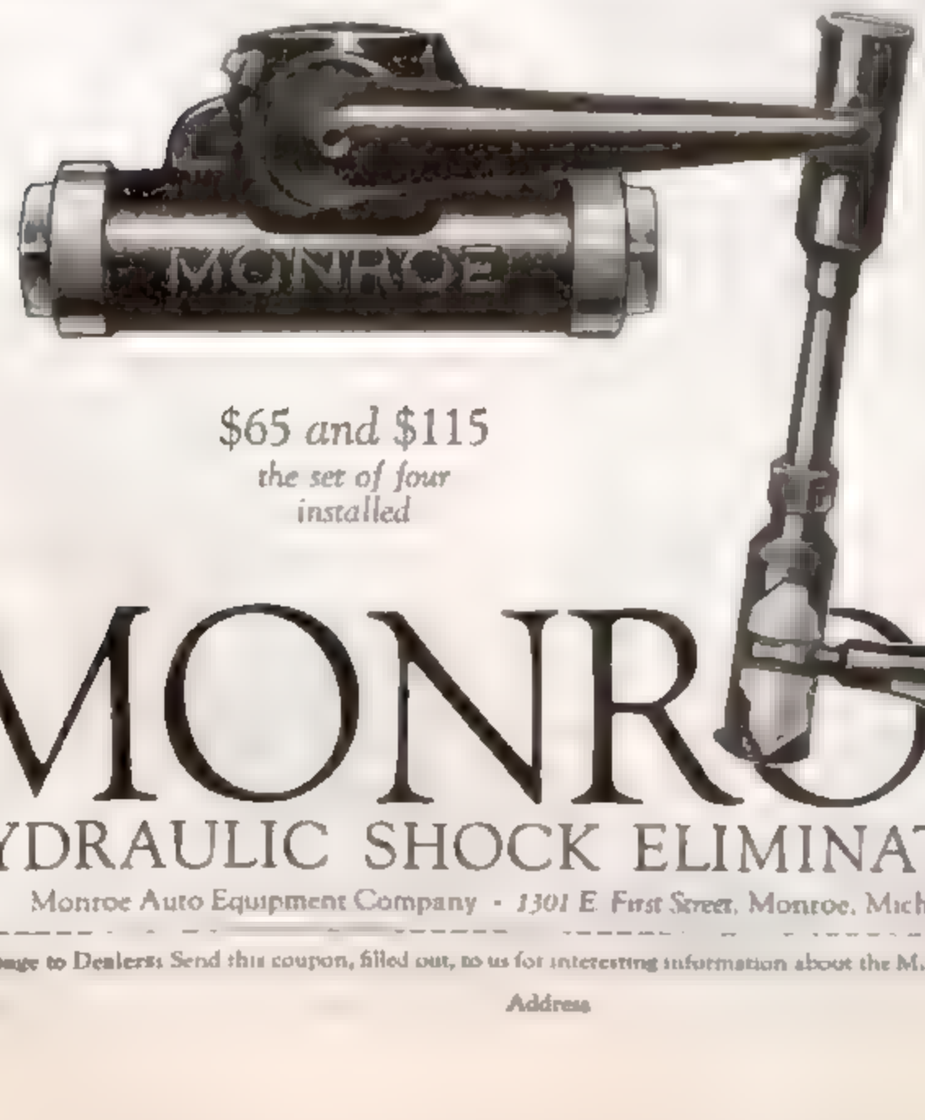
Motorists who have had these new Shock Eliminators on their cars have enthusiastically told their friends to buy Monroe two-ways. And this word-of-mouth advertising has sold thousands of sets.

Made by the manufacturers of the Monroe One-Way Shock Eliminator, a proven product now standard equipment on more than a million fine motor cars.

A nation-wide network of dealers and service stations—growing larger every day—is at your service. $65 for light cars; $115 for heavier cars, the set of four installed. Slightly higher in Canada.

$25.00 *the set of four*

Less expensive, but built with the same care and skill, the Monroe One-[illegible] for lighter cars. Twenty dollars the set of four



$65 *and* $115
the set of four installed

MONROE
HYDRAULIC SHOCK ELIMINATORS
Monroe Auto Equipment Company - *1301 E. First Street, Monroe, Michigan*

A Message to Dealers: Send this coupon, filled out, to us for interesting information about the Monroe franchise

Name Address 8-24-29

(Continued from Page 124

raise something there, he proved to be a regular Abercrombie for ignorance of details about the cattle business that any schoolboy would know, and Ben couldn't discover that he had really wanted an outing. He refused to talk much on any subject; another of those prodders that hurt you and looked wise, but didn't tell you anything. He seemed to know about those little thermometers that you taste, but was one of the same smarties that pretend they don't have to look at their watch when they feel your pulse.

And he wouldn't stay at the ranch and be a good fellow. Not only that; he wouldn't let Ben stay there. They bundled him up, for all his rough talk, and had him in bed on a train in jig time—Doyle certainly had queer friends. There were a lot of people at the station, including Doc Snell, who denied that he had been out on a case the day before. He had been right in his office the whole day. Ben glared at Doyle, but she said the ranch telephone must have been out of order. Doc Snell looked hurt.

Butch Kendrick was also at the train, having followed the party from Lone Tree in eleven minutes flat. Butch had new clothes and a shave and his yellow pelt newly cut, round at the back. He had groomed and appareled himself thus in the belief that he would be a married man before sundown that day, and anything to the contrary was appalling news to him. Miss Ellis talked to the point as the train paused:

"I have to go."

"But how about our getting married?" Butch's lips quivered, his defenseless blue eyes swam.

Miss Ellis, at this sight, dried some beginning tears of her own and pushed up at his shoulders with tight fists.

"I'm crazy about you, Butch, but listen here. You'll have to spot second with me any time this old boy is up against it." She kissed him thoroughly and did not look back as she entered the train.

Even had she looked back she would hardly have recognized the tall, tastefully dressed, personable gentleman of middle age who followed her into the car. This was none other than Burton G. Hemingway, who, to Miss Ellis, her anguished eyes overflowing with a vision of forsaken Butch Kendrick, would have been no more than a human blur - possibly human.

Ben in his berth—rebelliously, because it was nowhere near human bedtime—demanded the presence of Mr. Hemingway after a couple of red-eyed nurses had fussed a lot with him. He had noticed Burton G. on the platform, and the capable banker had all at once seemed to be land for a spent swimmer.

At the mention of old Mr. Hemingway Miss Ellis tactfully absented herself, and Ben commanded, at the same time, the withdrawal of Doyle, when his mild suggestion of it had failed to move her.

"You heard about this new money," Ben said when Burton G. had come.

Mr. Hemingway had heard, with the rest of Branlock, and said so, nicely blending felicitation with condolence for Ben's apparent indisposition.

Ben really wanted to look out of the window and see his home country rushing past the train, but he must settle something.

"Well, listen; I got to be in some hospital a few days—colic or something -so I want you to take charge of that money, understand?"

"Yes, certainly." Mr. Hemingway's eyes glistened.

"I don't feel up to going through another spell of ruin that brings so much talk," Ben declared with weak irritation. "Getting old, I guess."

Mr. Hemingway looked sympathetic and remained discreetly silent.

"I wouldn't mind their spending it all—any old way they want to. But I can't stand to hear them gabble about privations and beggary when it's gone, understand."

Mr. Hemingway made a skilful percussive noise with his tongue on his teeth—this was no way to speak of money. But he listened without other protest.

"A cattleman can run a ranch," said Ben, "but it takes a banker to ride herd on big money. And those folks have got to be kept rich this time."

"Just so," smiled Mr. Hemingway. "You had some definite plan?"

"Yeah, I got a plan. I'll sign something for that Imperial Trust Company and no one is to draw checks but you and me. We'll loosen up with all the money they want in reason, only not to any more Hornblatts." Ben gestured a rebuff to siren Hornblatts.

"He's the one that put us on the rocks for about seven hundred thousand dollars, in round numbers, with a picture that maybe is worth that much, but you can't get anyone else to believe it. We can get the general interested in something that won't cost so much as taking war away from the world. Let him play marbles, but not for keeps."

"I see," replied Burton G. "Excuse me one moment." He left, but returned very soon with a portfolio of glossy leather, and with the Hemingway fountain pen Mr. Carcross loosely signed his name a few times on lines indicated to him. Hornblatts would now lure in vain. He wouldn't again have to ride that blast of ruin, and get saddle sore. Mr. Hemingway's exit, after suitable good wishes, permitted the return of Ben's nurses.

"Going to feed me another thermometer, I suppose?" he grimly inquired. He proved to be right, but the glass tube did not impede his flow of thought. What he'd ought to of done—he'd ought to of put Hemingway on his staff long ago. A family of poets needed a banker trail boss like a faro game needed a case keeper and a look-out. Abercrombie had once called them all poets—incurable poets. Ben hadn't understood it at the time. Presh a poet, who had never written a line of poetry in his life! But maybe the professor had meant something true, even if he didn't say it plain. Anyway, poets or crackpots, a sane banker was going to ride herd on them from hence on.

With the tube out of his mouth, he began to caution Doyle: "We mustn't ever let that boy get big money on his mind. Have him find some work he likes—that cattle business ain't so bad—and he'll be happy at it no matter if it only makes him three meals a day and one cheap suit of clothes a year. That's the way to start a boy—give him something he likes to do and to hell with the big money! You can't only use just so much money and the rest spoils on you. What's that in the Bible about that stuff—manna or something—that wouldn't keep?"

Doyle pushed the tumbled gray hair back from his eyes and told him to be quiet. He tried to be quiet, thinking again about the family of poets. Of course, Gail was a poet—a regular one—but he bet a thousand barrels of oil to a thin dime nobody would ever catch Presh writing a good piece of poetry. He found now he could remember some of Gail's dandy piece:

And if I, too, am strong and true
As sailors on a ship are,
Perhaps I'll sight a distant port
And safely make the bar.

He'd bet none of the rest could write as good poetry as that, even if they were incurable. When Doyle's dry little friend then looked in on him, Ben was mirthfully moved to compare his rather long, earnest face to the face of good old Veazey, once the best little cutting horse in the outfit, only he would waste hay; and maybe Hemingway ought to be told about that too. Maybe Veazey was a poet along with the others. Anyway, here Veazey was in this Pullman car, dressed in a funny suit of clothes and wearing glasses with a little gold chain.

On this discovery Ben laughed at Veazey and told him to take his hay out on the platform where it wouldn't make such a litter. He also wished the porter to come in and brush up the hay Veazey had spilled. He warned the old horse that if he wanted to

(Continued on Page 129)

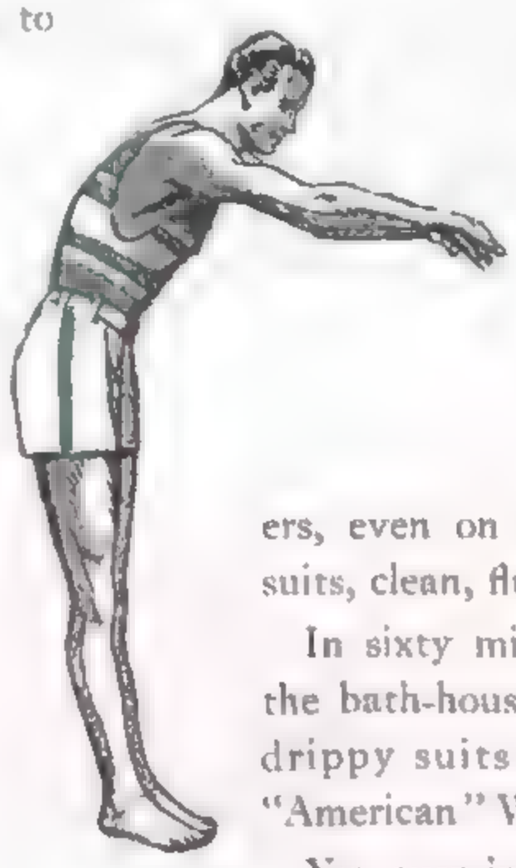
Putting five men into One Bathing-Suit. . . .

THERE was one thing that he certainly didn't think of as he stood in the long, mid-afternoon line at the bath-house, waiting for suit, towel, key...

Neither did he think of it in his dressing-room as he put on a dry, clean bathing-suit (rented for the fifth time that day!).

Nor did he wonder about it after his swim when, fresh-muscled and vigorous, he took from a hook his towel, so fluffy, dry, clean-smelling (rented for the fifth time, too!).

Yet it really is something to marvel at—the fact that the better beaches and pools from Maine to California are able to provide all comers, even on "peak" days, with fresh, dry suits, clean, fluffy towels.



In sixty minutes by your watch, right at the bath-house, they wash, sterilize and dry drippy suits and soggy towels—with the "American" Washing Unit.*

Yes, even in such a small thing as the quick washing and drying of a bathing-suit, the foresight of "American" engineers is apparent.

Almost anywhere you go—to bathe or to sleep, to dine or to dance—you'll find that, in one way or another, you are benefiting by "American" initiative.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY

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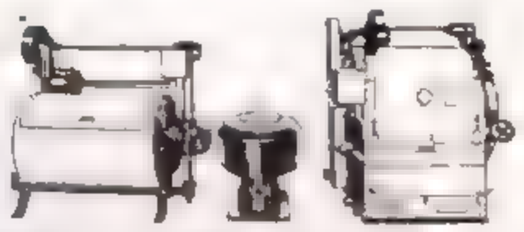

* *The American Washing Unit for Bathing-Suits and Towels . . . makes suits soft and sanitary, free from wrinkles—towels fluffy, odorless, bone-dry—prepares them for the next patron in sixty minutes' time.*

AMERICAN

In the cause of world cleanliness

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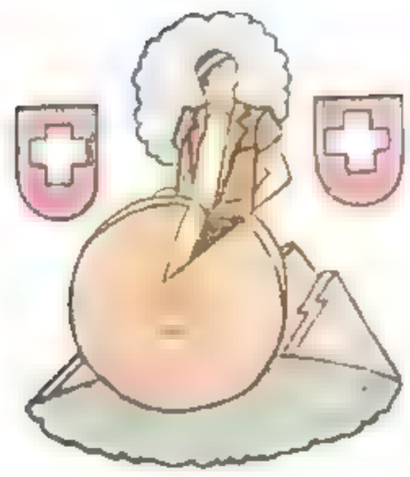


SWITZERLAND CHEESE HAT
"ANDERN GESCHMACK"—EIN BESONDERES AROMA,
DAS NICHT IMITIERT WERDEN KANN.

There's a "different taste" in Switzerland Cheese—a rare flavor that cannot be copied

EATING Switzerland Cheese is a revelation. Doubtless you will wonder why its flavor is more alluring than that of Swiss "style" cheeses.

The answer is found in the meadows and pastures of Switzerland. The scented hay harvested from them, the juicy grasses and savory herbs, the pure water contribute a flavor to the milk and then to the cheese that dairy lands in other countries cannot copy.

To enjoy this flavor in all its fullness buy a pound or half-pound cut of Switzerland Cheese. Then break or cut off a portion and taste it. Words can merely give you an idea of how delicious it is. Nut-sweet! Appetizing! A full-bodied richness that is always intriguing! And when you eat Switzerland Cheese with other foods—with bread or crackers, with salad or cold meat, with fresh fruit—each combination develops a new "shade" of its unusual flavor.

Now for a summer salad cool to the taste and bright in color. Bring it to the table in a pretty dish and to make the picture and meal complete don't forget the Switzerland Cheese.

For centuries Switzerland Cheese has been made in the lofty country from which it derives its name. Naturally, the Swiss cheese-makers are exceedingly proud of their product and maintain the most rigid standards in its manufacture. That is the reason they mark the rind of every cheese with many imprints of the word "Switzerland."

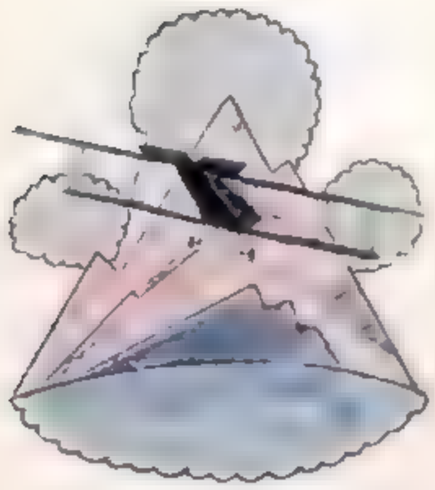
Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere and served in leading hotels and restaurants. The natural color varies from a cream to butter yellow, depending on the season of the year in which it is made. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. But the rare flavor never varies. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

Every hostess will want the beautiful free booklet, illustrated in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve it." Address Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson Street, New York City.

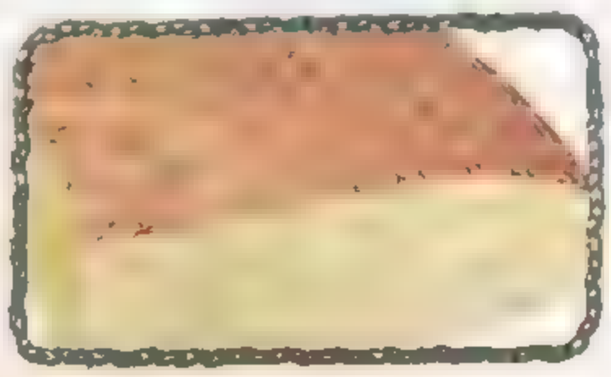
SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.



Look! A bird's-eye view of these famous Swiss meadows.



On the way to make hay while the sun shines.

(Continued from Page 126)

draw any more hay he'd have to ask Burton G. Hemingway for it. Did he think hay fell out of the sky? Ben recited poetry again:

And if I, too, am strong and true
As sailors on a ship are

XXXIII

SO THE mangled remains of Ben Carcross—all that was mortal, with a residue possibly immortal—were trundled along a tiled corridor and into a room where awaited him two nurses with eyes reddened and hands that would tremble. It was a sunny room with ivory tinted walls and a connecting bathroom, from the open door of which still came a definite hint of cigarette smoke. Miss Ellis had simply been forced to smoke her head off there—rather gulpingly—while that thing was going on upstairs. Pink roses were on the mission table and a now-lifeless radio might be seen.

Doyle's dry little friend with the bony face—not actually resembling good old Veazey—still there were suggestions—looked in upon them, and low-toned, anxious talk was had. Doyle's friend seemed cheerful enough, but shrugged noncommittally as he went out. The case breathed softly as a child in sleep. The nurses withdrew tearfully to the far side of the room and on a leather couch clasped each other's hands. After a time of this each urged the other to go off and get some needed rest. Smiling, pained refusal from both, and they were silent again.

At length Miss Ellis said, "Well, I'll be darned!"

Doyle made no immediate response, her eyes of uncertain hue piercing a wall to something far off. "He's just a little boy," she at last said.

"Ain't life hell!" demanded Miss Ellis in a vivid flash of clairvoyance. "What's it all about, anyway? Here we are back in uniform, with that same old dear in bed there, and you'd think it was a year ago and I was just a free-lancing fluff, going to be stepped tonight by some gin-hopped interne. Where does time go to—and what of it?"

"Whitey says time isn't anything much."

"Whitey!" Miss Ellis wiped her eyes and sniffed. "That boy never came down to earth after the first time he went up. His crack about 'time isn't anything' don't explain what it's all about. What I mean, we simply have to do so many things we really know better than. Look at me, turning down a swell National Bank, with marble pillars in front, for a chance to -to go native! Say, don't think I haven't watched those poor ranchers' wives coming in to that hick town for an afternoon's whoopee, buying calico and molasses and safety pins and shoes for Junior —"

Doyle brought her eyes back with a gleam she instantly veiled. "Babies! Of course you know I'll always be willing "

Miss Ellis couldn't wait for the end of that. "A swell chance you'd have to get a baby of mine! What do you suppose I'd want one for—just to do you a favor?"

Doyle was soothing, still full of guile. "It will be terribly rough on that ranch. No more chiffon stockings; no more "

"And red hands and a wind-blown bob I could get any time by looking out the back door. You can't tell me anything about what I'll be up against. But I'd like to see you or anybody else get Butch Kendrick away from me—or any baby, either."

"You might change—I mean just at first, with all that rough work."

"I have changed. I've never been in my right mind since Butch and I first tangled. But I want to tell you it's a permanent. Though I still don't know what it's all about nor how I was had."

Late that evening the two nurses, still stubbornly performing double duty, hovered above the case as he began to mutter about the feed racks that Art Dugdale hadn't done something to. He wasn't going to stand any more nonsense about those racks. A moment later he was reciting poetry:

"And if I, too, am strong and true
As sailors on a ship are ——"

"What's 'Sailors on a ship are'? Still off somewhere spearing fish," whispered Miss Ellis.

After a while the case came back from this or another spot and opened sane eyes

"I have enjoyed myself awfully," he said. The nurses fled to the bathroom for a moment's solace of tears.

"Hey!" he called feebly after them. "They ain't got me licked yet. Don't think it. Coming out of the winter strong—big-boned. I'm fractious!"

Doyle returned hastily. "Of course you are! Y-you'll soon be hard to ride."

"Same old outlaw," he assured her. "They give out silver cups to anybody can stay on and bring me up standing."

His other nurse here tremulously inquired if she might get him some music.

Yes, he said, he would crave some nice music, but nothing that would make you roll the rugs back. "This is Sunday, ain't it? Something kind of like a church where they pray."

Doyle turned the dial, but found a noisy one at first. She dialed on to a calm, deep voice. "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent." More faintly the noisy one still came with this.

"Some preacher wise-cracking," explained Miss Ellis. Ben's other bondwoman gently moved the dial; the noisy one became noisier.

"Try for that preacher again," the case ordered.

The dial was reversed toward the preacher, but still came the flat tinkle of a banjo, drum throbs and the lawless rumble of a saxophone. The dial subdued this, but it seemed they must still take it if they wished the preacher whose deep voice could now be heard above the jangle: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ——"

"Green pastures!" echoed the case

"You're always likely to get between two stations Sunday night," whispered Miss Ellis above the mutter of drums, the banjo's tinkle.

Doyle listened to the dissonance. "That's what it's all about." She had turned to Miss Ellis, who looked puzzled.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me ——"

The saxophone disbelieved and didn't care. Hoarsely it jeered its unconcern.

Doyle held the dial, fascinated by the conflict. "There's life for you all of us hung between two stations. That's what it's all about."

Miss Ellis stared at her with considering eyes. The saxophone jeered on. Doyle silenced that and found a plaintive, quiet one about some contralto's baby.

"Yeah," said the case; then pleaded: "Can't we get back to green pastures?"

Doyle dialed, seeking that first voice. Suddenly it spoke:

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water"—drums, the saxophone—"his leaf also shall not wither" drums again—"and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

"Li'l' young tree," smiled the case drowsily. "Ought to name the ranch Two Trees now." A long pause. "I'll be there—I ain't—licked -yet."

(THE END)

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(Vermont)

THE road is broad and clean;
Each house is well-behaved;
The elms are proud and green;
The walks are marble-paved.

And here I meet again
Not crowds nor human cogs,
But people—women, men
And girls and boys and dogs.

What simple folk are these!
How quaint their rustic ways!
They never shock or please
With purple turns of phrase,

Nor strive to coruscate,
As clever moderns do:
Their wit is thinking straight,
Their art is speaking true.

They make no fine pretense,
Unaught are they to sneer,
Yet humor, common sense
And learning, too, are here.

Good neighbors, all and each,
Who thus in kindness dwell,
Who deal in honest speech
And weigh sound values well.

Oh, may I never earn
By word or deed or slight
Your judgment, just but stern,
"I don't think that was right!"

Arthur Guiterman.

Charleston

YOU are an old, old lady by the sea,
With silver hair and cornflower-colored eyes,
A shawl of lavender wrapped carefully
About you. When the last gold daylight dies
And lilacs' breath is heavy on the air,
Your fingers light bright candles one by one,
And sitting quietly beneath the flare
Of candlelight you see dark shadows run
Across the floor. You read a poem or two
And drink the moonlight from your balcony,
Turned into lace, with shadows cold and blue.
You blow the candles out, and silently
You close your door and dream when night grows late,
Nor know there is a world beyond your gate.

Daniel Whitehead Hicky.

Lines to a New England Housewife

WHEN finally your busy hands are still,
When all your tasks are those of yesterday,
And, panting, you have climbed Death's cruel hill
In search of Him to whom you daily pray;
How can you tell Him of His lovely earth?
Of little lazy hopes that passed you by,
Of hours you felt Him near in pain of birth
Or even what you think about the sky?

"Great Father of all households," you will say,
"I leave behind no once-neglected care.
I never wandered from the beaten way,
There is no dust upon my shining stair.
Life's moments all spelled duties done for me,
This space is terror. I beseech of you,
In all the vastness of Eternity
Is there no homely task that I may do?

—Olga Owens.

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WHY THE COUNTRY BANK?

(Continued from Page 13)

on sound and conservative lines. It was not liberal, nor was it narrow, but it made enemies. Then came a new state bank, hanging out a sign which stated that its deposits were guaranteed. It was very liberal and apparently it prospered. That brought in a second state bank and the two of them cut so deeply into the First National that it abandoned its old policies and began to bid for business. A shrewd borrower could shop about and get anything he wanted. As a result, all three banks failed.

A South Dakota community had two banks which were both safe enough, but without any regard at all for community needs. They sent practically all of their funds to their big-city correspondents and loaned almost nothing in the neighborhood. A prosperous farmer with a fine sense of responsibility organized a third bank to serve the needs of the depositors. Through twenty years he loaned money to build silos and to buy high-grade hogs and cows. As a result of his efforts, croppers were transformed into diversified farmers and the whole community prospered. For ten years or more the two older banks watched this man work and hoped for the worst. Then they jumped into the game themselves and began to outbid him for business. He had been building soundly, lending with great care and following up each loan with help and advice. As he saw his depositors being taken away, he started to outbid his competitors. He not only loaned beyond his resources but loaned beyond the ability of his borrowers to repay. In the slump of 1920 he smashed and the community lost its largest single human asset.

Losing Money on Big Accounts

It is this effort to meet competition that has caused most of the country banks to assume services beyond banking and which, although trivial in themselves, in the end cost so much money as to wipe out profits. In the older days a country bank would not give credit for a check until it was collected, but nowadays depositors insist on being permitted to draw on a check at once. They do not seem to realize that when they deposit a check they are not furnishing the bank with funds until the check is collected. If I deposit in a Kansas bank a check drawn on a bank in Chicago, then that Kansas bank sends my check to its correspondent, who may forward it to another correspondent, who in the course of time will, through a clearing house, present it for payment to the bank on which it was drawn. And not until that check is actually paid does the bank in which it was deposited gain any money. The Federal Reserve System has quickened the process, but the check still has to be collected. The checks which are out for collection are known as the "float." Every bank, of course, has checks floating to it for payment, as well as those going out for payment, and it has been presumed that one float balanced the other and therefore it did not cost anything to give immediate credit on checks deposited. Some investigations we have made show that in most country banks this item of immediate credit is a heavy expense, and especially in the big accounts, which are supposed to be profitable. A rather small bank prided itself on an account where the balance rarely fell below ninety thousand dollars. It actually paid 4 per cent interest on this account. It was a very active account, with most of its withdrawals going for local materials and wages, and most of its deposits coming in checks from distant customers. An expert examiner surprised the bank officers by informing them that, instead of this account being profitable, it was, during a good part of the time, on account of the period taken for collections, actually overdrawn. They had been paying interest for the use of money which they seldom had to use.

This sort of thing is very common, but it is a loss which a large number of bankers do not even know exists, for it does not stick up like a sore thumb. I recall one country banker who thought he had been keeping a balance of about fifteen thousand dollars with a correspondent bank in a large city. He was astonished to get a notice from his correspondent on the first of one month that, instead of having a balance, he had been overdrawn most of the month. That started him sleuthing and he located the trouble with his largest depositor—a livestock buyer. This man frequently deposited a large check in the morning and then, in the afternoon, drew out a big sum in currency to buy cattle. Just on this one account the bank found that it had been losing around three hundred dollars a month in overdrafts.

Under intensely competitive conditions it is very difficult indeed for a country banker or even for a city banker to do anything in situations of this kind; for even though he may stop the loss, he may also reduce his deposits. If the deposits of a bank decline, then that is food indeed for competitors, and therefore many a country banker who knows full well his situation is tied hand and foot. If he takes any action, he may lose some accounts and the unprofitable accounts may take profitable ones along with them. This is particularly true of the very small accounts.

The big-city banker must look after his customers, else he will not keep them; but no one cares where or how he otherwise disposes of his money. The country banker is in a very different case. He is under pressure all the time to lend the bank's money only at home and for local needs. If he sends part of his funds into the New York call market to be loaned through correspondents on the Stock Exchange, he is immediately accused by the politicians and the local chamber of commerce of robbing the community of its money in order to aid the stock speculators. He is accused of much the same sort of thing if he invests in outside securities, commercial paper or acceptances. One of the many pastimes of state legislatures is proposing bills compelling banks to use all their funds at home. A successful country banker has to walk a tight rope. If he puts out all his lendable funds to home borrowers, he will most certainly be caught and broken in the first big local depression and will go into disgrace; while if he does not meet the local views as to how he should run his bank, then he will be intensely unpopular. Striking the right balance is no easy matter.

A Farmer Banker

Where one banker will go broke, another will make money. I know a bank in Kansas which steadily maintains a 50 per cent reserve in cash, government or municipal bonds, but after that it lends 75 per cent of its whole loan account to farmers, and it has been doing this for forty-five years and making money at it. The president of this bank said to me:

"It is the business of every man in the banking business to take care of his farmers. The farmer is entitled to more credit in proportion to his work than a man in any other business. Theoretically I know it is wrong to lend a man three-quarters of what he is worth, but I do that every day and I have been doing it for many years. I would rather lend a farmer 90 per cent of the value of his assets than lend a merchant 25 per cent of his inventory value. I pick the farmer that knows how to farm and then stay with him."

That president was not only a farmer but the best in his neighborhood. He was just as good a banker as he was a farmer, for his kind of banking. He is the real American country banker and there are many thousands like him. Take this from a man who is president of a bank in a tobacco country:

"It is sometimes fourteen months from seed time to selling," he told me, "and a very vicious system of mortgaging had developed in our section, with advances running from one hundred to one thousand dollars, at a rate of discount starting at 10 per cent. We thought this system was bad and that we ought to take our bank to the farmers and try to develop personal individual credit based on moral standing and financial worth. At first we tried to work this from the bank, and we got nowhere. Then we employed a young schoolmaster who knew the people out in the country. We gave him a couple of months' training inside the bank and sent him out with a horse and buggy systematically to tour each section. He had lists of farmers, with the county records of their property and its assessed value, but he was to go further than this and look at the land, the crops, the fences, the buildings and equipment, to talk with the owners and to give us not only his own impressions but the community standing of the individual."

Too Much Free Service

"As a result we now know all about our farmers. We do not bother with chattel mortgages, for we know who is good and who is bad, and we do not want the bad ones at any price. We have not only built up our deposits tremendously but no worthy farmer in our county need suffer for money. We think that we are fulfilling the proper function of a country bank."

That is only management, but even this sort of management may fail if the officers of the bank are bedeviled into putting the wrong kinds of funds into local enterprises. There is usually a clamor, for instance, to invest public funds in long-time local loans and to neglect the distinction between time deposits and deposits in checking accounts. No end of banks have failed because of the withdrawal of the public funds they held and which they had put out in perfectly good, but slow loans.

The problem of the country bank, it may have been gathered, is not quite what it is supposed to be. It has nothing at all to do with educating the country bankers into a profound knowledge of foreign exchange and international finance. Most of them seem to know as much about banking as they need to know. The real problem is to get these banks into a condition where they can earn money. Take a bank in a Missouri town of about five thousand people. There are four other banks in town, but this one is the largest and has deposits of nearly a million dollars. It is not making any money, although it is an extremely popular institution and, according to the account of the executive vice president, whom I know as a very competent banker, it had every right to be popular, for it gave most of its services free.

The president is an elderly and rather wealthy man who gives his entire time to the bank in return for a salary of five thousand dollars a year. This president has in the last three years written about five hundred wills entirely without charge. During the same period he has drawn thousands of deeds, mortgages, contracts, agreements and other legal instruments also without charge. The bank has six hundred safety deposit boxes which cost six thousand dollars to install. These they furnish to their customers, first-come, first-served, without charge. The bank makes no charge for collections and more than half the accounts are so small that they do not pay their way.

The loan department is expected to pay the expenses of the whole show, and of course it cannot. This, it will be remembered, is a first-class bank in so far as safety and banking skill are concerned. It is being gradually undermined by the free services it is rendering. It is giving too big a present with each order.

Some thousands of country banks are still hanging on, hoping to pull out of the trouble they fell into in the postwar deflation. A certain number of these banks each year give up the fight and fail. A certain number of others get on their feet again without anyone being the wiser. I know one little bank which found itself, when the smoke cleared away, with one hundred thousand dollars in paper which, while not exactly worthless, could not be carried as an active asset. If that paper had been charged off, the bank would have had to close its doors. The president of that bank is not a wealthy man, but he took over the whole of the paper with the full knowledge of his directors, stockholders and depositors, as well as with the tacit consent of the bank examiner.

For some years now he has turned over his income and salary to the bank, keeping out only enough for himself and his family to live on in the most modest fashion. The stockholders agreed that until this paper was liquidated they would not ask for dividends. The whole town knows what this bank president is doing. The last time I saw him he told me he had paid off twenty-seven thousand dollars of the notes. That is remarkable, but even more remarkable is the fact that since his announcement the deposits of the bank have increased from three-quarters of a million to nearly a million and a half dollars.

Bankers are as afraid of public opinion as are politicians. They also watch one another so narrowly that they are usually afraid to cooperate. That keeps them from doing what every other business has to do—and that is to charge for the services they render and which the public does not really expect to get for nothing. A few years ago only fifteen hundred country banks made a service charge on accounts with balances of less than fifty dollars. Now twelve thousand are doing it, and usually they find that they lose only the accounts that they are glad to be rid of. A bank in a Minnesota town, putting in a service charge, immediately lost two hundred accounts, but these accounts averaged only $9.80 each, while several hundred other accounts built their balances to more than fifty dollars in order to escape the charge. Some country bankers are indeed rapacious, but my experience is that for every truly greedy banker there are ten or a dozen who are trying to operate business institutions as organized charities. That, in the main, is the trouble of the country bank.

Local Boy Makes Good

The public wants to get all that it can out of a bank and yet, in spite of everything, have the bank remain solvent. It does not care how all this comes about. For instance, the state banking department closed a little bank in a small town in the Northwest. The depositors, milling about the doors, saw the cashier pass in a good automobile. Having nothing else to do, they immediately voted to hang him. The cashier stepped on the gas and reached the open country well ahead of his clients. They, foiled, decided that the bank would not have been closed except for the examiner and that he was the man they ought to hang and had it not been for the sheriff they would have got him.

In another Western town in the early days of the bank-deposit guaranty law, a local character opened a bank which he conducted in free-and-easy fashion and not without benefit to himself. Finally he had to suspend, and in great haste he got out of the state, hoping that the extradition laws might save him from what was surely coming. Nothing at all happened. The guaranty fund was in full flower and paid off all the depositors, and hence no one asked for any indictments. The president waited a while. Then he came back and the citizens met him at the station with a brass band! He had rather expected to return in handcuffs.

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Our next worthy member is the new 8-ply LEE Super De Luxe, a marvel of tire making—beautiful in appearance and remarkable in design and construction. Though scarcely a year old, it has already demonstrated its right to the title of SUPER De Luxe.

The virtues of this LEE SUPER DE LUXE tire are many. Its non-skid tread design is so deeply cut and cleverly fashioned that safety of a degree heretofore unknown is assured. Its 8-ply sidewalls provide unusual riding-comfort by absorbing the shocks and reducing the "throw-backs." Its tread is so thick and tough that it will last seasons longer than other tires, and offers the greatest possible resistance to penetration.

LEE of Conshohocken claim, with both modesty and pride, that "DE LUXE," by every synonym and definition, accurately describes all tires made by them which carry this mark.

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LEE of Conshohocken

CAPTAIN WHETSTONE

Continued from Page 9

On the Lord's Day the Reverend White preached sermons that dealt with the eternal fire; a pale-faced ascetic man with gloomy eyes, who seemed to be brooding on new doctrines of sin. Often and often Hannah had sat "beneath him," and had watched him turn the hourglass three times upon the pulpit table, while his voice echoed solemnly from the sounding board above him, telling of heresy, of dying witches on the scaffold and of the flaming sword.

From the Reverend White's sour look she knew Mr. Whistle had been talking. Mr. Whistle was of the established English church, which stood for all the things old settlers had escaped by a voyage across the sea. He was of a new type becoming common in the seaboard towns with the dawn of ready wealth—a godless man who knew the world and the beguiling ways of evil.

"Marriage?" Mr. Whistle was saying. "There's not the maid yet, parson, who can tie me to a mooring."

"Sir," said the Reverend White, "you're among godly people now. Forget your bawdy ways."

She had never seen Mr. Whistle as fine as he was that afternoon. His coat was new purple broadcloth with silver buttons, and his waistcoat was embroidered with small flowers. When Mr. Whistle saw her he began to smile, and she remembered he was smelling pleasantly of rum. She laughed when Mr. Whistle put his arm about her waist, though she would have slapped another man.

"And how," said Mr. Whistle, "goes our wild flower and what's the market for a kiss?"

And Hannah laughed again, because she had to laugh. But when she saw the Reverend White's dark frown she stopped and grew brick red. Though she was not sixteen, the Reverend White had told her that she had a beauty made for sin and had prayed her to take care.

"Shame on you, sir!" said the Reverend White.

Mr. Whistle stared at him levelly and took one of those new contrivances—a snuff box—from his pocket.

"Lord, man," said Mr. Whistle, "do you see lewdness everywhere?"

She was glad that no one else was noticing. She wished to hide her face that no one should see.

"Sir," said the Reverend White, "I'll drop my voice for your sake. I meant no public rebuke, but yet I say 'shame' to encourage her. Will you have her go her mother's way?"

Mr. Whistle took a pinch of ground tobacco from his box and put it to his nose.

"You'd show yourself a kinder man," he said, "if you did not say it to her face. . . . There, my dear, don't cry. Listen now to what old Finch is saying."

Goodman Finch had seated himself stiffly at the great table and swallowed at his ale before he spoke—a dour, ill-nourished man. Hannah could see her grandfather, the Goodman Scarlet, in his soiled apron, standing at Mr. Finch's elbow.

"Well," said Goodman Scarlet, "can't ye speak out?"

"The track is bad—fearful bad," said Finch.

"Ay," said Goodman Scarlet, "don't we all know that? What of the tawnies?"

"Them?" said Goodman Finch. "They was saying when I left that a family, name of Rucker, was scalped and cruel murdered on the River Kennebec."

There was a pause. Even close to the water, with settlements to the north and west, one could glean a sense of ever-present peril that drew nearer with the shadows of the night. The Reverend White was the first to speak, his face alight with glowing rapture. It was a time when the clergy loved tales of horror.

"What of their tortures?" he inquired. "Tell us of their agonies."

Goodman Finch took another pull at his pewter can.

"Scalped," he said, "and Goodman Rucker did have burning splinters in his fingers."

"A lingering death," said the Reverend White—"a lingering death in fire."

"Well," said Goodman Scarlet, "they ain't the first ones scalped in the Bay, and they won't be the last. On with it, Finch. Sure, you ain't finished yet."

A slanting beam of sunlight came through the western windows, making the room more dingy than it had been before, and Hannah Scarlet remembered wishing that she was in the sun.

"Were there no executions, friend?" inquired Reverend White.

"Three men whipped," said Finch, "for bawdy singing on the Lord's night, and Martha Spinnet that was maidservant in the house of Jonathan Pride hanged for the strangling of her child born out of wedlock."

The Reverend White drew in his breath and looked at Hannah Scarlet, and Hannah hated him for it with a hate that never left her. "Praised be the Lord!" he said. "And did the poor wretch die in grace?"

"Ay, sir," said Finch. "She died in grace. Mr. Cotton Mather was with her to the end."

"And now," said the Reverend White, "tell us of her agonies. How soon did the woman die?"

Mr. Whistle took another pinch of ground tobacco from his box.

"Scarlet," he said, "bring me a pannikin of rum. . . . Get on, Finch. Get on to something else."

"Ay, sir," said Finch, "there's more. Word's come from Castle William that Swale's ship, The Golden Word, was boarded by a Frenchman."

There was a shuffling of feet and muttered exclamations. The name of Swale was still a great one in the town, and in those days the loss of a ship was a grievous loss. Hannah Scarlet could remember when The Golden Word had sailed almost from the foot of their own street, all dressed in fine white canvas, with her cargo of dried fish, and at that very moment, through the tavern's open door, she could see the gables of the Swale house, gray against the sky. As she looked at her grandfather she saw that he was smiling and wiping the back of his hand across his lips.

"Ay, them Swales," said Goodman Scarlet. "They can suffer like the rest of us. Them Swales ain't what they used to be."

"Now," Goodman Finch was saying, "don't say I don't bring the news, and that ain't all, masters. There's a pirate off the coast."

It did not seem strange or fantastic to Hannah Scarlet when she heard, for there had been pirates since the days of Dixey Bull. Then, too, it was a time of rumor, and tales gathered as large as heads of thunder, and fear was everywhere—fear of the present and fear of the hereafter.

"Like as not," said Goodman Scarlet. "Like as not. There's always word of pirates off the coast. But them Swales —— I'd like to see his face. Them Swales ain't what they used to be."

Through the other voices and the mutterings in that room her grandsire's voice seemed to cut like a whetted knife and to carve a swath of silence. She could see the men stare at him, half curious and half disturbed, and then she remembered that something made her turn, half startled. Mr. Whistle, half sitting, half leaning on the trestle table, was staring at her very hard through half-closed eyes. He was kicking his foot back and forth before him like a pendulum. She remembered how the light struck on the silver buckle of his shoe.

"You've got Swale eyes, my dear," he said, softly, so no one else could hear. "You've got their fine straight nose."

She knew enough of tavern ways to know that gentlemen spoke strangely when they took too much. Old Finch was speaking. The stiffness had left his tongue.

"Ay," he said, "right in the Vineyard Sound, and Master Mellow said when he come aboard he acted like a gentleman, for all his ugly face, and like he knew the land, tall and long and just as easy as the governor. Food was all he wanted, and he laid out gold to pay, and when he found there was no food, he left five pistoles for the trouble he had given. And Mellow knew him—scar on the left temple, puckering the left eye, pock pits on his face. It was Captain Whetstone as sure as you're alive."

"And I'd admire to know," said Mr. Whistle, "who is Captain Whetstone?"

"Who is Whetstone?" said Mr. Finch. "Don't you read none, sir? There's fine bits of him in the bookshops, which I'll gladly bring you for five shillings come next post, and five hundred pounds on him, dead or alive, for piracy on high seas. It's him who took two Spanish towns as fine as Morgan ever did, and many's seen him at St. Thomas and St. Kitts."

"Pish, tush!" said Mr. Whistle. "And don't you frown at me now, Parson White. First it's the death of a serving wench and now it's an old wives' tale. Give my compliments to Captain Whetstone and say I'll pull his nose." He turned to Hannah and began to smile. "Would you care to see me pull his nose, my dear?"

Then she saw her grandfather was still smiling and rubbing at his lips, and she knew he thought as little as Mr. Whistle of pirates on the coast. She knew where his mind was running.

"Them Swales," said Goodman Scarlet—"them Swales. I wish't I could have seen him when he heard the news. No, them Swales ain't what they used to be."

Then his glance fell on Hannah Scarlet. She always knew he hated her, whenever their eyes met.

"You, Hannah," he said, "polish up the chargers. There may be guests before the evening meal."

The great room of the tavern was quite still again, growing shadowy and cool as the sun's rays began to slant. Hannah sat by the bare hearth, rubbing at the pewter with the white wood ash, and it all seemed like the turning of a page. Goodman Finch was gone with his saddlebags to the ferry, and everyone had followed to their houses and the farmsteads, except Mr. Whistle, who sat himself in a corner with a fine new pipe of clay. Yet in the silence of the ordinary room there seemed to be an echo of old voices and catches of old song, for its very silence seemed a reminder that it was the only place where tongues went loose in all that quiet town. A row of pewter drinking cans shone from their pegs with a strange, dim cheer, and flitches of bacon and hams swung from the rafters overhead like figures on a gibbet. Tom Indian came through the doorway bearing a willow basket filled with sawdust, which he sprinkled on the floor. Once, as he glanced toward her, she could understand the sadness in his eyes. Tom Indian was a slave boy brought up from the Carib Sea.

Her grandfather was standing at the open door staring at the tradesmen's signs above their street, and once again the air was filled with drying fish and new pine shavings and molasses. When Goodman Scarlet had hung a board above his tavern door with a blackamoor's head painted on it, there was more fact than poetic license in his choice. He had dabbled often in the exchange of rum for slaves. The blackamoor's head hung above him, creaking softly as it swung upon its staples. Farther up the street there was a great red glove for Enoch Gates, the tanner, and an anchor for the chandler's, a kettle for the tinker, scissors for a tailor, and a pole with a crimson stripe to show where the barber surgeon

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dwelt. The signs were as crude as the unpainted pine houses from which they hung No softening hand of age had smoothed their newness, but they were beautiful to Goodman Scarlet. He was old enough to remember when there had been no signs upon his street.

It must have been the silence in the room that made Hannah Scarlet start when she heard her grandfather's soft laugh; and then she saw that a man was passing by the door. She knew the gentleman's gray face and stooping shoulders, and his broadcloth coat, a trifle smooth and shiny at the sleeves. She knew, though he had never looked at her as long as she could remember, that it was Mr. Thomas Swale, who lived in the great Swale house. Mr. Thomas Swale, as he walked by, was staring at the wheel ruts on the street.

"Good evening to you!" called Goodman Scarlet. "Sad news you've had—sad news."

Mr. Whistle, seated in his corner, had laid down his pipe and was leaning forward, listening. Mr. Swale had halted, like a man who rests awhile beneath a burden, and Hannah thought the gentleman seemed very, very tired.

"Scarlet," he said—and his voice was gentle and precise, like Mr. Whistle's voice—"you've never wished me well."

"Ay," said Goodman Scarlet. "Ain't I so?"

Mr. Swale did not reply. You might have thought he had not heard as he turned his back and walked slowly up the street. Something in the way he did it, which Hannah Scarlet could not explain, was worse than any answer.

"Now, a pox go with you!" said Goodman Scarlet between his teeth. Hannah Scarlet sat motionless with a great pewter charger across her knees. All at once her hands were cold and her heart was in her throat. She always said it was the venom in her grandfather's voice that stirred her. His lips were twitching, his hands were trembling so that she thought that he was ill.

"Steady!" said Mr. Whistle. "Steady! It happened long ago."

It was a time when one believed in spells and in the witches' curse. There was something evil moving in that room, she always said, when those two were speaking, and she could see its shadow on Goodman Scarlet's face.

"Ah," he said, "and so you know it too."

Of course, she did not know what it was that Mr. Whistle knew, but she remembered how those two looked—Mr. Whistle graceful and deliberate, and her grandfather, in his soiled apron, heavy paunched, as plain as a heap of stone.

"Lord help you, friend," said Mr. Whistle, lifting up his pipe. "It's a small place we live in and little to give it spice. Everybody knows, and such things happen. Nature has her way."

Goodman Scarlet spat upon the floor and doubled up his fist.

"Ay," he said. "Yet there she sits in her chamber above this, spinning, weaving while her life goes by, and—blast him, did you see him turn his back? Did ye see the cursed face to him when he turned away?"

"Steady!" said Mr. Whistle. "Steady, man; keep down your voice before they hear you in the street. It's their disgrace as well as yours. They sent the lad away."

"Ay," said Goodman Scarlet; his face was deep crimson and he did not lower his voice, "and gave thanks when he was lost—damn their sneering faces!"

"Hush!" said Mr. Whistle. "There's one who's paid his price for drinking of your rum, and more, and that's young Swale. And hang me if I'll hear you cursing them. The Swales aren't what they used to be, and there's Swale blood in this room."

Then, though she did not look up, she knew their eyes were on her. She had a wish to cry out, but instead she sat very still. The words they had spoken were as meaningless to her then as snatches of voices carried on the breeze, and yet her mind was stirring the bitter silence that lay within her like a deep black pool.

"Now, peace." It was Mr. Whistle speaking coolly, gently. "I know more of the Swales than you. I've played with Swales, and fought with 'em, and sat with 'em above the salt. I know what's on your mind, but leave the Swales in peace, Scarlet, and think about your boats and beaver skins. The Swales are going down. The time may come when they are bought on the street, but you're not the man to push 'em."

"Ah!" cried Goodman Scarlet. "Ain't I so? So help me, there's none in your house sitting spinning, and shamed to show her face, for what Swales have done. Just give me the whip hand on 'em once. D'ye think I have fear? Give me the whip over 'em, is all I ask, and I'll lay on till their backs are welts. Give me one chance to put shame on 'em. That's all I ask—just one."

"Scarlet," said Mr. Whistle, "bring me a pannikin of rum. There's a good man, Scarlet. *Sacré*, but my head is buzzing, and now we talk on the broader tenets of philosophy and your face is round and benevolent as the moon. We talk of a great permanence and balance in the ether, and of eternal ebb and flow."

"Lord, sir," said Goodman Scarlet, "you are took in drink again."

"No," said Mr. Whistle—"no, not that." Perhaps for once Mr. Whistle was right. He leaned his back against the wall and exhaled a cloud of smoke. "I'm speaking of the Scarlets and the Swales, and all the world's made up of them. They live in every town, and there's a premise for you as sweet as any sermon. And what of the Scarlets? That's you, my friend—that's you—heavy on their feet and patient like the cattle. They're the ones who pay the piper for the music. They're the ones who work and build and make two grow where one grew last. They take no risks. They have no ups and downs. They are kind and they are mild, and all they want is peace. And what of the Swales? They're the ones who make the music, friend, and lead the pretty dance. They take what others may have gathered and toss it on the wind. They lead the Scarlets where no Scarlet dares go first, and beat them when they follow. They have no patience and no skill in useful toil and they have no mercy even for themselves. There's something in them, dressed in rags or silk, which you cannot bend nor break, or they would have been nothing long ago. Steel for Swale and lead for Scarlet, and steel cuts lead and lead wraps steel. The Swales have no mercy and no fear, but the Scarlets have them both. The Swales go high and fall, but Scarlets die in their beds."

Mr. Whistle paused and smiled, but his lips went upward sadly and there was melancholy in his eyes, as though his thoughts were sad, even when his voice was light.

"And what of the Whistles?" Goodman Scarlet said. Mr. Whistle sighed and took a pinch of snuff.

"The Whistles are not made for a land like this," he said. "We're well enough, but we're not lead or steel. You've heard me, Scarlet. Leave the Swales alone."

"Ay," said Goodman Scarlet, "talk as you've a mind. You wouldn't be the one to forget. Let me hold the whip. That's all I ask."

Mr. Whistle laughed mockingly and filled his pipe again.

"You haven't got the hardness," Mr. Whistle said. "You'd be too kind to use it, friend, if you had a whip or sword or ax. They're none of 'em your weapon."

The room was growing darker, for the sun was going down. From the western windows she could see it sink behind the hills across the river into the loneliness of unknown lands. The tide was at dead high, so that all the flats of mud and the marshes by the shore were mirrors of water reflecting the redness in the sky, and already the river mist, which always came of an evening, was rising along the shore in slow, curving ribbons of white. Hannah walked toward the windows to see it better, for she loved to see the river mist rising toward the waning

(Continued on Page 137)

They are Boys and Girls so short a time

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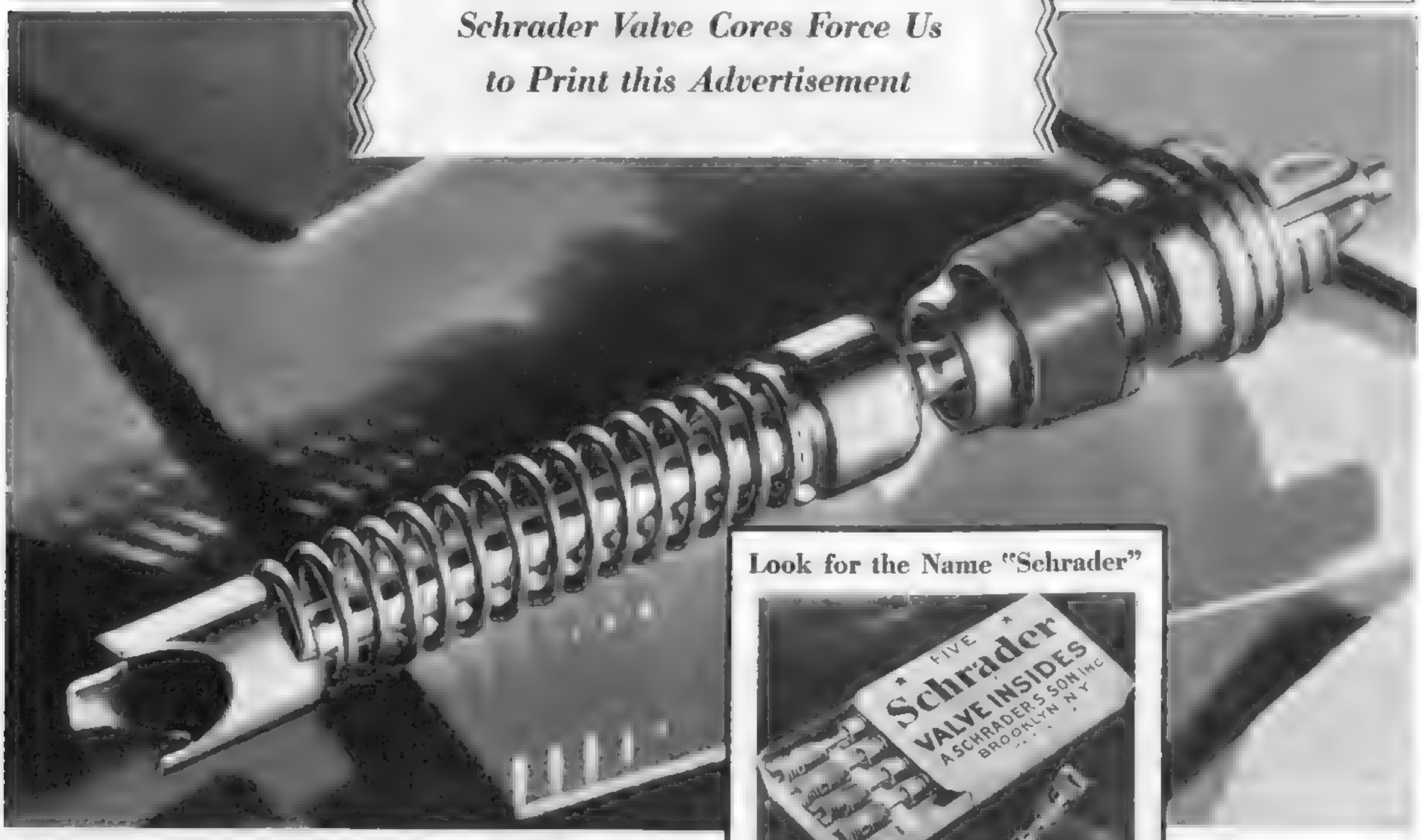

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(Continued from Page 134)

sun. It was blotting out the ugly smallness of the town and making it unstable and fantastic, like her thoughts. There were small ships at the wharves, being loaded with wood and fish; and now the mist was rising toward them, like an army of ghostly shapes, until vessels seemed like dream ships upon a cloud. Ribbons of mist were blowing toward the ropewalk beyond the tavern windows. Mist was moving against the sheds where molasses and pelts were stored, until you could almost think that all the vanished spirits which had once walked the shores were moving, impalpable and white.

Yes, there were shadows moving from the illimitable nothingness where all things went, Indian men and tall men in cloaks, witches, devils, angels, long canoes of white birch bark; for it was the hour, she used to think, when all who had ever been beside the river were fated to return. There was the train band which had marched to King Philip's War—she could see its ranks in the mist—and the crews from ships lost at sea and the souls of all who had prayed for a peaceful ending.

Then, all at once, although her back was turned, she knew that she and Mr. Whistle were alone. She knew that Mr. Whistle was looking at her as he would not have dared to look if they had not been alone, and she knew that she was good to look at, in spite of her bare legs and her homespun dress.

"Little wild flower," said Mr. Whistle. "Little wild flower."

As she turned at the sound of his voice she saw that his eyes were dark and deep, and filled with little lights, as the sun fills a dark pond in the forest.

"Ah," said Mr. Whistle, "do not be afraid because we're here alone."

She did not answer, because she could not find her voice. Mr. Whistle had not moved. He was sitting in the corner, leaning against the wall, and yet, for the first time she had ever known, Hannah Scarlet was afraid.

"Ah," said Mr. Whistle, "but you're beautiful. Now, thank the Lord for that! Neither you nor I were meant for this cursed lonely town."

"You'd best be getting home, sir." Her voice seemed to choke her when she spoke, and all at once in the midst of her fear she felt a sharp resentment. She knew he would not have spoken so to any other maid.

"You should have silks on you," said Mr. Whistle, "and stockings with sweet embroidered flowers. Stand so; just so that I may see you fair. The Scarlets are lead and the Swales are steel, but the Whistles are like the glass that I have seen in Venice, spun and fine and clear, like the stems of wine goblets. We break, but we're devilish sharp when we're broken—sharp as love and sharp as death. Give me a kiss now, sweet. Why do you start away?"

"It isn't right," she answered. "I thought—I thought ——" But she did not say what she thought. Mr. Whistle was on his feet, walking toward her, stepping very softly, with his voice as soft as his steps.

"Not right," said Mr. Whistle; "not when you have the beauty and the sweetness? Come and let me show you once, and you'll see how I mean."

Then she found that she was crying, choking with harsh sobs.

"I'll call," she said. "I'll call. You would not act so to another maid."

"Sweet," said Mr. Whistle, "ah, sweet; it's only passing fear. Why call? They'll only know it is the old hot blood. You've loved me, sweet, as I've loved you."

And Mr. Whistle had her in his arms and she thought that all the shadows in the room had seized upon her, that she was sinking in deep water, struggling in the dark. Her face was buried in the purple broadcloth of his coat as she tried to wrench away.

"Gad, what a wildcat!" she heard him say, and he was very strong. He held her so she could not breathe. Then all at once his grasp relaxed.

"The devil!" Mr. Whistle muttered. He must have seen what she could not see. Someone was entering from the street. Someone else was in the room.

Though Hannah said that it was dark, nevertheless she was certain that she had never seen the man before. Even in the dark she saw his clothes had a strange cut. The man was muffled in a cloak that stretched from his chin to well below his knees. A huge felt hat with a loose-hanging brim shaded his eyes and forehead. He spoke at once in a low metallic voice, with half a laugh and half a sneer.

"Is this a tavern," he inquired, "or is it a house of love?"

"It's both," said Mr. Whistle. "Curse your insolence!"

The stranger did not raise his voice, nor did he move, nor was it possible to see his face. Yet, when he spoke, Mr. Whistle drew back a step.

"Manners!" said the stranger. "Manners!"

There is one thing the Whistles of our town have always possessed, and that is courage—the blind sort of courage that blunders on until it is too late to stop.

"And who the devil are you?" said Mr. Whistle.

"A soul from purgatory!" the stranger said. "Come back to walk the earth."

"Then you better be getting back there," Mr. Whistle answered.

"When I go," the stranger said, "you'll not be the one to send me. Where's the host here?" And he clapped his hands.

Goodman Scarlet came at once, striding rapidly from his private room with a quill still in his fingers, and Hannah knew that he had been busy casting up accounts.

"Good evening to you, sir!" said Goodman Scarlet, for, like every host, he had an eye for gentlemen and he peered curiously through the dusk. . . . "You, Tom Indian, lead in the gentleman's horse."

"I have no horse," the stranger said.

Her grandfather was astonished then. She heard that rising inflection to his voice which the Scarlets still own today.

"Sure, you did not come afoot, sir? And there's no new vessel come across the bar."

"Does it matter how I came," the stranger asked, "if I bring you trade? It didn't use to matter in these parts, once. Bring me a pot of sack. I wish to rest."

"Right, sir!" said Goodman Scarlet. "Right, your honor. You come from these parts, then! Will you have some food?"

Those were the days of rough plenty, such as our town will never see again. "There's oysters from the Little River, sir," said Goodman Scarlet, "that can be roasted before the fire, or a slice of venison that can be grilled. It's fresh in from the woods. There's boiled sturgeon, sir, just out of this here river, and the sturgeon's very fine. There's pigeon, if you'd rather, or Indian corn and maple sirup?"

The stranger listened, standing motionless with his hat brim half across his face. "Bring me the pot of sack," he said. "I'll not eat now."

"Very good, sir!" said Goodman Scarlet. "You, Hannah, bring the candles."

When she lighted the candles on the great iron ring above the trestle table the room became warm and mellow, and it seemed to her that all the light fell upon the stranger and that he was the center of the room, exactly like a figure in a picture.

Mr. Whistle, with his lace and his silver buckles, seemed to fall away before him. Goodman Scarlet was as plain as pine walls when the candles were alight. The stranger's cloak, she saw, was a soft blue with a lining of red velvet. His hat had a clasp on it of red and blue stones which danced in the candlelight. As he seated himself on one of the pine benches he tossed his cloak from his right shoulder and she saw that he wore a coat of blue brocade that must have been splendid once, though it was very worn and ragged then. She remembered that there was tarnished gold lace on the edges of that coat and that there was a red sash about the stranger's waist which did not belong with the coat at all.

"The devil!" said Mr. Whistle beneath his breath.

"And what are you staring at?" the stranger asked.

"Your clothes," said Mr. Whistle. "You look like a bird of paradise."

"Give the gentleman what he wishes," the stranger said, and tossed a gold piece on the table.

There was no wonder that Mr. Whistle stared. Hannah Scarlet had never seen such a figure in a region where all dress was drab and plain; and it seemed to her that her grandfather had never seen such a man, for his eyes had narrowed and his mouth had fallen open. But if he wished to ask a question, he thought better of it. The stranger had removed his hat and the light fell on his face, and it was a face to make you start and to awaken you from dreams. It was neither young nor old, and the marks of weather were on it, making it a reddish brown. The nose was long and straight, the forehead was high and narrow, and about the corners of the lips were little violent curves, so that you could imagine the whole face changing from placidity to fury. Perhaps the face had been handsome once, but now it was marked by smallpox, and a scar above the left eye had half closed the eye itself into a puckered, humorless grimace.

"The devil!" said Mr. Whistle very softly.

"Manners," said the stranger. "Manners. I'm not here to pick a quarrel."

"There, sir!" said Goodman Scarlet. And Hannah noticed that his face had gone quite white and that he, too, was staring. "You mustn't mind the young gentleman; he's had a drop too much, and you know what young men are."

"Yes," said the stranger. But he never took his eyes from Mr. Whistle. "I know what young men are and you'll have your own face marked, sir, before you're through." He raised his cup slowly to his lips. "Ah," he said, "the town has changed, but the bad liquor hasn't."

"You come from these parts then, sir?" said Goodman Scarlet.

"Damn your curiosity!" the stranger said. "Never mind whence I come. And you"—he nodded toward Mr. Whistle—"keep your eyes off me or damme, you won't have any eyes to keep! Ay"—he raised his cup again—"the town has changed. You've two new wharves and another ropewalk."

"Sure, sir," said Goodman Scarlet, "they've been here the last ten years. The Lord has been good to us. There's a fine trade with the Indies. . . . I see you follow the sea."

"Friend," said the stranger, "the less you see the better; and that goes for you, young will-o'-the-wisp"—turning to Mr. Whistle. "I know the face of you; you're a Whistle, and Whistles are always getting into trouble. Tell me." The eyes in his scarred face were very light in color as he turned from Mr. Whistle back to Goodman Scarlet. "Men come and go, I've noticed; a town like this won't hold 'em. All the wild ones will leave it for wilder places. Tell me what of a family here—the Swales."

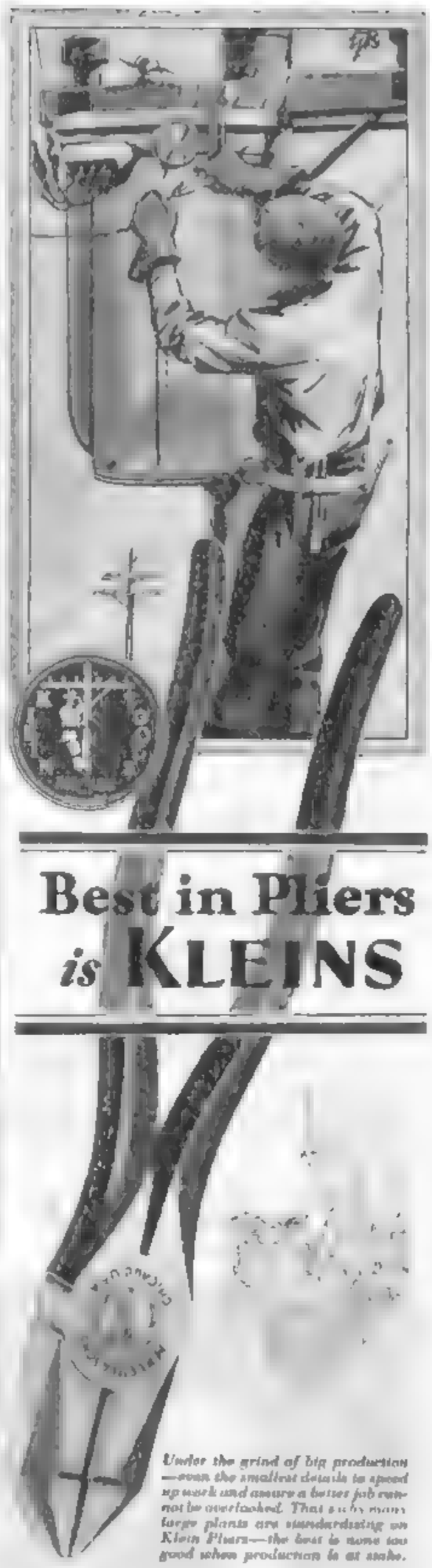
"The Swales?" said Goodman Scarlet. "Have you aught against them, sir?"

"Old man," said the stranger, "you fat, old chucklehead, you must be hard of hearing. Keep your curiosity to yourself. What about the Swales?"

"Ah, sir," said Goodman Scarlet, "the Swales ain't what they used to be. Now, you take old Richard Swale, if you should mind him—him who was with the first plantation. He was a pretty gentleman, if a nasty one and sharp of temper. But now, Mr. Thomas Swale, you might say he has misfortunes. He don't handle men right; he don't hold fast to what he's got, and the old place is divided up amongst other Swales—grandchildren and what not. The Swales ain't what they used to be."

The stranger set down his pewter can crash upon the table. "Did you hear me, sir?" he said to Mr. Whistle. "Take your eyes from my face."

Mr. Whistle was on his feet. He had reached his hand inside his coat. "Gad,"



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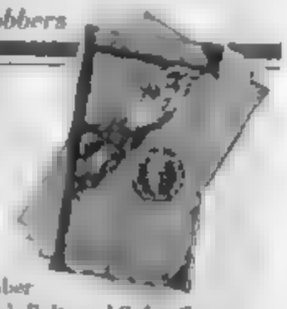

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said Mr. Whistle, "I know you now! There's nothing like putting two and two together, and you fit it to a *T*. Steady, sir!"

The stranger had jumped up and the pine bench crashed behind him.

"Stand easy, sir!" cried Mr. Whistle. "I know you now!" And just then Mr. Whistle withdrew his hand from beneath his coat. He was holding a small pistol, cocked and ready. "Scarlet," he said, "run for the door and call. We've Captain Whetstone here."

For an instant Goodman Scarlet stood like a pile of stone. "Lord help us, sir," he gasped. "It isn't him, the pirate?"

"Get to the door!" Mr. Whistle was saying. At last his voice was trembling with excitement. "You heard Finch here not two hours ago, Pockmarked face and scar on the left eye. Steady you; I'm primed and cocked. The Whistles are glass, but they're devilish sharp. . . . Get to the door and call for help."

They made a strange picture, standing in the candlelight; Mr. Whistle rising from the table, his eyes like pin points, his pistol steady in his hand. There was no wonder that Goodman Scarlet still stared fascinated and did not move. It seemed impossible that it was true, and yet there was no doubt.

The stranger was also standing; his right hand still grasped his pewter can of sack. There was no doubt, now that Mr. Whistle had spoken. The blue cloak and the tarnished lace told who he was; all his outlandish, tawdry splendor told it. And even Hannah Scarlet knew there could be no two men with such a face.

The stranger's eyes were on Mr. Whistle's eyes as they stared at each other across the trestle table. The stranger's lips were moving upward.

"Gad," he said, "you're clever. So the hue and cry is got here."

Mr. Whistle laughed lightly. "Clever and sharp," he said. "The Whistles are always sharp. . . . Call out the door, Scarlet; he's worth five hundred pounds."

"You're a cool young man," said the stranger. "Cool as ice. Yes, I'm Captain Whetstone and I've had pistols at my face and knives at my throat. Do you think in all honesty you can take me, friend?"

"Ay," said Mr. Whistle, "and don't you budge a hair."

"Because you can't," said Captain Whetstone. "There's a trick in every trade."

Hannah Scarlet always said his hand moved so fast you could scarcely see it move. There was a splash and that was all.

"Ah," said the stranger, "you should have held up your left hand to keep the priming dry."

He had tossed his can of sack upon the lock of Mr. Whistle's pistol.

"And now," he said, "keep back from that door and you, girl, close it and drop the bar." And he smiled at Mr. Whistle. "Ay," he said, "let your hand guard the priming when there's liquor on the table."

Hannah Scarlet might have laughed at another time to see Mr. Whistle's amazement, but the presence of that tall man in the light blue cloak changed humor into silent fascination. He did not move, she always said. He did not even bother to draw a weapon. He had only flicked a cup of wine on Mr. Whistle's pistol, but there was something so menacing in his immobility that it held them deathly still. Even Mr. Whistle did not speak but only held that useless weapon in his hand.

"Gently," said the stranger, "gently now. Not a scream from you, girl; not a single little shriek. Tiptoe, tiptoe, softly as a mouse. I'm not made to hang when I can help it. And now, old man"—he turned to Scarlet—"move beneath the light where I can see you. So, you're not much changed."

Then he moved a step backward very quickly and his head went back.

"So," he said, "we've company. Who's that upon the stair?"

"Please, your honor"—Goodman Scarlet's voice was shaking—"it's only —— Please, your honor."

"Damn your rattling teeth!" said Captain Whetstone. "Answer me now. Are soldiers out? They hunted Quelch's men like water rats, I've heard told. No tricks now. Who's that upon the stairs?"

"Please, your honor," stammered Goodman Scarlet, "there's naught I've heard of soldiers. There's no tricks here." And then he stopped.

"It's only my mother, please, your honor," said Hannah Scarlet, and her voice was hardly more than a whisper. "She's the only one above the stairs. They enter from that door."

Just as she spoke the door to the stairway opened and Captain Whetstone fell back another step. Sure enough, her mother was standing there, staring at Mr. Whistle in a puzzled way, for Mr. Whistle still held his pistol. Then she looked at Goodman Scarlet. "What is it?" she asked. "I heard the noise."

And then she saw Captain Whetstone, bareheaded in the candlelight, and she knew him. There was no doubt her mother knew him, though her face was still as stone. Hannah heard her mother draw her breath in a quick, sharp gasp.

"Micah!" said her mother. "Micah Swale!"

Something had happened to Captain Whetstone. The blood had left his cheeks, leaving his face ghastly and sunken, all pits and scars.

"Lord," he said in a hollow voice. "I never thought you'd know who I was, my dear." And then she would have fallen if he had not put his arm around her. "Yes," he said, "it's Ulysses come back to Ithaca. I wished to see Penelope before I died."

That was all he said; he never told where he had been. Perhaps there was no need to tell. He only stood with his arm about her, rigid and deathly white.

"There," he said. "Are you better now? I am not fit to touch you, dear, but I wanted to see your face."

Goodman Scarlet was the first to speak. "Master Micah!" he was saying. "Master Micah Swale!"

Then Mr. Whistle also spoke. "Lord, sir," he cried, "if you'd only said you were a Swale I'd not have raised my hand. So it's you they sent away?"

"Lord," gasped Goodman Scarlet, "strange are thy ways in the eyes of men. And it's glad they were to think you dead, rather than to wed a girl of mine."

Captain Whetstone looked at him; the color was back in his face. "It was not my fault I left," he said.

"No," said Goodman Scarlet, "not your fault! Curse them Swales!"

Yes, the color was back again in Captain Whetstone's face, but he was like a man who had drunk a bitter draught, and even Hannah Scarlet could tell that something had happened which had shocked them all. It seemed to her that everyone had a look such as they might have worn if some costly piece of china had been hurled upon the floor and hopelessly smashed into fragments. And surely there was something there, invisible, but broken.

"Your pardon," said Captain Whetstone gently. "I'd have never come here if I'd thought you'd know. There's shame enough and pain enough. And I should not blame the Swales. Everyone acts according to their breed."

"Suppose," said Mr. Whistle, and he coughed to clear his throat—"suppose we have a round of rum."

"No," said Captain Whetstone, "I best be going now."

"Going!" Suddenly her mother moved toward him, looking very ill and pale. "Why be you going, Micah, when you've just got home?"

Captain Whetstone opened his lips to speak and closed them at once; then he looked sharply, almost pleadingly, from Mr. Whistle back to Goodman Scarlet.

"Business, my dear," he said. "Don't ask me what. . . . And you, it would be kinder not to tell her."

"Right," said Mr. Whistle. "We'll not tell." *(Continued on Page 141)*

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How about this little package! FIVE OUNCES of Campfires for only 10c. The Campfire Handy Package. Try it. It has all the exclusive features of the 1-lb. Family Package *—guaranteed freshness of* every marshmallow

(Continued from Page 138

But perhaps her mother knew without their telling, for suddenly she threw her arms about his neck. "I love you," she said. "I love you, Micah Swale."

"I wish—" said Captain Whetstone, "I wish you had not told me that."

"But you'll be back!" her mother cried. "Promise, you'll be back!"

"My dear," said Captain Whetstone, "I'll do the best I can." And his face was drawn in sudden pain, as though someone had struck him. "The long boat's by the marsh," he said. "I best be going back."

"Lord," said Goodman Scarlet suddenly, "if them Swales could only hear of it! I'd like to see them Swales!"

Captain Whetstone turned slowly toward him. "You hold them in the hollow of your hand," he said. "Tell them. I won't blame you. You can kill the old man if you tell him who I am."

Goodman Scarlet sighed and looked hard at the sawdust floor. "Ay," he said, "them Swales. But rest you easy, master; I won't tell."

Suddenly Mr. Whistle was laughing beneath his breath. "It's what I said," he murmured. "The Scarlets have the mercy, not the Swales. Are you leaving, sir? I'll walk with you down the track. Keep the brim of your hat well down. You'll want to see the town."

"Ay," said Captain Whetstone, "I'll want to see the town, because our town's a fair place very fair."

Mr. Whistle was moving toward the door, but Captain Whetstone did not follow.

"Wait," he said. "Put up your helm."

Mr. Whistle whirled about, but Captain Whetstone had not moved. He stood with his hands beneath his cloak, looking Mr. Whistle grimly up and down. The scar by his eye made him seem to be winking at some sly, secret jest.

"Here," said Mr. Whistle. "What the devil's blowing now?"

Captain Whetstone moved his left hand from beneath his coat. He was holding a small kid pouch.

"Friend," said Captain Whetstone, "did you hope to come out unscarred when you ran afoul of me? Take that and place it in your pocket. You may be alive to open it before I'm through."

Mr. Whistle took the pouch and weighed it in his hand. The color ran out of his cheeks at last, though Captain Whetstone had not moved.

"Now, what the devil " he began. "There's stones inside."

"Manners," said Captain Whetstone. "Manners " He turned to Goodman Scarlet and for a moment his left eye seemed to be entirely closed. "Go out and fetch a parson." He turned back to Mr. Whistle. "You're going over the side, my friend, one way or the other."

"A parson?" said Goodman Scarlet. "Did you say a parson, sir?"

"Ay," said Captain Whetstone. "Fetch him and his Book."

And then Hannah Scarlet started. Captain Whetstone's glance was on her. She could seem to see deep behind his eyes and behind the pock marks and the scar, and she knew that he was looking at her kindly, speaking to her kindly although he did not speak—telling her not to be afraid.

"You," he said to Mr. Whistle, pointing to a space on the sawdust floor, "move over there smart when I speak—and you, girl, stand beside him. And you, my dear ——" He turned to Hannah's mother, and his face and voice were different. "Will you join me behind the door? It will be the family pew."

"Micah," gasped Hannah's mother, "what do you mean to do?"

"Hush!" said Captain Whetstone. "It will be as right as rain. Did you hear me? Fetch the parson—the pale one I saw when I walked here. And you, my friend—I'll be just behind the door—stand so until he comes, and when he comes, ask him to marry you."

"How?" cried Mr. Whistle. "Marry me?"

"Yes," said Captain Whetstone, "right and proper. You love her and she loves you. I heard you say it. Stand, I told you, and when he comes, ask him, and if ye don't—if you move, friend—I'm behind this door, and I'll drop ye like a potted goose." And suddenly he laughed softly.

"So there you be, my bucko. There's been too much here that's been fast and loose. You'll be an honest man before I pull my hat down and we walk out. Mind what I've told you, if you love the air and sun."

Perhaps Mr. Whistle's blank astonishment, or perhaps his own thoughts, made that apparition of a man break once more into laughter.

"Yes," he said, "the youth of this town is wild and overfree, and I'm one who should know it, but I'll save you, friend. I'll save you, though it's too late to save myself. I'm Conscience and I'm Justice, friend, and I'm where they always should be—just behind the door."

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Our American Merchant Marine Under Private Operation

(Continued from Page 25)

require larger crews, for while ships of your big companies are all oil burners today, many of ours still use coal. We are building new ones now with Diesel engines, fast as we can. For our Japanese travel increase quite fast and we get nearly all of it, both to Europe and this coast. We get also best of our high-class freight, and our export trade grow all the time. Our manufacturers in Japan can't compete with your mass production here, but we export to you mainly silk; so in dollars we sell to you more than we buy.

"Chinese trade also soon increase. Chinese people slow to change and they take much time to unite, but South Chinese are in saddle now and South China is all for foreign trade. It is hard to develop their industries, but possibly they will soon attract much American financial aid. And this may increase your trade with them. But do not forget that recent increase of American-China trade was partly due to Chinese boycott against Great Britain and Japan, and as such misunderstandings cease we shall compete with you hard as before. Still, China is so big and rich land that the thing we all need most to do—Great Britain, United States and Japan—is to coöperate to help develop Chinese industries."

That same day I had a talk with a British marine engineer.

"I doubt if your merchant marine will grow in the offshore trade," he said, "for competition will soon increase. Great Britain, Japan and other nations who live by the sea will strain every nerve to keep their old places. We must. It is our very life. With you it is different. You have your rich interior where big profits are still to be made. There are no big profits on the sea. Ten per cent is the utmost a man can expect, and he is far from sure of that. Moreover, we improve so fast the types of boats we build that a shipowner must get the whole cost of his vessel back in ten years, for after that she will be scrapped. So I say it's a hard and risky trade. And why should Americans take to the sea when they can make more money ashore?"

Ships to Fit the Trade

"The competition will be keen," agreed an American shipping man, "for our merchants care little what flag a boat flies. They will ship on the line that gives the best service at the lowest possible rate. We are able to give such service, but the cost of shipbuilding here is too high. The Jones-White Bill has offset that, but I doubt if public sentiment would support government aid of that kind to such an enormous number of ships as those in the British merchant marine. For although we learned in the war that we needed ships to protect our commerce and for national defense, we now have ships enough for that.

"But our merchant marine will not decline. Against the growing competition we'll combine in big units and stay on the sea even though the profits are small. For profits aren't the only thing. Thousands of us love ships still, and the very problems of world trade only whet our appetites. The harder the nut, the more fun to crack it. For we are an efficiency race and we lead the world in the very thing that is most needed in shipping today—the readiness to scrap what is old to put something better in its place. To succeed with ships in the future we'll have to work out the best unit of size and the best possible engines. Till now we've been fitting the trade to the ships. Instead, we will build them to fit the trade. Our higher wages will be offset by the greater efficiency we will evolve both in the vessels and their crews, who will be specialized mechanics. Meanwhile we'll be improving ashore our organizations for getting trade."

The Dollar Company is a good example of improved organization ashore. "Although Stanley Dollar is the dynamo of the business now," one of their competitors said, "the old captain is still right on the job, and he is the great balance wheel and guiding hand of the whole concern."

Captain Dollar told me: "On our service around the world we've met one funny little problem. I thought I had foreseen everything, for I used to shut my eyes and see those ships in every port, but one point I missed, for it had happened to no ship in the world before. Running only one way—always west—our boats kept the same side to the sun, with the result that down in the sea the light striking through made the grass grow on the sunny side about twice as fast as it did on the other. To get rid of it means, of course, more frequent scraping; a bothersome job."

"How about air travel?" I asked.

Just Trying to Learn

"Oh, I've thought of that," he said, "and I'm not afraid of their competition, for they will never carry freight and their passenger rates will be higher than ours. They won't hurt us, they will help us; for we are helped by anything that tends to bring closer together all the peoples of the globe. We are already planning to build landing platforms on some of our ships, so that the mails can be taken by air three or four hours out of each port. It isn't the air that worries me. The problem we keep facing is this: Since ships are improving all the time, how build one that will stand up to competition ten years hence? What size, what speed, what fuel, what engines? Motor ships? We can't be sure. So now I've got to go aboard and try to learn. I don't say 'learn,' I say 'try to learn,' for it's a complicated job, full of technicalities. Still, I must try to master it all. The other day a big new steamer, named the California and costing $7,000,000, sailed out of here on her first trip. She had been built in this country with a turbo-electric drive. That's the big new thing these days—what we are all asking about. So I went with her down to San Pedro and I was able to learn a lot. But what I still have left to learn would fill a heavy volume."

His companion on that trip gave me this account of it:

"Although he is nearly eighty-five he spent the whole afternoon in the engine room. It was hot as blazes down there, but he took no notice of that. He had put on overalls, and he'd even get down on hands and knees to look in between the boilers. He knew just what he wanted to see and kept asking questions all the time: What speed could they get in all kinds of weather and how much fuel did it take? And we kept writing figures down. That night we spent about two hours more with the chief engineer, checking up on performance and fuel consumption. And after that the captain went all over it again with me. I don't know how late he'd have worked that night if his wife had not been there. She sat there knitting, and a little after ten o'clock she persuaded him to go to bed. But when that boy gets through with a ship, believe me, that ship has been examined!"

I went down to the Dollar wharves on the Embarcadero one afternoon, and in a long shadowy pier shed saw stacks of cargo just discharged by a big freighter from the Far East. Bales of hemp and bags of rice, Honolulu pineapples, and coconuts from the Philippines, huge timbers of mahogany, bales of leaf tobacco and tea, boxes of ginger, barrels of soy and many kinds of spices, some of them from India. In the soft dim light they filled the air with fragrant odors. Stuff from the Orient. Import trade. Soon it would all be rushed

(Continued on Page 145)

A GREAT AMERICAN AIRPORT

now takes rank with CROYDON, LE BOURGET, TEMPELHOF

2500 FEET CLEAR LANDING and take-off space in eight directions. 3600 feet in the direction of the prevailing wind. Field, grass-covered sandy-loam. Take-off strips. Natural and perfect drainage in all seasons permitting landings on any part of the field at any time.

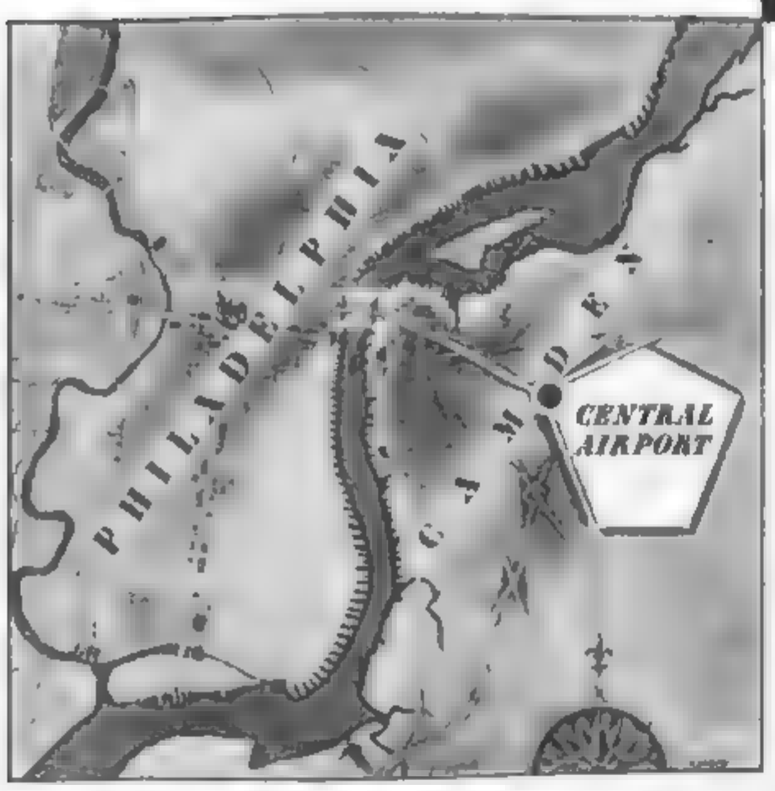
FIRE-PROOF, heated hangars, 242' x 132', with 20' overhead clearance. Macadam platforms and taxi strips.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING containing waiting, rest and baggage check rooms, ticket offices, restaurant, dispensary, pilots' room, operations offices, radio station, weather and observation tower.

FIVE MAIN HIGHWAYS converge at Central Airport: the White Horse Pike to Atlantic City; the Marlton Pike to Spring Lake and Lakehurst; the New Jersey State Highway to New York; Kaighn Avenue, to center of Camden, Crescent Boulevard to Delaware River Bridge and Philadelphia business district.

NOW OPERATING at Central Airport: the first Wright Aeronautical Service Station; Curtiss Flying Services; Ludington Flying Services, distributors for Keystone-Loening, Travel Air, Waco, Fairchild and Curtiss Aircraft.

TWO SWIMMING POOLS, one for adults, one for children, adjoining the field. Parking space for more than 4000 cars.



PHILADELPHIA-CAMDEN

THERE has been no American airport to compare with Croydon, Le Bourget and Tempelhof, for none has combined the essentials of strategic location, ready accessibility, adequate space and complete facilities. But today there is a new American airport ready and worthy to take its place among the finest in the world. It is the Central Airport, in the Philadelphia-Camden district.

Neither Croydon nor Le Bourget is so accessible. For the Delaware River Bridge and the ten-car-wide Crescent Boulevard place the Central Airport a scant fifteen minutes from the very center of Philadelphia.

Surrounding Central Airport, within a radius of a hundred miles, are the financial, political, industrial and pleasure capitals of the United States. Central Airport's location is perfect in its relation to business, commerce and the great rail and marine transportation systems.

In area Central Airport conforms in every respect to the requirements of the Department of Commerce's highest rating. And every detail of equipment has been deliberately planned to provide the Central Airport with the most complete and modern facilities known.

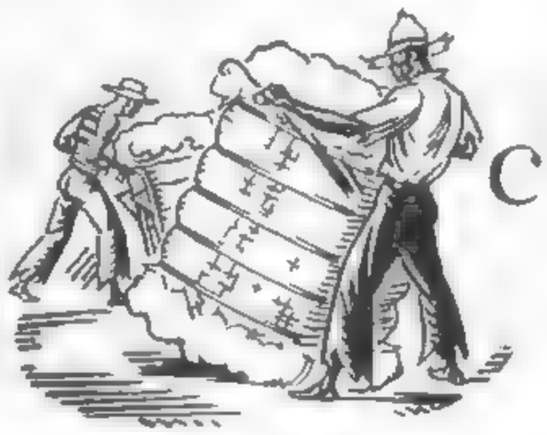
Aviation men conceived Central Airport. They selected its site, financed its purchase, developed it, and now own and operate it. Central Airport is not merely for local or sectional needs. It has been created to serve the great transport lines to the West, the South, the North, and for those flying fleets that must soon arrive from across the seas.

For the manufacturer and distributor of aircraft there is adjacent land for factories; space for offices and street-front showrooms; raw and manufactured materials; highly skilled, trained aviation labor; and a vast market for aircraft and flying service just awakening to the tremendous part aviation will take in its business, financial, social and professional life.

Detailed information about Central Airport will be furnished any organization requesting it. Central Airport, Inc., 538 Fidelity-Philadelphia Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

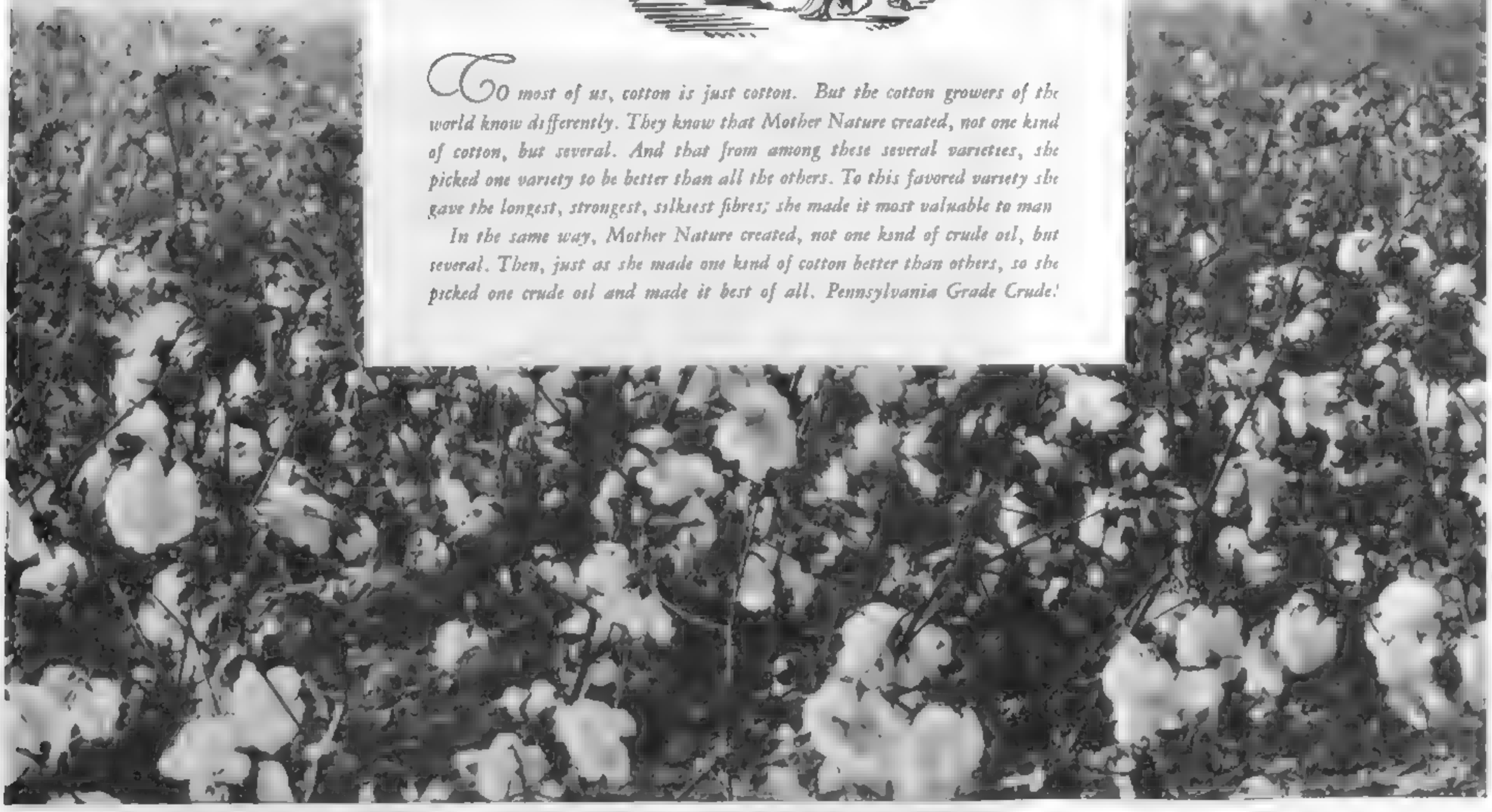
CENTRAL AIRPORT

How Mother Nature picked cotton



To most of us, cotton is just cotton. But the cotton growers of the world know differently. They know that Mother Nature created, not one kind of cotton, but several. And that from among these several varieties, she picked one variety to be better than all the others. To this favored variety she gave the longest, strongest, silkiest fibres; she made it most valuable to man

In the same way, Mother Nature created, not one kind of crude oil, but several. Then, just as she made one kind of cotton better than others, so she picked one crude oil and made it best of all. Pennsylvania Grade Crude!



PENNSYLVANIA GRADE

—chosen by Nature to be "The finest crude oil in the world"

Mother Nature made this one crude oil of finer materials—unsullied by tar, asphalt and sulphur compounds. She made it richer, far richer in lubricating value

With such a headstart in quality, it is not surprising that, given proper refining, Pennsylvania Grade Crude yields the finest lubricating oils known to man. Oils that are longer-lived, that will not break down under the sustained heat of modern machinery. Use these oils in automobile, airplane, tractor or motor boat engine, in locomotive, turbine or stationary machinery—use them for the most difficult lubricating jobs—in every case, they will give better service, longer service

In an automobile motor, these lubricants give, under normal conditions, at least 1,000 miles of super-lubrication to a filling. They effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption, prolong the life of your motor

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil, along with the maker's individual brand or trade mark. This emblem is your proof that the oil is made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The individual brand or trade mark is your assurance of careful refining.

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114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa
Please send me the booklet, "$1000 Worth of Information on motor oil."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 142)

away. And meanwhile the big freighter was being loaded with motor cars, pig lead, leather, hardware, canned milk and fruits and vegetables, phonographs and thousands of radio sets, bound for ancient cities and towns and even little villages that had never heard such things before.

At a pier close by, a President liner was ready to start. Her upper decks along the dock were crowded with Americans and her steerage was densely packed with Oriental travelers, while all over the vessel I met white-suited stewards and cabin boys, Filipinos and Chinese. In the galleys, odorless, spotlessly clean, I found an old Cantonese chef and his staff. All Americans in the engine room and in various other parts of the ship. I went up on the bridge. From the big black stack, with its broad red band on which was the white dollar sign, hot black smoke was pouring now. The last few hundred bags of mail came swooping up in huge rope slings. "To Shanghai!" somebody shouted below. And next: "To Honolulu!" Going down again to the pier I found some little Chinese women; some of them laughing, others crying. One of them looked very old. With thick gray hair and broad stooped shoulders, dwarfed and wrinkled, yellow-skinned, bare-headed, in black silk coat and trousers, she stood smiling fixedly up at a Chinese girl passenger on the steerage deck with a tiny black-haired boy in her arms.

"Two minutes to four!" said my companion. "Now watch this vessel go to sea!"

Slowly the main gangplank was being lowered to the pier. Then the long yellow boom of a derrick swung around back to the ship. Down a slender ladder near by came three little men. The ladder swooped up and the stern and forward hawsers splashed into the water below. I caught sight of an officer's hand from the bridge, and I glanced at my watch. Four on the dot. And at that instant the roar of the liner, deep and hoarse, burst on the air.

"Watch her move!" said the voice at my side. And in less than half a minute more she was moving as fast as we could walk. The bent old woman on the dock kept staring up with that same fixed smile at the girl with the tiny black-haired boy as they were swept out of her view. But no one paid any attention to that. For this was America; this was rush and efficiency 100 per cent; this was another Dollar ship off to the East and sailing on time!

Something to Set Your Watch By

In his office on the pier I met their operating superintendent.

"Our god is schedule," he declared, "for everything depends on that. It often means working straight around the clock; for sometimes winter storms make it hard for a vessel to get in here on time, and if she is a little late we have to make up for it. We've made tonnage records that we can be proud of. The President McKinley had a little shaft trouble once and had to go to dry dock, so she didn't reach here till two P.M. She was due to sail the next day at four. In those twenty-six hours we loaded more than 9000 tons by using barges and working both off and on shore all night, with two gears for each of her hatches. So she was able to sail on time. This January our round-the-world ships complete their fifth year, with about 130 sailings out of this port. Only once a ship left three minutes late, and that was because her whistle jammed.

"We can't claim full credit here; it's due to our whole organization. All over the world, afloat and ashore, we employ about 10,000 men. All promotions are from the next grade below, and bonuses at Christmas go to the entire organization. In our recruiting we start as cadets American boys of about eighteen. There's no trouble at all in finding young Americans who love the sea. They come from school or college, ship with us for a definite period, and many come back later to stay. Others work up from our crews to be quartermasters first and then junior officers. We get our dock labor from the local stevedores. We train dock superintendents here for our foreign ports of call, and with our Oriental ports we keep in touch day and night. Beyond Singapore the dock operating is done by local agencies, but again in Egypt, Italy, Boston, New York and Havana it comes back under our control. The messages pour in all day and often to my home at night. We've a wireless plant on every ship and we're planning now for a short-wave radio control around the world, with a tower on our skyscraper here, so that we can talk to our captains at sea all around the globe.

"The two main reasons for our success are old Captain Dollar and Stanley, his son. The son is a human dynamo and the father is the youngest man of eighty-five I ever met. He loves the sea. When he isn't off around the world he comes down here two or three times a week. When a vessel docks he gets right ahold of the captain, the steward and chief engineer, and what he doesn't want to know has nothing to do with the running of ships."

The Captain From Missouri

That same afternoon I talked with the superintending engineer.

"Each of our vessels out of this port sails at four P.M.," he said, "and is out of the Gate by 4:35. We run on schedule; so on every ship we've got to have reliability, and we make a rigid inspection on each boat that comes in. The President Hayes was sideswiped once by a British vessel in New York. Her chief made temporary repairs and then came on down through the Canal, but first he mailed me from New York a set of photos of the damage; and since, of course, we have detailed drawings here of every ship, I could size up what was needed. So I kept the wires hot to the mills and got the necessary new parts down to San Pedro to meet her there. I took down a gang of mechanics, too, and we worked on the voyage up. So we saved her about ten days' delay.

"'Keep 'em on schedule,' says the old captain. 'Expense is nothing. Keep 'em on time!'

"On nearly every boat that comes in, he goes with me down below to make sure the boilers are all tight, because if salt gets into them they will go like firecrackers. So he'll ask: 'Well, chief, how are your boilers? And how about your condensers? Sure there is no salt in the tubes?' And merely asking isn't enough. Often he will see for himself. Then he'll work way in through the shaft tunnels and have a look at the stern gland and ask how the line shaft is running. From there he'll come back to the fire room and look under the boilers, too; have floor plates lifted so he can see the condition of tank tops and boiler supports. He'll look into the storeroom, last but not least, for he knows you can generally judge a man by the condition of that room. Are his parts all in order, where he can put his hand on 'em in a hurry? For you're often in quite a hurry at sea."

While we talked, three draftsmen were at work on plans for ships and parts of ships.

"We're always working on plans," he said. "Nothing may come of it, but again we may work out something mighty worth while. We're having four vessels overhauled thoroughly now at Newport News, so we've sent one of our men out there. We check up on any new building too. Here's a design for a new ship. She may be built soon—I don't know. Captain Dollar has inspected this plan carefully a number of times, especially that of her engine room, for when you get into the big horse powers you've got to go to the steam turbo-electric drive, and we keep always planning for that. That's why the old gentleman took that trip to Los Angeles on that new ship. He's from Missouri on these things; he always likes to see for himself."

Before leaving the pier, I saw the chief steward.

"Food supplies for one trip around the world cost considerable," he said. "Most of it we buy right here. Our California grapefruit, oranges and apples will go clear around the globe and come back as good as when they left. Our vegetables and salads will travel as far as Suez, and meanwhile along the route we give out samples to people ashore. You've no idea what a few fresh tomatoes or a head of lettuce will accomplish in the Orient. People had never seen them there until our vessels came along.

"The Jones-White Bill requires that 50 per cent of all our crews must be American citizens. And they are, but they're in the other departments. Mine are mostly all Chinese, with a few Filipinos and Japanese. Our Cantonese cooks are a quick, bright lot, from families that have been sea cooks for several generations. Many come to us as boys. On every vessel we have a chief cook, chief baker and chief pantry man, and a number-one boy in charge of all stewards for cabins and dining saloons. They're a good steady crowd, they never drink and they're clean, they keep scrubbing all the time. They work quietly, too, and take pride in their jobs. If you ever find fault it breaks their hearts. Their only vice is fan-tan. Nobody could make them give that up, but they don't let the game interfere with their work.

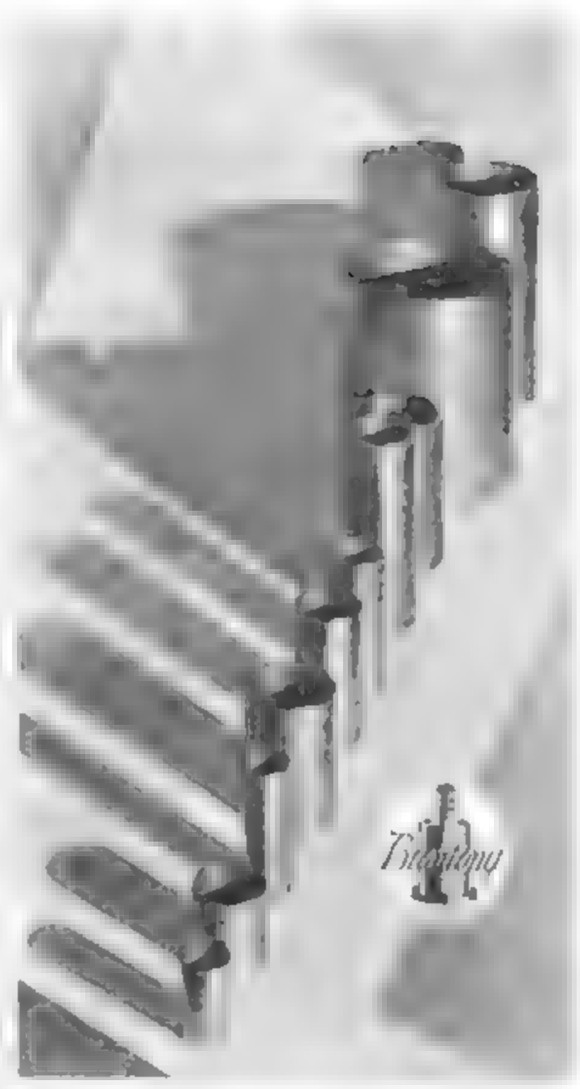
"Captain Dollar watches every ship. When he gets through with the captain and chief, he comes to me and we start right out. He'll stop in at a cabin here and there and have a good close look at it. Then he'll go to the pantries, storerooms, galleys, bake shop and ice boxes; for he knows you can judge a steward best by the condition his coolers are in. Though he started in the passenger trade when he was nearly eighty years old, there's mighty little about it that the old gentleman hasn't learned."

I heard many other stories of rush all over the big building. Stanley Dollar was so crowded with work that he could give me little time, and, except for the private office of old Captain Dollar himself, the place that interested me most was a small room just down the hall, to which he went often during the day to see his traffic manager. This man's thoughts, when I was there, kept leaping off all over the earth. They had to. Doors kept opening and men and boys kept bringing in messages from a world of commerce, clamorous and demanding speed. They gave me glimpses of streams of trade shifting and changing all the time, with congestion here and a slackening there, impatient shippers to satisfy here, there cargoes to fill up the gaps. Demands, demands—he seemed to enjoy them. His telephone kept buzzing too. But between interruptions he talked to me.

Shoes and Ships and Sealing-Wax

"The quickest way to give you a bird's-eye view of all our freights is to go around the world," he said. He started and I followed him. "We'll begin in the Middle West. From Chicago we take harvesters, reapers, tractors, plows and iron beds; from St. Louis, ore dredges and sugar-mill machinery for the Philippines; and from Detroit, automobiles. Then in New York we get sewing machines, phonographs, radios, telephones, all kinds of manufactured goods, and dyestuffs, our most valuable freight. From there we come around to this coast, leave quite a lot of cargo here and top off with stuff for the Far East—motor tires and automobiles, sardines and fruits and vegetables.

"Then we go to the Orient, and our transpacific boats bring back hemp, sugar, copra and mahogany from the Philippines, silk from China and Japan, and tea and coffee, spices, jute, gunnies, walnuts, peanuts—also rubber from Singapore; while our other vessels around the world take also cotton from Japan, and toys, novelties, manufactured goods; and from China, hides and skins and furs, pongee silk, antimony, tungsten, mineral ores, coconut oil, eggs, soy and ginger; from Manila, cigars and tobacco, grass linens and furniture, reed and rattan. Then from Singapore,



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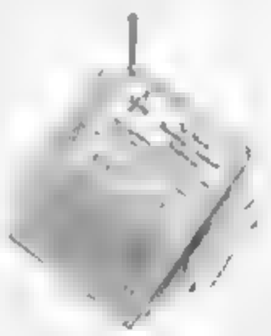
Not many years ago every one of these 450 "Ready Made" bronze bearings was "made-to-order" from the blue prints of our customers. The fact that they are now supplied as needed from great stocks constantly maintained at our factory and at all Bunting branches has resulted in many valuable economies to users. The range of sizes covers almost every usual bearing requirement. The "big run" price applies even on small lots. Specify them and eliminate costly delays in assembling operations and the burden of heavy inventories.



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$1,000.00 for Your Secret!

Are you one of the million people who have discovered this modern secret of health and happiness? Send us your story! You may win $1,000.

The man who is always up on his toes—who always has the additional punch to put the deal over—where does he get his power? The woman who is the delightful center of every gathering—where does she get her charm? The girl admired by all the men—who always has two invitations to every dance—whose smiles are sought by the whole stag line—where does she get her allure?

The answer is the same with all these happy, successful, joyous people. Their secret is—good health.

These people have discovered that the human body was meant to be a perfectly running machine. You are meant to be well. You are meant to be happy. You can easily prove this—in two weeks.

If you have enjoyed the joyous, happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your whole outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine. It has no taste, no odor, and is colorless as water. It contains absolutely no drugs of any kind. It is simply internal lubrication, which the human body needs as much as any machine. Your doctor will tell you that internal lubrication is a modern and common-sense aid to good health. Nujol is not absorbed. It is non-fattening. It simply passes helpfully through the body, absorbing and cleaning out the poisons that make us tired, nervous, irritable, poor in our work, "down in the mouth."

The most famous athletes tell us they have taken Nujol for years. If they need it, you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly—but surely.

Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

TRUE STORIES

wanted of how Nujol has helped you to happiness, success, good looks, seeing the bright side of life. To the millions of people who have enjoyed the health of Nujol regularity prior to the opening of this contest, we offer 110 prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE
$1,000

Second prize $500 — Third prize $250
Fourth prize $100 — Six prizes of $50 each
One hundred prizes of $10 each

Write a letter describing what Nujol has done for you. You can include physician's endorsement, if you wish. Contest open to physicians giving either their own or a patient's experience. Give full name and address—and state that you give Nujol Laboratories the right to publish complete or in part. Contest closes November 1, 1929.

Address: Contest Editor, Nujol Laboratories Dept. 1-C, 2 Park Avenue, New York City

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Could You Find an Hour for Profit?

Say once or twice a week? Would you accept up to $1.50 or $2.00 for it? For work you can do in your own neighborhood? Or even without leaving home? Hundreds of busy men and women add $5, $10 or more, regularly, *every week*, to their incomes as our subscription representatives. Don't pass over this opportunity without investigating it. It will cost you only a postage stamp to find out.

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rubber, tea and tin; more tin from Penang, and kapok from the Dutch East Indies. We don't take much cargo yet to the Mediterranean ports, except silk and cotton to Marseilles; but from Egypt we carry thousands of tons of onions and cotton, also carpets and Persian rugs from Teheran. From Italy we get olive oil, cheese, vermicelli, marbles, ironwork, majolica ware, velour hats, antique furniture. From Marseilles we bring artificial silk, dress materials, chassis and tires. Then we come back to New York and start around the world again.

"We didn't get our cargoes by slashing tariffs," he went on. "We make the service get the trade. That's where the big company beats the small, for speed and efficiency these days are putting a damper on the tramp and changing the whole ocean trade into big units like our own. For the world demands speed, and we can supply it. By speed a shipper can often sell in a tight market instead of a soft. If it's at the end of the month, one day may make the difference, so they'll come to our docks and offer a bonus to get out their freight a few hours ahead. Gunny sacks, for instance, depend on the barley market here. It sometimes changes overnight and with it the price of gunnies too. And that is only one example. They keep rushing us all the time. Here's a red-hot wire from a man in Chicago. In his excitement he forgets that he didn't get that freight himself; we dug it up for him in Shanghai, handed it to him on a plate. But he wants it, and he wants it quick. And here's another, anxious to get his iron beds to China before the government over there puts on the new duty the first of the year.

"Our San Francisco docks are crammed this month, and meanwhile out of Singapore rubber is moving heaviest now, while on the Mediterranean the big cheese and chestnut trade has begun for the Christmas holidays. In Manila, on the other hand, the rush of hemp is earlier and the big move in gunnies comes from January to June, while most tea moves from May to October. So the various cargoes balance off one another through the year to some extent, but not so much as we would like. For all the way around the world there's a lull in the summer months, just the opposite of the passenger trade, and the big freight season everywhere is from early September on through March. That's when our work is heaviest and where our organization comes in. When a congested port cables for help we call upon the others for space; and in slacker seasons all space left on any ship is allocated to districts ahead. Shanghai distributes the space in the East. We'll cable them: 'Can you use 2000-ton space on Grant from Shanghai to Mediterranean?' And Shanghai may cable back: 'We cannot, but Singapore can.'"

When China is Motorized

"It's a rush and a battle for space just now. There are times, of course, when it is not so, but we've built up trade by hustling. Stanley Dollar travels two-thirds of his time, I'm away about half, and so it is with the others here. 'Go get it! Don't wait!' the captain says, and he has done more than any of us. Every trip he makes around the world means freight by tens of thousands of tons. And he always boosts American trade. We're taking thousands of automobiles to China now each year—and still that trade has only begun. Wait till they tear down the Great Wall and use it to pave motor roads—then you'll see old China wake up! For the automobile is the big pioneer. It means first, roads, garages, stores, then real-estate booms and rotary clubs. Through jobs on roads and in factories, the wages of Chinamen start to rise and their families begin buying cars, as the Japanese are doing today. Think of 400,000,000 Chinese and what a market they will be when their wages rise like ours! They'll be the grandest buyers on earth and we'll get the best part of their trade!

"But all that still lies ahead. Shipping is no business for pipe dreams, and right in the midst of the rush of today we have to keep watching all the time, for the sources of valuable sea freights keep shifting often thousands of miles from one part of the world to another. Take rubber production; they're getting it now not only in the Straits Settlements but down in South Africa, too, and in Liberia, and across in Brazil, and over in the Philippines, and there's a mighty good chance of synthetic-rubber production right here. Edison is busy on that. Suppose he succeeds and makes it so cheap as to put out of business the rubber trade that gives us freights in Singapore—what would we get in its place? That's where Captain Dollar comes in. At every one of our ports of call, he's always trying to see in advance what cargo is likely to dwindle down and what we could find in place of it."

Keeping the Holds Full

I learned more of this from the captain himself.

"These shifting cargo sources," he said, "keep a man always on the alert. The entire world of trade is filled with such rapid changes as have never been seen before, but by watching intently and planning ahead we seldom get caught by the loss of some freight, because we are ready with substitutes. In China, before the last outbreak, I foresaw there would be the devil's own row and we would lose most of our cargoes. We did. For all Shanghai was paralyzed. But long before the trouble broke I had told our other offices: 'Boys, this is coming. Pitch in ahead. Go out and get new freights.' And they did, both in Japan and the Philippines; so we kept full cargoes in our ships.

"On our wharves here the other day I saw we were taking large amounts of sole leather to Japan and Manila. 'That won't last,' I told myself. 'They'll make their own leather soon. What are we going to carry instead?' One of our greatest future freights to the Orient will be automobiles. In China the trouble is lack of roads. They have no roads, but use wheelbarrow paths where people walk in single file. Imagine such a little path as the only connection between cities. Suppose there was a motor road, think what it would do for trade. I talked of this not long ago to some motor men in New York.

"'For your future success,' I said, 'you must increase your export trade. Take a million dollars and build a sample motor road in China, and see how it will open up a new market for your cars and trucks.'

"They were intensely interested, and from what they told me they may try something of the kind. If they do, it will be the start of a great road-building industry giving work to millions of Chinese and tremendously increasing the purchasing power of the people in the markets of the world. I have not lost my faith in China. They're making an honest effort now to bring a stable order of things. Our business will prosper with their success. And it is like that all over the world. We depend on conditions everywhere, so we've always got to be ready for change.

"Our organization is now so large, reaching clear around the globe, that we must do all we can to keep each port in close touch with the rest. So we move our men about a good deal. We train them here and send them abroad and shift them every now and then. Every four years they come home for six months, and our head men come twice as often as that, both for a holiday and to go about to our offices here, meet our men and talk over their problems, get up to date on conditions here and keep our home offices in closer touch with the Orient.

"We have on our flag the dollar sign and we've tried to make it mean honest trade. We could not have a better symbol, for honest trade means good relations between countries. Honest traders want world peace."

Captain Dollar, at eighty-five, is as much of a trade diplomat as he ever was before.

(Continued on Page 149)

If you can afford Coal you can afford Nokol

Never before have you been able to buy so much oil heating satisfaction for so little money

NOKOL Oil Heat seems so wonderful that many people think it costs twice as much as coal heat. It doesn't seem possible that all the comfort and ease of automatic oil heat can be had for practically the same cost.

They think the cost of a Nokol Oil Burner limits it to the folks up on the hill.

But Look At These Facts:

If you are buying coal now, you are paying the price of Nokol Automatic Oil Heat—*without having it!* Excepting in coal mining areas, the actual costs of coal heat and Nokol Oil Heat have been made practically the same. It is not uncommon for coal heat to even cost more!

So what you spend for hard coal and hard work, will give you Nokol Oil Heat and no work.

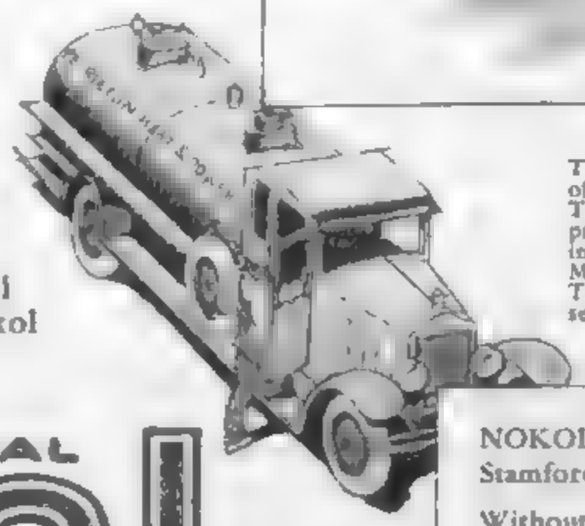
And the cost of installation is so modest that it is no longer even a factor. This, plus the Nokol finance plan, brings all the ease and luxury of automatic oil heat to everyone who has a basement heating plant. The complete story is told in our latest booklet just off the press. The coupon brings it free.

Backed by World's Largest Oil Burner Manufactory

The great Petroleum Heat & Power Company has made this possible. As the largest oil burner manufactory in the world, it has the financial resources, engineering skill and facilities to build into Nokol amazing quality and value at an amazing price.

To build a greater Nokol is a task worthy of the leader. Nokol was the first automatic oil burner ever built for use in homes. Being the pioneer, it has proved the soundness of its principles longer than any other residence oil burner. Over 50,000 families are enjoying the satisfaction derived from the $45,000,000.00 they have invested in Nokol Automatic Oil Heat.

Each Fall the demand for immediate installation is so overwhelming that someone is always disappointed. Since you are paying for the comfort of Nokol Oil Heat anyway, the sooner you decide, the quicker you will be getting what you are paying for. To simplify matters, your local Nokol dealer has special terms that will enable you to have your Nokol installed this week.



NO COAL

NOKOL

Automatic Oil Heat

Made by NOKOL DIVISION Petroleum Heat & Power Co.

"Makers of Oil Burners since 1903"

General Sales Offices: STAMFORD, CONN.

FACTORIES	*BRANCHES*		*SUBSIDIARIES*
Stamford, Conn.	New York	Boston	Boston Harbor Oil Co.
Chicago, Ill	Baltimore	Providence	East Coast Fuel Oil Co
San Francisco, Cal.	Washington	Stamford	Fess System Co. of Cal.

Complete Nokol Oil Heating Service

The Petroleum Heat & Power Company is one of the largest distributors of fuel oil for heating. Thus it builds good oil burners to operate on low priced fuel oil and sells low priced fuel oil for use in good oil burners in Boston, Providence, Stamford, Metropolitan New York, Baltimore and Washington. The same Nokols used in this complete oil heating service may be depended upon wherever they are sold.

NOKOL DIVISION, Petroleum Heat & Power Co.,
Stamford, Conn. SEP 8-24

Without any obligation, please send me at once a copy of "If you can afford Coal, you can afford Nokol."

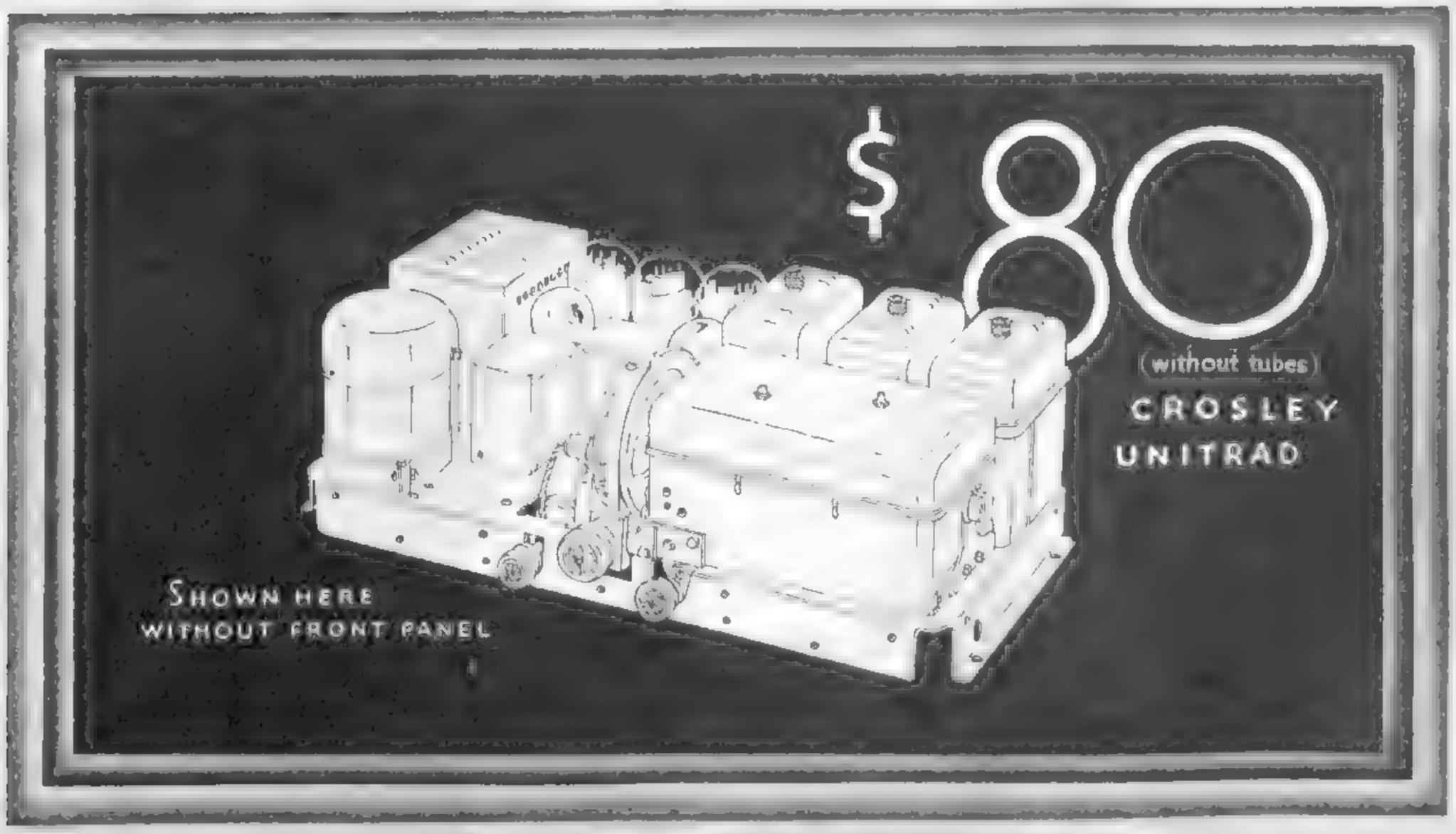
Name .....

Street address .....

City ..... State .....

As the acknowledged leader in the oil heating industry, the Petroleum Heat & Power Co. offers certain advantages to distributors and dealers unobtainable any other way. The right type of men or organizations will be quick to recognize them

SENSATIONAL IN PRICE



MATCHLESS IN PERFORMANCE

The new CROSLEY UNITRAD-*America's finest achievement*

in

Screen Grid Radio

Powel Crosley, Jr., now offers . . . *Screen Grid's highest development . . . at Screen Grid's lowest price!*

Radio surging with POWER . . . more than you will ever use! Four to seven times as much amplification *per stage* as with ordinary heater tubes . . .

Radio that gives you razor-edge selectivity. Super sensitivity. Thrilling richness, purity and volume of tone that will amaze you!

Until you have heard the new Crosley Unitrad, you have not experienced radio's greatest thrill . . . Screen Grid!

Engineers have pronounced the Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad the finest A. C. radio set ever produced . . . bar none. Yet, Crosley production methods have made it available at the *lowest price* in the Screen Grid field!

The new Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad, illustrated above, is $80 (without tubes). It utilizes THREE 224 Screen Grid R. F. tubes; one 227 power detector tube; one 227 heater-type first audio tube, resistance coupled; two 245 power output tubes in push pull; one 280 rectifier tube . . . eight in all!

It may be used as a simple table model, for bookshelves or other out-of-the-way places. Or it may be installed in any cabinet you purchase or now have. There is a wide range of table and console Crosley models to choose from at your dealers.

Go and see them . . . hear them . . . Ask for a free trial in your home. Any Crosley dealer will gladly grant it.

In addition to the regular Crosley models, the famous Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad is available in cabinets produced by seven of the country's leading cabinet manufacturers: Berkey and Gay; Doernbecher Manufacturing Co.; Memphis Furniture Co.; Rockford Furniture Co.; Showers Brothers Co.; Sligh Furniture Co.; Thomasville Chair Co.

There is a type of cabinet to fit every home and suit every taste.

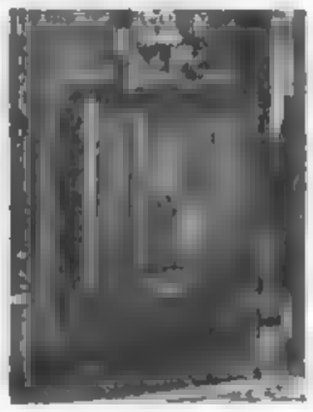
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio
Home of W L W

What is Screen Grid?

Screen Grid tubes prevent the small backward leak which formerly caused howls and squeaks when very high amplification was attempted. They make possible four to seven times as much amplification as formerly. Better selectivity and finer tone quality also result. To secure *all* the advantages of Screen Grid, the new Crosley Unitrad Screen Grid sets are planned and built for Screen Grid from the *ground up*.

Powel Crosley, Jr., President

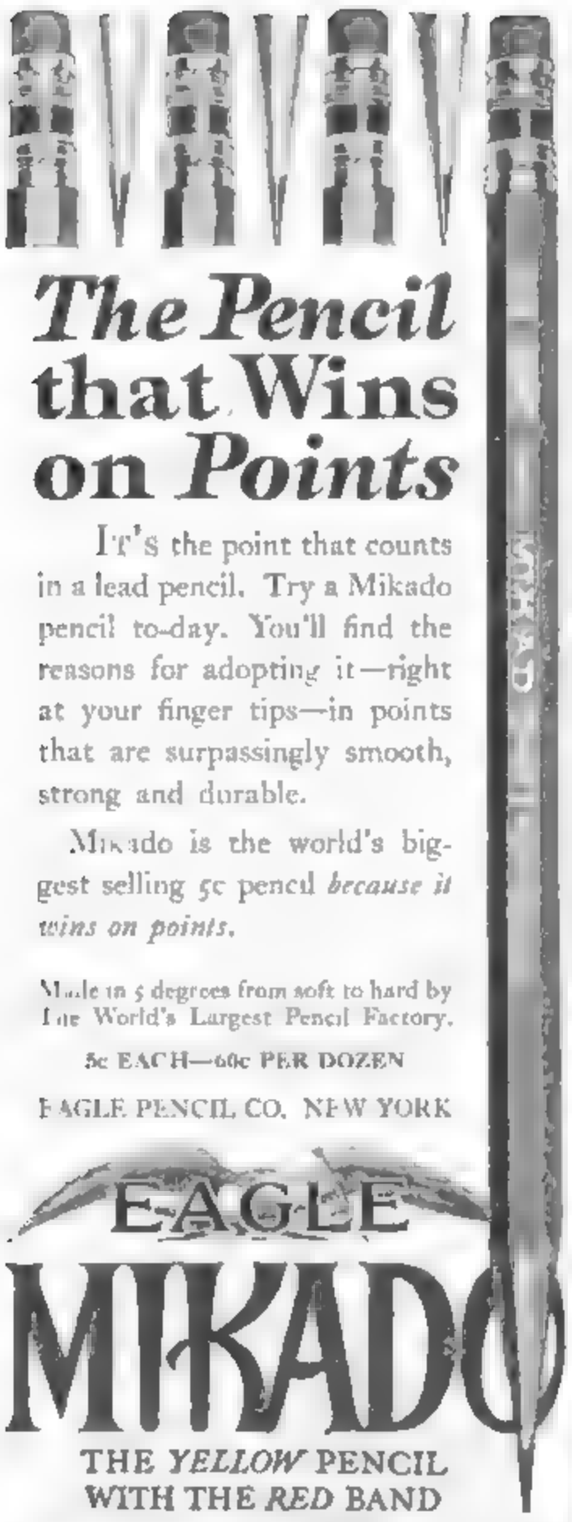
Crosley Model 41-S. A clever end-table model, also available without legs. Incorporates the Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad



Crosley Model 42-S. One of the beautiful new Crosley cabinet models, incorporating the Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad

You're there with a

CROSLEY



The Pencil that Wins on *Points*

It's the point that counts in a lead pencil. Try a Mikado pencil to-day. You'll find the reasons for adopting it—right at your finger tips—in points that are surpassingly smooth, strong and durable.

Mikado is the world's biggest selling 5c pencil *because it wins on points.*

Made in 5 degrees from soft to hard by The World's Largest Pencil Factory.

5c EACH—60c PER DOZEN

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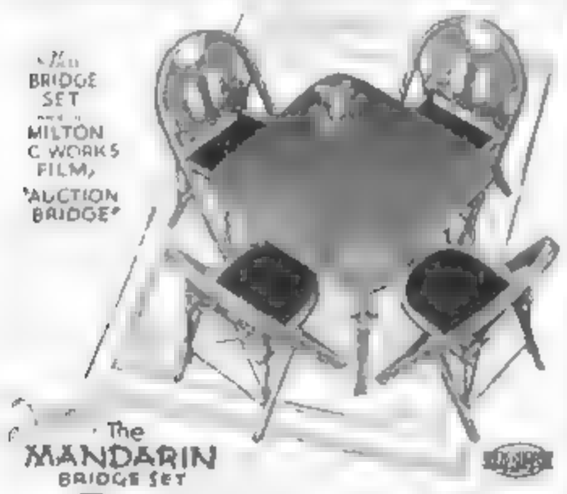
MIKADO

THE *YELLOW* PENCIL WITH THE *RED* BAND



The MANDARIN BRIDGE SET

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

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NEW! DIFFERENT

Here's relief for Daddy's knee. When Kiddies want to ride to "Banbury Cross," start them off on ROLY RIDER, a new spring riding toy with patented action; a peppy playmate for active youngsters, swinging horizontal motion.

ROLY RIDER

4 MODELS

Two Prices		Pat. App'd for	
Buckeye Horse	*$4.75*	*Go Gooney*	*$4.75*
Jacky Rabbit	*$4.75*	*Wingy Plane*	*$5.75*

—at dealers or by mail postpaid. A new favorite for children from 2 to 5. Provides hours of safe, body-building play each day. Order from this ad or write for circular.

JANESVILLE PRODUCTS CO.

Dept. 10 Janesville, Wisconsin

Makers of Janesville Ball Bearing Coaster Wagon—World's Finest

(Continued from Page 146)

"He is indefatigable," said Mr. Lynch, of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. "Each time he returns from a trip round the world, he tells me all that he has seen affecting our trade with the Orient, and it would be hard to exaggerate the power of his friendly hand, both with his own competitors and those of our country everywhere, but especially in the Far East. He is the most influential American in China today."

"We respect and worship him because great friend of Chinese people," I was told by Ning Poon Choo, the editor of a Chinese newspaper in San Francisco. "Dollar very conscientious man. Makes fortune out of China trade and feels he must do something in return; so he does all he can for us to help our position all over world. And he has helped thousands of young Chinese. In his China offices he takes them in and trains them up. Very generous with money, too, to help our schools and colleges train young men to useful careers. Mass education is what we need and we begin to get it fast, for young blood of our students is very strong. Not only they crowd into our schools but also those young boys and girls volunteer to teach smaller children in very little, little schools which open by thousands all over the land. Robert Dollar help in that—build nice big school for children. New government in China stand against all civil war and war lords; it want peace and trade with outside world. Robert Dollar help in that. So the word 'Dollar' mean much more than money to Chinese people now. If more American business men will follow his example, it will draw heart of China much closer to America."

The captain himself told me this little story of his trade diplomacy:

"The city of Seattle had planned an international exposition and they asked me to invite the main chambers of commerce in China to participate," he said. "But they had forgotten the name of Hankow, so they spoke of it as 'that town on a river that you're always talking about.' I went to Hankow, which, by the way, has double the population of Seattle even today. And when I delivered the invitation my Chinese merchant friends replied:

"'Yes, perhaps we will send exhibits. But tell us first what is Seattle. We never heard of it before.'

"This remark I was pleased to report to the boys at Seattle when I got home.

"'Learn about China,' I advised, 'and China will learn more about you.'"

Still Going Strong

Captain Dollar is still the guiding hand of his organization. He is still called "Senior" in the office, and with his 10,000 employes scattered all around the globe he tries to keep in personal touch, not only by his annual trip but through the endless messages, mail and cable and radio, pouring in from all over the earth. He has this to say of them:

"Everyone in our business family goes about his daily work with more or less of a personal feeling of interest in our business. The employe who is merely a cog in the machine is really of little use to himself or his employer. . . . American history shows that many an office boy has become president of a corporation where he once ran errands, and it is safe to say that the company in which he rose did not conduct its business along impersonal lines."

Through the rush and busy hum of that big office in San Francisco, all day you may see him moving about, now to drop in on one of his men and again to go out and call on some customer or competitor. His tall figure often stoops as he goes, but he still goes—he's going strong. He was so busy while I was there that my only good chance to question him was on Saturday, out at his home in San Rafael. On other days I could generally get a half hour or so by dropping in at 8:30 A.M. He was always there ahead of me, and even before the telephone girl; though he'd come by train and ferry from his home more than an hour's ride away. I would go by empty office rooms and find him reading his morning mail; and often, while he talked to me, through a big window at his side I could see a ship on the distant bay steaming out to the Golden Gate. A friend of his son's gave me this little yarn:

"I'd been duck shooting and brought some ducks to Stanley Dollar one morning," he said. "I got there about 8:45 and Stanley hadn't come in yet but I saw his father and gave the ducks to him instead. As I was going, Stanley came in and I told him my errand. He went to his father's door. 'What have you done with my ducks?' he asked. A deep chuckle came from inside. 'They're mine,' said the captain. 'I got here first. Let this be a lesson to you, my boy!'"

A New Suit of Clothes

"Both his son and his wife," said another friend, "had been after him some time to order a new suit of clothes. He refused to be bothered, so Stanley had his own tailor come to the office one day. The old gentleman promptly sent out word he wouldn't see him. About this time I happened in and found the tailor waiting outside. But meanwhile another visitor had just gone into the captain's room, and we heard an awful explosion in there. At the end of it the captain roared:

"'When I want you I will send for you!'

"'You did send for me,' came the meek reply. 'I'm no tailor; I'm the secretary of that new Y. M. C. A. up north which you have so kindly helped in the past.'

"The captain doubled his contribution to the Y. M. C. A. that year."

Early one morning our interview was interrupted by a young woman who came with the monthly salary list of a theological seminary of which he is president. It took him some time to sign all the checks. Both on the Pacific Coast and all over the Orient, he still contributes to Y. M. C. A.'s and mission schools. He told me:

"Practically every dollar I've given has gone into educational work."

We had several long week-end talks out at his home in San Rafael. A plain and unpretentious house, built of frame and stucco in the late Victorian days, it stands upon the slope of a hill. In front is an enormous old pine, with low-spreading live oaks on either hand, gnarled with age, but as alive and vigorous as their owner still. There are lemon and orange trees, too, and various shrubs from the Far East, and huge stone Chinese lanterns and dogs. He likes to walk about out there. Behind and far above is a ridge, where he has built for San Rafael a road known as the Dollar Drive; and often his motor takes him up to look down upon the Golden Gate and the vessels coming home from the sea.

Though she is nearly eighty now, his wife still goes with him everywhere, and counsels and advises and watches to see that he gets his rest. Through all our talks she sat, with her knitting, in the room and often corrected some statement he made, as his mind searched back and back into memories of their early days. One afternoon, when our interview had gone on since morning for seven hours without a break, I noticed he could not hear my questions quite so well as he had before. I glanced up and caught her eye.

"We'd better stop now. He's tired," she said.

Though he is a bit hard of hearing, few people ever notice it, for he has a way of concentrating on a voice and bringing it closer, hearing by sheer determination. For in spite of his strong religious side, Robert Dollar is a man of this world. He finds it intensely interesting. He will not let it drift away.

His eyes are sunk deep in his head. They are blue, rather small, but keen and bright. His ears are long, and so is his nose, and his forehead is broad and high. He has a wide jaw and pronounced cheek bones. His neck is set on stooping shoulders, but broad and

WHY Tolerate Rust?

Bonderite

HOLDS PAINT TO STEEL

BONDERIZED fenders, hoods, gas tanks, trunks, refrigerators and metal furniture hold the enamel and therefore cannot rust.

Not only does Bonderizing give this added quality—but it actually reduces the cost of the final finish.

Then why tolerate rust?

Bonderite is a chemical primer, quick in application, efficient and low in cost. It is a Parker Product for use only under paint, enamel or lacquer—*it is not a substitute for Parkerizing.*

Paints are intended to beautify and protect—Bonderite primer gives permanency to these outer coatings.

Any manufacturer can equip to apply Bonderite by installing a processing tank of proper size to handle his production. It may be used by the large or small producer with equally good results and comparative economy.

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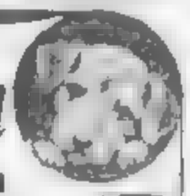

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

strongly framed. One Saturday morning I found him with a huge old Bible which he had owned for forty years. It was of leather and badly worn, for it had traveled with him for more than a million miles, he said. Since 1899 he has read the Old Testament eight times and the New a good deal oftener. He reads straight through, he told me; today the Old, tomorrow the New, from the beginning to the end. And from the beginning to the end, its more than 1000 pages are filled with little margin notes, some in pencil, some in pen, giving dates and places where each chapter was once read: "On the Red Sea." . . . "Off coast of Borneo." . . . "On Yamata Mara—China Sea." . . . "On Grace Dollar at mouth of Yang-tse River." . . . "Passing through Formosa Channel." . . . "Coming into Singapore." . . . "Going through Nevada." . . . "New York." . . . "London." . . . "Falkirk"—the old town in Scotland where he was born.

He puts Bibles in the staterooms of each ship on the Dollar lines.

"I bought 800 yesterday," he told me, "and 3000 New Testaments last year. You never can tell what good they may do. Nearly one-third were stolen last year, and I don't mind that, so long as they're read. But what a damnable thing it would be to steal a Bible and sell it!" he said.

"Robert Dollar," said one of his friends, "is like an old Biblical patriarch. He very sincerely and honestly feels that in every move he makes in his business he is guided by his God, with whom, through constant daily prayer, he comes into close and reverent touch. Also, like the old patriarchs, his family feeling is strong and deep. His ship company is a family affair and until the last few years every vessel he owned bore the name of some member of his family. When Robert Dollar leaves this life who knows but what his company may become an immense impersonal public corporation like the rest. But that is still in the future, for he means to live to be a hundred."

From the Forest to the Sea

"Why not retire?" he is asked. Because, as he says, we are just on the eve of the greatest era in history and he wants to try to live on into that. "I've done more since I was sixty," he says, "than in all the years of my life before. And since I was eighty I have built up this round-the-world ship service, the greatest constructive job of my life. It's my pleasure to work and I'm getting old, so why shouldn't I have my pleasure? I hope to continue working up to my last day in this world and wake up next morning in the other."

So he still stands at the wheel, watching, advising and helping his sons; and in the meantime he keeps track of his big lumber business too. Each morning he gets a full report of wood cut in his mills up north.

"I started life as a woodsman," he writes. "I soon learned that in order to succeed, a man must know more than one thing thoroughly. Many years have passed since I started looking away from the woods to the sources of demand for lumber in the markets of the world. . . . But I have always tried to keep to the simplicity of life that exists among the folk who fell the forests. At heart I am still a woodsman. I love the boom of the logs and the ring of an ax far more than the rush and roar of the cities. There is also great peace of mind to be found during long hours at sea, when the steady throb of an engine turning a hundred revolutions a minute is the only sound to be heard. Because I love both the wooded places and the sea, I do not find it hard at any time to turn from one to the other."

And so he continues to visit the forests and to travel on the seas.

"There are very few men in the world who, in all countries, have as many friends as Captain Dollar. And some of the truest are in the Far East. I may not live to see the day—but you will—when American commerce with the Orient will equal or even exceed our trade with all the countries of Europe," said Captain Dollar.

New Dreams of New Adventure

Already in San Francisco his dream is being realized. Along the Embarcadero, with its motley crowds of men—Americans, Scandinavians, English, Irish, Scotch, Italians, Portuguese and Orientals—working on its crowded wharves or on the ships that line its piers, you feel the stirring of big things.

Both on Lower Market and on California streets you pass all kinds of offices having to do with ships and the sea, their windows filled with pictures of ships, sail and steam, under many flags, and of alluring foreign scenes, from the ranches of Australia and the snowy peaks of New Zealand to the moonlit waters of Tahiti or the gardens of Japan. And you read announcements of sailings to almost every port in the world. There, in that glamorous city nestled between the hills and the bay, brilliant, fascinating, alive, you may feel on every side new dreams of adventure in the Far East. Now and then upon its streets you may meet an old Scotch Presbyterian. Tall, gaunt, stooping and soberly clad, he does not look adventurous. But the long story of the life of this one of the last of our pioneers makes you feel that he is the boldest dreamer and adventurer of all those men at the Golden Gate who are looking toward the Orient.

Mount San Bernardino, From Redlands, California

QUESTION
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If you have the will, here's the way

ANSWER

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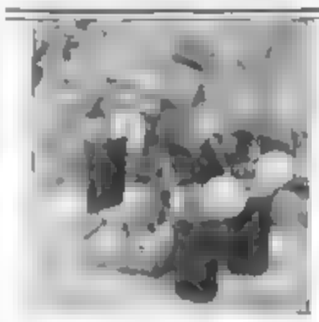

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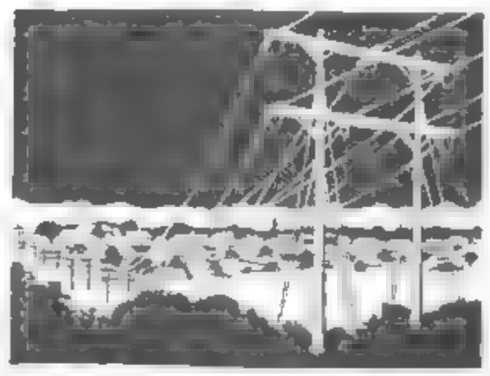


The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

Move what is CHEAPEST *to move*

FACTORIES now seek the open spaces for the same reason that they once huddled in great cities.

Business was not massed because business men loved the city. Nor are industries leaving the cities today for love of green pastures. They simply seek the location where they can most effectively produce what the consumer will buy.

Since men, raw materials and power must be assembled, factory location becomes a question of which is the cheapest to move.

If raw materials are moved too far, freight charges unduly swell the price.

If men are moved to the plant, their food and gear must also be massed there. That adds to costs.

Once power could not be moved. It had to be used where it was generated. Then the steam engine massed men about the factory chimneys of great cities. It also spun a web of iron rails out to virgin soil and new-found coal beds. Men and materials were moved to the power. To the great collection of machinery the rails brought raw materials and fuel and sent back finished goods. The capacity to turn out goods was increased, but much of the advantage was lost in the greater amount of transportation and distribution services made necessary by the widening gap between men and the soil, between the engine and its fuel.

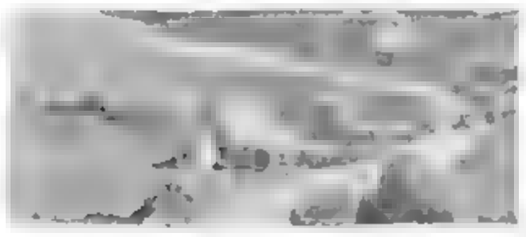
But when steam power was changed into electricity, power became mobile.

The construction of widespread electric transmission systems made possible the universal movement of power to virtually every point on the map, giving the small town a quality of power supply hitherto the exclusive possession of the big city. Manufacture, so far as its power requirements are concerned, can take place anywhere, for power can be readily delivered to any point. We move what is most cheaply moved: the economical and facile movement of power more and more replaces the expensive and complicated movement of raw materials.

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric service companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

drive in



Comfort

with

"steering *by* GEMMER"

• • •

Control is 98% *steering*

IN EVERY price and size class, the most comfortably driven cars are equipped with "steering by Gemmer." They are the most popular—the surest to control—the easiest to steer. Motorists know that Gemmer-steered cars provide the smoothest, most responsive action—that no other cars at any price can be driven so effortlessly and confidently. Be sure the car you buy is Gemmer-steered.

GEMMER MANUFACTURING CO.
Detroit, Michigan

GEMMER

Smoother Steered – when Gemmer Geared

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Box 1624, c/o
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
403 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What's the plan for earning up to a hundred dollars?

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Age _____

YOU Need No Experience

Why Not Make It an Even Hundred?

A hundred dollars extra! It would be right fine to have it in time to spend for vacation, wouldn't it?

Under a plan which we have—it makes no difference what your age, or your sex—you should be able to make a long stride toward the "century"—perhaps to exceed it—soon.

Send the coupon—today—for all the details

Clever . . . these Chinese!

OLD John Chinaman sets his yellow fingers flying and there's the cost of your clean shirts and collars—neatly totalled by the faithful abacus of his honorable ancestors.

For the elementary arithmetical problems of a Chinese laundry the abacus is an adequate, if crude, calculating machine. For the complexities of modern business and the unavoidably involved calculations of your own figure work, Monroe Adding-Calculators are as far ahead of the abacus as the airplane is ahead of the bullock cart of ancient China.

And Monroe representatives—specialists in figure service—can show you from their intimate experience with a great variety of businesses Monroe methods which are producing the greatest number of accurate results at the lowest possible cost for businesses similar to yours.

Write or telephone your local Monroe representative or our home office at Orange, New Jersey—you'll find the Oriental has the right idea—machine accuracy is better than human fallibility—Monroe accuracy is certain sure, and such an astonishing time saver, that you always can have the figures you want when you want them.

MONROE

HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

The Machine for Every Desk

SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

Send this Coupon

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC.
Orange, New Jersey

Please send me a copy of "A Giant Stride Ahead," describing the Monroe Adding-Calculator.

Name

Firm

Address

The Coolest *shave on the face of the earth!*

(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

UNTIL you've tried Ingram's you don't know how cooling and bracing your morning shave can be!

For Ingram's is cool . . . *cool* . . . COOL . . . *COOL!* It's a tonic and a treat to your skin! It's different. It's unique!

It was the *first* cream ever primarily planned to free shaving from the stings and smarts of a razor. And against Ingram's Shaving Cream those tiny, scorching cuts and nicks are powerless!

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face

Long after you've put away your razor, your face will feel soothed—your skin will be invigorated by this smoother, better shaving cream!

No lotions need apply when you use Ingram's. It's lotion, cream and skin tonic all in one! Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin *when and while you are shaving.*

Ingram's does these four things and does them to perfection!

Number One: It cools and tones your face.

Number Two: It keeps your skin in better shape to "take" the razor.

Number Three: It enables you to shave closer and without discomfort.

Number Four: It gives a heavy lather that lies close and stays wet.

Don't let two minutes' trouble separate you from a lifetime of shaving satisfaction! That little coupon just below promises you seven crisp and glorious morning send-offs.

Our sample may be no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company has ever had!

Send us the coupon! Don't fail to try Ingram's. Do it now! You won't regret it.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face."

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A 89
110 Washington St., New York
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

Address _____

City *State*

© B M Co 1929

SALES RESISTANCE

(Continued from Page 51)

most favorable locations. I have sometimes tried to sell them a "bargain" or a "future value" in vain. A five-and-ten-cent-store client of mine recently paid $800,000 for a property which, three years previously, I had offered him for $350,000; and at another time he paid $210,000 for a property to which I had called his attention when it could have been bought for $175,000; and we cannot say that this was bad judgment on his part, for it is part of the chain-store policy, which has been so successful, to pay top prices for top locations. At the lower figure the theory of my client was that the volume of business was not there.

And this brings us to another phase of the influence of chain stores on real estate. Though the chains have more than tripled in number in the past few years, there has been nothing frantic about their methods of picking sites. Almost invariably, because the success of their business depends so closely upon it, their locations are selected with the greatest care and deliberation. They are bought and paid for in accordance with the exact volume of business to be done in a given location. The necessary deductions are made from careful analyses prepared by expert statisticians. Nothing is left to guesswork. They are clocked at various times of the day and different days of the week. If it is a five-and-ten-cent-store location, then the women are clocked. The cigar stores, of course, now have to take the women into their clocking figures. Each business concern knows it can count on bringing into its store a certain percentage of those they clock, and can, therefore, estimate the business to be done and what percentage of this they can afford as rent. It is this preparatory field work that accounts in a large measure for the few failures of properly organized and managed chain stores in selected locations. They are likewise always alert, when selecting a site, to study the possible increased land value through the changing from trolley cars to busses, new subways, and the moving of residential sections to other parts of the town.

If the chain store continues to expand as conditions now indicate, it will be only a short time before the existing national chain-store systems will have been developed into international systems, creating new land values in London, Berlin, Paris, and other large cities.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Ride the air waves on Graybar *screen grid* RADIO

It's breath-taking . . . that first time you "ride the air waves" on a Graybar Screen Grid Radio!

What if the station you want *is* miles away? That's not much of a trick for the Graybar . . . because the Graybar has a knack of annihilating miles with the utmost ease . . .

And the music! That music! It has living sensitiveness and warmth . . . bold volume . . . delicate shading . . . gorgeous "color." . . .

Inside, too, this radio is a thing to marvel at . . . inside, where the Screen Grid tube, the very *newest* product of the art, works away so quietly, doing what *two* tubes used to do (and doing it better than ever before). And less expensively!

TABLE MODEL 500, above, is (less tubes) . . . $110

. . . a price, by the way, which gives you that special little glow of satisfaction that comes from knowing you've made a "smart buy" . . . for this superb instrument is also a superb *value.*

This model is favored by people who prefer a compact radio which occupies a minimum of space. Made of 5-ply walnut veneer, simple in design, and carefully finished, it is indeed attractive.

And so much *more* than "attractive", too! Its through-and-through quality is vouched for by Graybar . . . specialist in a wide line of radio and radio accessories, outfitter-complete to almost all of the leading broadcasting stations in this country, and oldest electrical distributor in the world with an experience that goes back nearly to Civil War days.

THE CABINET MODEL 550, below, is of two-tone walnut veneer with electro-dynamic speaker . . . an admirable piece in any home, well worth (less tubes) . . . $179

Restrained, yet rich-looking, quietly dignified yet home-like, this cabinet model harmonizes with tasteful furnishings, adding its touch of genuine distinction to the room.

The tapestry cover for the speaker opening is new and pleasingly "different."

Another interesting new feature . . . in the Table as well as the Cabinet model . . . is the single knob control which regulates both volume and station selection. The coupon will bring further details.

Graybar's broad experience, however, is not confined to Radio. It extends also to electrical housekeeping appliances. For example:

THAT CLEVER CLEANERETTE . . . is one of the cleverest appliances *ever* for cleaning stair carpets, mattresses, car interiors, etc. But its cleverness doesn't stop there! With the new Vaporette Set, it's an insect-killer or a deodorizer.

The Handy Cleanerette is $13.50* . . . with the Vaporette Set, $19.50.*

FIGURES DON'T LIE . . . one's figure proclaims one's habits to the world . . . And, fortunately, 'most *anybody's* figure can be flattering . . . with a little persuasion from a Graybar Stimulator! Just a few minutes' use each day!

This excellent health motor is also a most excellent buy . . . as you will readily agree when you know that its price is only $59.50.*

*These prices slightly higher West of Rockies.

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.,
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Send me details, please, on the products I've checked.

- ☐ Screen Grid Radio — I am also interested in
- ☐ Handy Cleanerette and Vaporette Set — ☐ _____
- ☐ Stimulator — ☐ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Tune in on the Graybar hour: 9.00 to 9.30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, every Saturday night, starting September 7th . . . Columbia Chain.

Out of the red came facts which saved a power company and its railways $133,000 in yearly interest

SEVEN years ago, an Eastern power and light company which serves several hundred municipalities, installed a Kardex record to control stock ranging all the way from electric irons to mountainous piles of coal.

This company handles every type of material that comes into modern business. It operates retail stores, hundreds of miles of railroad, warehouses and huge power houses.

Today, even after several mergers and great expansion, its inventory has been reduced from *$3,367,832* to the amazingly low figure of *$2,134,607*—a reduction of over *64%*.

Not only has $133,000 been saved in annual interest charges, but even greater savings have been made in storage, handling, depreciation, and obsolete materials.

With the help of Kardex, thousands of other businesses are securing results equally remarkable. Every business in America, in fact, can use Kardex to increase its net income.

Cuts Inventory $125,000

In the first year of operation of its Kardex stock control record, a Chicago wholesale house is cutting its inventory $125,000, is speeding up turnover 25%, and yet is hardly ever out of stock on a single item.

Moderate Cost—Easy to Operate

Like most other truly great devices, Kardex is simple. The card margins are visible. The signals are easy to understand. No card can be misfiled. A system can be started on a very slight investment. A schoolgirl can handle it.

Talk it over with an Analyst

No matter how well your business is operating, a Remington Rand man can suggest new ideas for making or saving money. Get in touch with him right away. He will give you an impartial answer to any problem, for he represents a consolidation of office equipment manufacturers who can supply you impartially with the proper product for any office need. Call one of the nearby branches or write to Remington Rand Business Service, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

REMINGTON RAND
BUSINESS SERVICE
KARDEX
VISIBLE RECORDS
Remington · Library Bureau · Safe-Cabinet
Dalton · Baker-Vawter · Kalamazoo

THE KARDEX TELL-TALE EDGE: (Rest of card is invisible) Slow-moving item · Supply at minimum · Ordered

Confections for Town & Country

GLORIOUS summer weekends . . . charming hospitality . . . pleasant memories . . . The amenities of social custom dictate some thoughtful little gift to bring one's hostess . . . What more delightful selection than confections *for* Town and Country . . . a summer assortment for just such occasions . . . One dollar the pound . . . At the special Johnston agency nearby

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

©1929

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Old Dutch is the greatest forward step in modern cleaning efficiency

It Safeguards the home with Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch Cleanser is the greatest forward step in modern cleaning efficiency because it cleans perfectly—doesn't scratch. Furthermore, it makes cleaning so much easier—so much more convenient and economical, and most important of all, brings *Healthful Cleanliness.*

When you use Old Dutch, you employ the most modern, advanced and practical method of cleaning. It is especially adapted to proper care of the finest up-to-date porcelain, enamel and polished tile. The very fact that Old Dutch is ideally suited to these highly glazed surfaces is your assurance that it can be used for all cleaning purposes with absolute safety and most satisfactory results. Old Dutch is absolutely safe because it is entirely free from harsh, scratchy grit. Free from acids or caustic. It is not a chemical.

Old Dutch Cleanser safeguards your family with *Healthful Cleanliness.* Its flaky, flat-shaped particles possess distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities, as well as the visible dirt, assuring wholesome, hygienic cleanliness. Old Dutch creates a standard of cleanliness that should and can be constantly maintained

You will find it so handy to have a can of Old Dutch in the kitchen, another in the bathroom and one in the laundry. It simplifies cleaning—saves steps and energy—keeps everything spick and span. Old Dutch is kind to the hands; doesn't irritate or roughen the skin. A little Old Dutch goes a long way.

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